XCLUSIVE!! BOAKE CARTER REVEALS IMPORTANT UNPUBLISHED FACTS ABOUT HAUPTMANN!

Radio Stars

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LARGEST CIRCULATION
NY RADIO MAGAZINE

SPARKLING EYES . . .

PHIL REGAN and EVALYN KNAPP in "LAUGHING IRISH EYES," a REPUBLIC PICTURE

. . . *It's New*

WINX CREAMY MASCARA COMPLETE WITH BRUSH REQUIRES NO WATER

Try this new WINX Creamy Mascara today. Always ready for use—requires no water—simply spread a small amount on a dry brush and apply to lashes . . . You'll like it.

.. *an invitation to* ROMANCE

SPARKLING, LAUGHING EYES . . . eyes that say more than words can ever express . . . are the eyes that fascinate men, that invite romance.

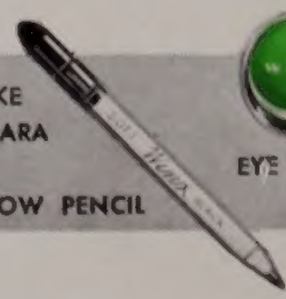
Now, every girl can have eyes that sparkle . . . eyes that radiate life and beauty. Just a touch of the new WINX Creamy Mascara to the lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, and more lustrous. It works wonders—brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance.

Try this new WINX Creamy Mascara today. It comes in a dainty, convenient tube, complete with brush for applying. Always ready for use anytime, anywhere—no water—no bother—no fuss. You'll like, too, the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times. In four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and of course each is harmless, non-smarting, smudge-proof and water-proof.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX in the economical large size. You can also obtain the new WINX Creamy Mascara, as well as the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers, in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.

WINX
Eye Beautifiers

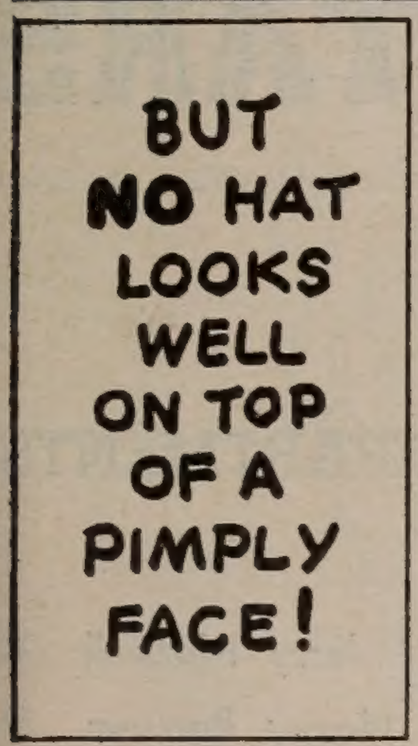
CAKE MASCARA



EYEBROW PENCIL

EYE SHADOW

LIQUID MASCARA



—*clears the skin*

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best

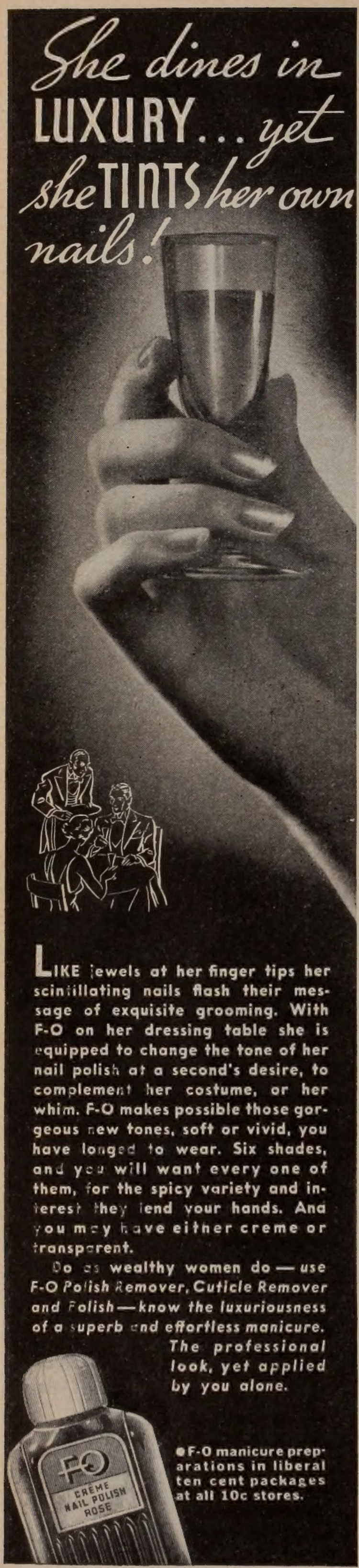
JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it *regularly*—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!

She dines in LUXURY... *yet she* TINTS *her own nails!*



LIKE jewels at her finger tips her scintillating nails flash their message of exquisite grooming. With F-O on her dressing table she is equipped to change the tone of her nail polish at a second's desire, to complement her costume, or her whim. F-O makes possible those gorgeous new tones, soft or vivid, you have longed to wear. Six shades, and you will want every one of them, for the spicy variety and interest they lend your hands. And you may have either creme or transparent.

Do as wealthy women do — use F-O Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover and Polish — know the luxuriousness of a superb and effortless manicure. *The professional look, yet applied by you alone.*

F-O CREME NAIL POLISH ROSE

●F-O manicure preparations in liberal ten cent packages at all 10c stores.

FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

RADIO STARS

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

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Cover by EARL CHRISTY

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THE MOTION PICTURE THAT IS EAGERLY AWAITED THE WORLD OVER

Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard
in

Romeo *and* Juliet

with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER · VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER
BASIL RATHBONE · CONWAY TEARLE
REGINALD DENNY · RALPH FORBES
C. AUBREY SMITH · HENRY KOLKER · ANDY DEVINE

To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honors for bringing to the screen, with tenderness and reverence, William Shakespeare's imperishable love story. The director is George Cukor. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

Comment concerning popular broadcasts and stars

OPERA ASPIRANTS

Of course you have been hearing the Sunday afternoon Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air, broadcast over the NBC network. They were well worth tuning in on. Conducted by Edward Johnson, the new and creative head of the Metropolitan Opera House, they won deserved acclaim from the musical world and radio listeners, and will bring to the opera's roster a new star.

From every state in the Union and from England, Canada, Bermuda and Italy, came eager and ambitious young singers, hoping to win a place on these auditions. Hundreds applied, but only a few, of course, could win the coveted hearing. And of those heard, four or five achieve the award of a Metropolitan contract.

As they sang, Mr. Johnson listened to each note and watched each gesture—for aside from the singer's voice, the question of appearance and operatic presentation was important.

Another watcher, unseen by the auditioners, was Mary Garden, opera's most famous diva. As head talent scout for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, she was looking for picture possibilities among those talented opera aspirants.

One of the first to sing on these auditions of the air, Willie Morris, soprano, already has received an interesting contract on the strength of her performance on this program. Miss Morris has been signed as a permanent feature singer on the Fireside Recitals program.

MORE ANENT PROGRAM MAKERS

"If you don't get what you want, just ask for it and I'll do my best to please you." That is Paul Whiteman's invitation to the listeners of his Sunday night Musical Varieties broadcasts.

Proving again, as we have pointed out before, that it is we, ourselves, who are the program makers. So if we are dissatisfied with any of the radio programs we tune in, it's up to us make them better.

Charles Previn, conductor of the Life Is a Song *orchestra, does not agree with people who say that programs ought to be improved but that the radio audience will not accept better things.*

Musical taste in America *(Continued on page 71)*

Gulliver, the Traveler, of two hundred years ago, is reincarnated in our Ed Wynn, on Thursday evenings.

Bob Nolan, star of radio's musical show, *We Bring You Loveliness,* with the charming De Vore sisters.

Below, lovely Grace Moore, with handsome Franchot Tone, in the new Columbia Pictures' Musical, entitled: *The King Steps Out.* Center picture (left to right) Rad Robinson, Ken Darby, Bud Lynn and (with the moustache) John Dodson—*The King's Men.* And at the bottom of the page, (left to right) announcer Ted Husing, Walter O'Keefe, Deane Janis, of the Camel program.

THIS IS THE WOMAN WHO SAID:

"What's the difference, all laxatives are alike!"

THE LADY above made a mistake. A grave mistake . . . yet lots of people make it. She said, "What's the difference—all laxatives are alike." And that's where she was wrong!

One day she was constipated, and took a laxative. Picked it at random. It happened to be a harsh, quick-acting cathartic that raced through her system in a couple of hours. It upset her. Nauseated her. Sent pains shooting through her stomach. Left her weak—weary. . . . Such drastic remedies should *never* be taken, except on the advice of a physician.

DON'T SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM

When you need a corrective...and who doesn't every now and then? . . . don't make the mistake of assuming that all laxatives are alike. They're not!

You'll feel a whole lot better when you take a *correctly timed* laxative. One that won't rush through your system too quickly. And yet, one that is completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It takes sufficient time—6 to 8 hours—to work. Hence, your system is not thrown "out of rhythm." You aren't upset, disturbed, nauseated. You don't suffer from stomach pains. Ex-Lax action is so mild, so easy, you scarcely realize you've taken a laxative—except for the complete relief you enjoy.

Another thing . . . Ex-Lax will never embarrass you with ill-timed after-effects.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

With Ex-Lax you say farewell to bitter, nasty-tasting purgatives and cathartics. Because Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It's a real pleasure to take, not a punishment. Get a box today—only 10c at any drug store. You'll also find a still more economical family size for 25c.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
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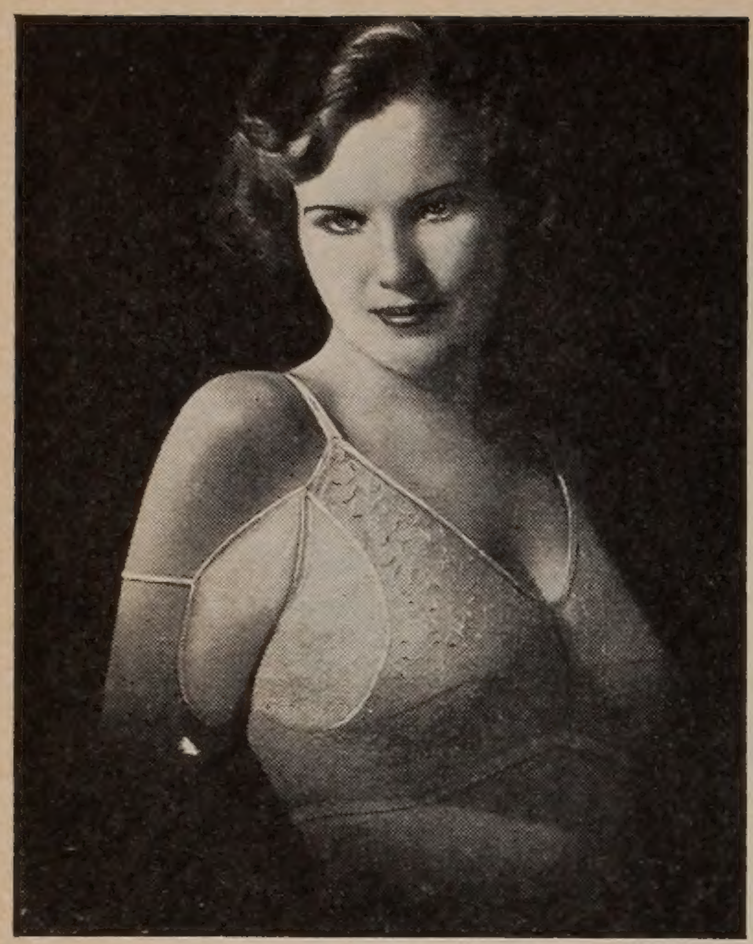
Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time



IF Perspiration were a TIGER

—you'd jump to protect yourself from its ravages! Yet the insidious corroding acid of perspiration can destroy the under-arm fabric of your dresses as surely, as completely, as the scarifying claws of a tiger's paw!

Answers to thousands of questionnaires revealed the astounding fact that during the past year perspiration spoiled garments for 1 woman in 3! What appalling wasteful extravagance, when a pair of Kleinert's Dress Shields would have saved any one of them at trifling cost.

And this *surest* form of perspiration protection is now the *easiest* also! Kleinert's Bra-form is a dainty uplift bra equipped with shields—always ready, *without any sewing*, to wear with any dress at any moment. A supply of two or three solves the perspiration problem for the busiest woman and they're as easily swished through the nightly soapsuds as your stockings and lingerie!

Just ask for "Kleinert's" at your favorite notion counter—shields, 25¢ and up; Bra-forms, $1.00 and up.

Kleinert's
T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
DRESS SHIELDS

Guaranteed by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

WALKING IN THE

BY MARY BIDDLE

Irene Rich meets a windy challenge of an April day.

APRIL SHOWERS may bring May Flowers, but if they bring us Irene Rich walking in the rain, bubbling over with enthusiasm and laughter, they have done their good deed for the month so far as we are concerned. When Irene Rich walks in the rain, "it isn't raining rain" to her—it's raining health and peace and beauty, and a goodly share of imaginary violets as well. The idea for this story on "Walking in the Rain" came as the direct result of a very rainy day in New York, and an interview with Miss Rich.

The weather was as drearily wet as only weather in the gray caverns of New York can be, and I arrived at the Waldorf-Astoria feeling as forlorn as a wet cat. In spite of Irving Berlin's song, it wasn't a lovely day to get caught in the rain. Miss Rich's cheery reception, and the warm charm of her apartment soon shut the wet grayness of New York outside. My hostess had but a few minutes before come in from a walk in the rain and she was glowing with exuberance. She had taken off her rain togs and slipped into wine red lounging pyjamas, a color that made her sparkle like the vintage itself.

We had a cozy chat to a cinnamon toast and hot tea accompaniment, the perfect appetizers to conversation on a rainy day.

"It may sound a little strange," said Miss Rich, nibbling at her toast thoughtfully, "but I'd

RAIN !

"That's the way to Keep Young and Beautiful," says Irene Rich

rather walk in the rain than in the sunshine. Sunshine has a sort of lazy quality to it; rain is more of a challenge." She went on to explain that to her rain is symbolic of fertility and fruitfulness . . . it brings refreshment while the sun brings drought. "But I will admit," she added with her infectious laugh, "it's important to keep your sunny side up when it rains."

Miss Rich loves to put on her oldest raincoat and hat and galoshes, and then go striding through the rain, until the blocks patter into miles. Shop windows appear all the more entrancing to her when seen through the mist of rain. And just to walk on and on, breathing deeply of all the damp, earthy smell of spring is joy enough in itself. A brisk walk in the rain whips up the circulation into a rosy glow. It is important, however, to meet the rain on friendly terms. Don't hunch up your shoulders against it, as though you expected it to smite you down when you turned the next corner. "It's a challenge," says the courageous Irene. "Meet it with your head up and your arms open."

It is Miss Rich's experience that walking does more to iron out her mental kinks than any other exercise or recreation. It gives her mental and physical refreshment. She makes it a point, moreover, to practice deep breathing exercises as she walks, inhaling and exhaling in rhythm with her steps. She doesn't feel that she is just breathing in air. She is breathing in health and grand spirits as well.

Deep breathing gives impetus to circulation, as does walking. It warms the body with a deep glow as one's capacity for it is increased. And even more important, it relieves nerve tension and encourages relaxation. It can and does cure "a case of nerves." People whose professions depend on (*Continued on page* 64)

New Beauty Principle . . .

CLICKS WITH RADIO STARS

For gray-eyed Marie DeVille (above), Marvelous Matched Makeup Patrician type. For brown-eyed Lois Ravel, Marvelous Parisian type makeup is right.

BEHIND the scenes in broadcasting studios, off the set in Hollywood . . . everywhere girls get together they are talking about Marvelous . . . the Matched Makeup!

For here at last is makeup that matches . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara in true color symphony. And it's makeup that matches *you* . . . scientifically keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes, *the color of your eyes!*

Eight out of ten girls who try Marvelous Makeup are lovelier, *immediately* more glamorous. It's gorgeous to wear . . . easy to buy. At your drug or department store now . . . guaranteed for purity by the world-famous house of Richard Hudnut. Full-size packages . . . 55 cents each.

Ask for Marvelous Dresden type face powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow and mascara if your eyes are blue; Parisian if your eyes are brown; Patrician if they are gray; Continental if they are hazel.

Take a tip from the movies, from the radio stars, from lovely girls everywhere. Discover Marvelous the new Eye-Matched Makeup, look your prettiest and *thrill* the man you like best . . . tonight!

SPECIAL! Drug and department stores offer at 55¢ a $1.00-value Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit — junior sizes harmonizing face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara, eye shadow. Or send 55¢ to Richard Hudnut, Fifth Ave., New York City. State color of eyes — *blue, gray, brown or hazel.*

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MARVELOUS *The Eye-Matched* **MAKEUP**

by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

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HOW DO YOUR FAVORITES RANK IN THE RATINGS?

1. THE PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK (CBS).....87.5%
Continues as first choice of the critics.

2. GENERAL MOTORS CONCERTS (NBC) ...87.4
Which proves radio critics are definitely symphony-minded.

3. JACK BENNY, MARY LIVINGSTONE, KENNY BAKER AND JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).....86.9
It certainly must be an amusing program to be without a symphony orchestra and yet rate this high with the critics.

4. FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR (CBS) ...86.9
It seems you simply must have a symphony program to succeed.

5. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS) (NBC) 85.3
Versatility plus.

6. CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM WITH NINO MARTINI AND LILY PONS ON ALTERNATE NIGHTS (CBS) 83.4
Metropolitan favorites singing your favorites.

7. LAWRENCE TIBBETT (CBS).....82.6
Champion of American composers.

8. THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA (NBC)...80.3
Current winner of our Distinguished Service Award.

9. TOWN HALL TONIGHT (NBC).....80.0
Marvelous material, marvelously presented by Fred Allen and troupe.

10. LOMBARDO ROAD (CBS).....78.8
Guy Lombardo and the sweetest dance music on the air.

11. EDWIN C. HILL—HUMAN SIDE OF THE NEWS (NBC).....78.7
Human interest in the news items.

12. LESLIE HOWARD (CBS).....78.5
Matinee idol of the air.

13. BURNS AND ALLEN (CBS).....78.2
Gracie Allen, radio's chief comedienne.

14. MAJOR BOWES' ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR (NBC).....77.7
The commercials and tributes are getting too heavy.

OUR NEW SYSTEM

The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25%, and making the perfect program of 100%. These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of Radio Stars Magazine. Programs outstanding as to artists and material, often suffer because of poor presentation or announcements.

15. BOAKE CARTER (CBS).....76.8
Convincing comments on current history.

16. VOICE OF FIRESTONE (NBC)....76.8
Margaret Speaks, with Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks as alternate guest stars.

17. FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR STARRING RUDY VALLEE (NBC).....76.5
Frank Fay and always an entertaining group of guest stars.

18. GRACE MOORE (NBC).....76.4
Informal artistry.

19. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES (NBC).....76.1
Genial Paul and no dull seconds, thanks to his own group and special attractions.

20. RICHARD HIMBER AND THE STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS).....76.1
Glorifying the popular dance tune.

21. ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF THE AIR (CBS) ...75.8
The inimitable Fannie Brice.

22. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS).....76.5
Featuring screen stars in previews of forthcoming flickers.

23. PHIL BAKER—HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).....75.7
Gags, stooges and tunes.

24. RAY NOBLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS) 75.4
Connie Boswell, vocalist.

25. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT ORCHESTRA: JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC)..74.1
Year in and year out, consistently good with Jessica always outstanding.

26. RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLIN (NBC) ...73.8
Virginia Rea, Jan Peerce assisting.

27. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS (NBC) 73.7
Gags, no matter how old, always sound funny when Ben springs them.

28. AMERICAN PAGEANT OF YOUTH (NBC) 73.5
Juvenile amateur hour.

29. ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).....73.4
Radio's favorite continued story.

30. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (NBC) 72.5
Frank Munn, Lucy Monroe singing familiar airs unusually well.

31. THE GOLDBERGS (CBS).....72.3
Heart throbs mostly, but genuinely done.

32. ALEMITE HALF HOUR WITH HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS (CBS).....72.3
Stimulating.

33. LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).....72.0
Highlighting the news.

34. FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE: "THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASHINGTON TONIGHT" (CBS).....71.9
The forthcoming election has brought about a noticeable listener-increase in Mr. Wile's remarks.

35. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS).....71.4
Solace for the soul.

36. AMOS AND ANDY (NBC).....71.2
Shake hands with the "eternity" boys.

37. ON THE AIR WITH LUD GLUSKIN (CBS) 71.2
Gluskin arrangements bring out every possible bit of melody in a number.

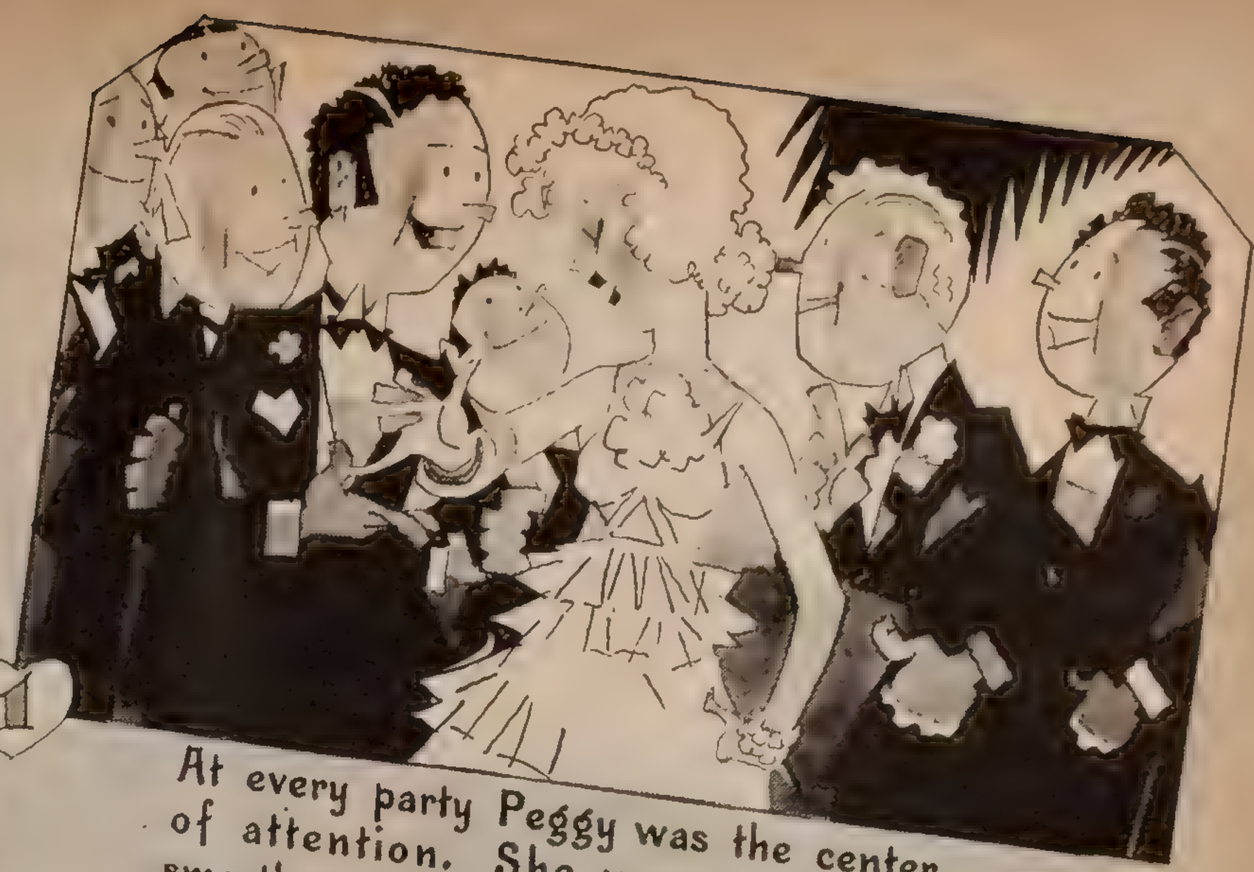
38. THE METROPOLITAN OPERA AUDITIONS OF THE AIR (NBC).....70.5
One of the finest programs ever broadcast and with a definite purpose.

(Continued on page 12)

How Pretty Peggy won Harry's Heart

BY John Held Jr.

1



At every party Peggy was the center of attention. She was always so smartly—so colorfully dressed. Men's eyes followed her . . . romantically . . .

2

But Peggy was unhappy. Listen to her confide to a friend. "Oh, Helen, why is it I seem to attract every boy but your brother Harry? He just doesn't pay any attention to me."

3

"Harry is a very serious young man," answered Helen. "I know he really likes you, but he thinks you are too extravagant. He says you have on a new dress every time he sees you."

4

Well, Helen," said eggy, "Tintex is le secret of my rge' wardrobe. hat Harry thinks new dresses are dresses made v with Tintex. . . . you just tint ou rinse and get most gorgeous colors."

5

Next day! "Hello, Peggy! This is Harry. I have just been talking to Helen. She says you gave her a marvelous tip. She gave me one, too. How about the movies tonight? Please say 'yes'!"

Tintex Tints *and* Dyes

A FEW CENTS for Tintex will save you *dollars* on your Spring wardrobe. And so easy to use—so perfect in results. No wonder Tintex Tints and Dyes are the largest selling in the world! 41 colors from which to choose—at all drug stores, notion and toilet goods counters.

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

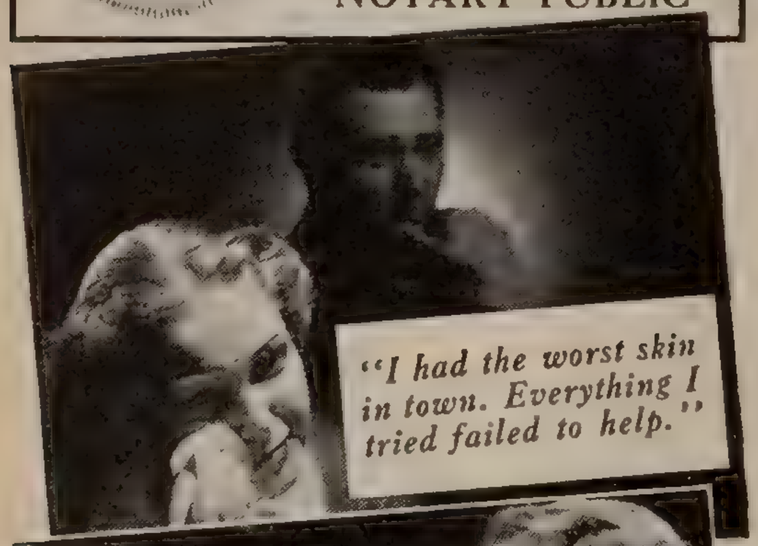
THE WORST SKIN IN TOWN!

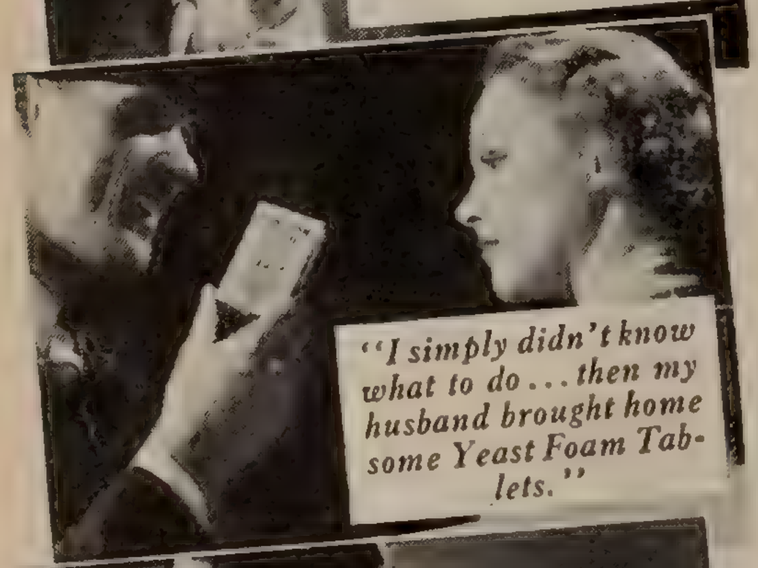
Now It's Smooth, Lovely

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

BERNICE G. RUTTINGH NOTARY PUBLIC COOK COUNTY, ILL.

Bernice G. Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC





TRUTH—not advertising claims—is what you want if you're one of the thousands embarrassed by ugly skin blemishes, eruptions and pimples. So take heart from the true experience shown above. For it is typical of countless grateful letters from women who have used these pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets to conquer stubborn skin trouble and regain alluring beauty.

If poisons in your system have robbed you of beauty, too—marred your skin with ugly blemishes—try Yeast Foam Tablets at once. The vital corrective elements they supply rid the body of these poisons easily, quickly, naturally—remove the real cause of lost beauty. And give you again the clear, alluring skin that men admire.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes. Send for Free Sample.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets. M.M.5-36

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Board of Review

(Continued from page 10)

In his modern apartment on Riverside Drive in New York, Rubinoff, maestro of the Chevrolet program heard each Saturday at 9 p.m. EST, over NBC, tunes his violin. The famous violinist spends most of his spare time in studying the scores of musical masterpieces for use in his weekly programs.

39. **CAMEL CARAVAN (CBS).....70.8**
Walter O'Keefe, Deane Janis, Casa Loma orchestra. Walter can be so funny, at times.

40. **HELEN HAYES (NBC).....70.7**
Radio hasn't had a pleasanter voice.

41. **JOHN CHARLES THOMAS (NBC)..70.5**
Fireside favorite.

42. **BING CROSBY WITH JIMMY DORSEY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).....70.5**
Bob Burns, bazooka boy, also on hand.

43. **A & P GYPSIES (NBC).....70.1**
Harry Horlick's brilliant conducting is the secret of this program's success.

44. **THE BAKERS BROADCAST (NBC) 70.0**
Bob Ripley with his amazing "believe-it-or-nots;" Harriet Hilliard, Ozzie Nelson and his boys. Should be full hour program.

45. **YOUR HIT PARADE WITH CARL HOFF'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).....69.9**
The fifteen most popular tunes of the week, conscientiously collected.

46. **WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) ...69.9**
Smoother than silk.

47. **JOSE MANZANARES AND HIS SOUTH AMERICANS (CBS).....69.6**
The real McCoy.

48. **BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS (CBS)..69.3**
Ted Malone attempting to instill his own appreciation of books into his listeners.

49. **SHELL CHATEAU (NBC).....68.6**
Al Jolson as head man. Victor Young's music. Guest stars from all walks of life.

50. **EDDIE CANTOR (CBS).....68.4**
Winner of last month's Distinguished Service award.

51. **FIRST NIGHTER WITH BETTY LOU GERSON AND FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN (NBC).....68.1**
Original radio plays, expertly presented and acted.

52. **SWIFT STUDIO PARTY (NBC)....68.0**
Deems Taylor, Sigmund Romberg and sometimes more informality than you can stand.

53. **LUM 'N' ABNER (NBC).....67.5**
Even city slickers are beginning to enjoy the Pine Ridge humor and philosophy.

54. **VOX POP (NBC).....67.3**
Unusual, fascinating—human nature on parade.

55. **MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).....67.2**
Many prefer this to the Major's amateurs and then there are those who can't tell the difference.

56. MELODIANA WITH BERNICE CLAIRE, OLIVER SMITH AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC) 67.1
Bernice Claire, lovely of voice and face. Remember her on the screen?

57. LIFE IS A SONG—COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI: CHARLES PREVIN AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC) 66.9
Few have been blessed with the richness of voice which is Olga's.

58. WALTZ TIME (NBC) 66.5
Frank Munn and Bernice Claire ideal, as usual.

59. ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC) 66.3
For those who enjoy a bit of a baffle.

60. JUMBO FIRE CHIEF SHOW (NBC)..66.1
Script trouble just about finished this show, but the voice of Donald Novis and Eddy Duchin's music saved the situation.

61. LADY ESTHER SERENADE (NBC)..66.1
Wayne King's music, which, as you know, is just what the doc ordered for your nerves.

62. PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM (NBC)..65.7
Leo Reisman, Phil Duey, Sally Singer and Johnny. Smart stuff.

63. SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC) ...65.6
Gus Van featured. Fun from the cake-walk era.

64. WARDEN LAWES (NBC) 65.2
True life crime stories. The warden being played by Mr. Lawes, himself.

65. LANNY ROSS PRESENTS THE MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT (NBC)....64.8
Engine trouble has been taken care of and the Showboat is now steaming ahead.

66. THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN (CBS) 64.6
Walter Woolf King and Beatrice Lillie doing their best to make us forget the ailing Eleanor Powell.

67. IRENE RICH (NBC) 64.0
Dramatic moments with the former screen favorite.

68. HUSBANDS AND WIVES (MUTUAL) ...64.0
Domestic problems for your solution.

69. GRAND HOTEL WITH ANNE SEYMOUR AND DON AMECHE (NBC) 63.8
Adventuring in hotels the world over.

70. IDA BAILEY ALLEN (NBC) 63.7
Cooking made tasty.

71. MUSIC BY RICHARD HIMBER (NBC) ...62.7
Rhythmic sophistication.

72. ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE—DOG DRAMAS (NBC) 62.4
You don't have to be a dog lover to enjoy Terhune's thrilling tales.

73. U. S. ARMY BAND (CBS).....62.2
Lots more than marches.

74. JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC) 61.8
Old Mr. Snooper whose alarming voice makes everything sound like a scoop.

75. GANG BUSTERS (CBS) 61.7
Phillips Lord, of Seth Parker fame, does his share to stamp out crime.

76. EASY ACES (NBC) 61.2
Jane and Goodman Ace, in somewhat the Burns and Allen manner.

77. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND (NBC) 61.2
Georges Metaxa, Rachel Carlay, Andy Sannella's music and a lively time for all.

78. CAVALCADE OF AMERICA (CBS)...61.2
Highlights of history in effective dramatic presentations.

79. AL PEARCE AND HIS GANG (NBC)..61.0
Exactly what your sense of humor needs.

80. HAMMERSTEIN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC) ...61.0
Glorifying the good old music hall days.

81. VOCALS BY VERRILL (CBS) 60.6
Virginia Verrill.

82. ECHOES OF NEW YORK TOWN (NBC) ...60.5
The history of New York in drama and music.

83. NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC)..60.2
Swing your partners!

(Continued on page 95)

Does Marriage end ROMANCE?

Before you dress!—use the secret of all-over fragrance—MAVIS!

Keep lovely with Mavis. At least twice a day . . . before you dress . . . after every bath . . . smooth your skin all over with Mavis Talcum. Mavis is so pure and soothing. It guards the youth of your skin . . . protects it from drying . . . keeps it velvety and soft. And the use of Mavis is so Parisian! Its subtle fragrance clothes you in glamour. And protects your feminine daintiness . . . gives you a fresh adorable charm that lasts the day or evening through.

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and $1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon below.

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MM-5

THE RADIO HOSTESS, NANCY WOOD, PRESENTS

Jack Benny

SINCE the earliest days of history we have records which prove that people always have celebrated successes, victories and particularly happy occasions with feasts at which extra-special foods were served. You know the sort of thing I mean . . . the fatted calf of the Bible, the nightingales' tongues of the Roman banquets and the New England delicacies of the Pilgrim Fathers' Thanksgiving feasts.

So when Jack Benny, for the third year in succession, won the Radio Editors' poll as the best comedian of the air waves (with almost three times as many votes as his nearest competitor, incidentally!) I decided that such an outstanding victory surely should call for something pretty fancy in the line of foods. Therefore I set out to satisfy my food-conscious curiosity concerning Benny.

And did I hear about foreign sauces, exotic viands or rare and expensive delicacies? Certainly not! Instead I discovered (as I had suspected I would) that success is an old, familiar story with Jack Benny and that his celebrations simply consist of eating the same foods that he always has liked, in the company of friends of long standing in the theatrical profession. The dishes may change with the season and locale, but all are characterized by a thoroughly American simplicity—the sort of things, in short, that men all over the country like to eat.

In the West, the successful com-

Wide World Photos

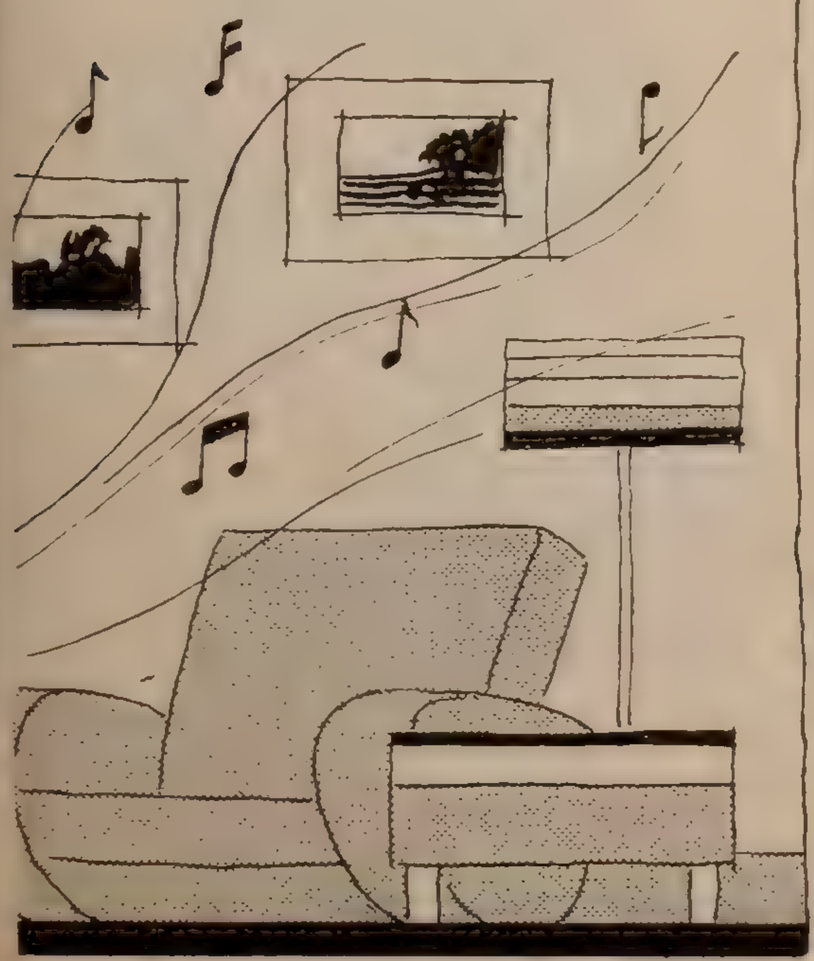
Jack Benny, star of the Jello broadcasts, with his wife and stooge, Mary Livingstone.

A culinary trip with the Bennys from Hollywood to Broadway, via Waukegan, Ill.

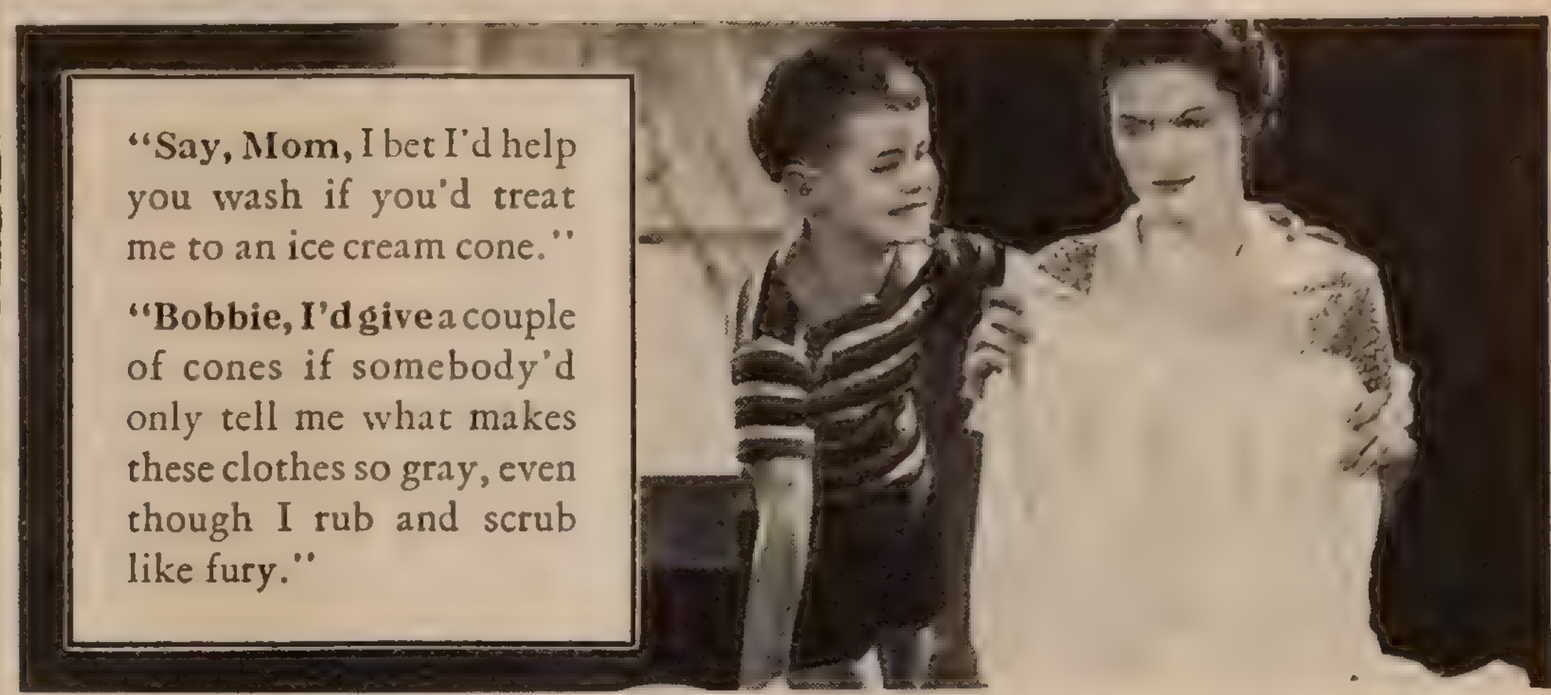
Courtesy Jello

"Limon" salad—
a tempting treat

pletion of a picture or broadcast is the signal for a buffet supper in the Bennys' Hollywood home. But in the East the chances are that Benny would be found feasting on or near the Broadway he knows and loves (*Continued on page* 56)



"I made a bet with Mom..."

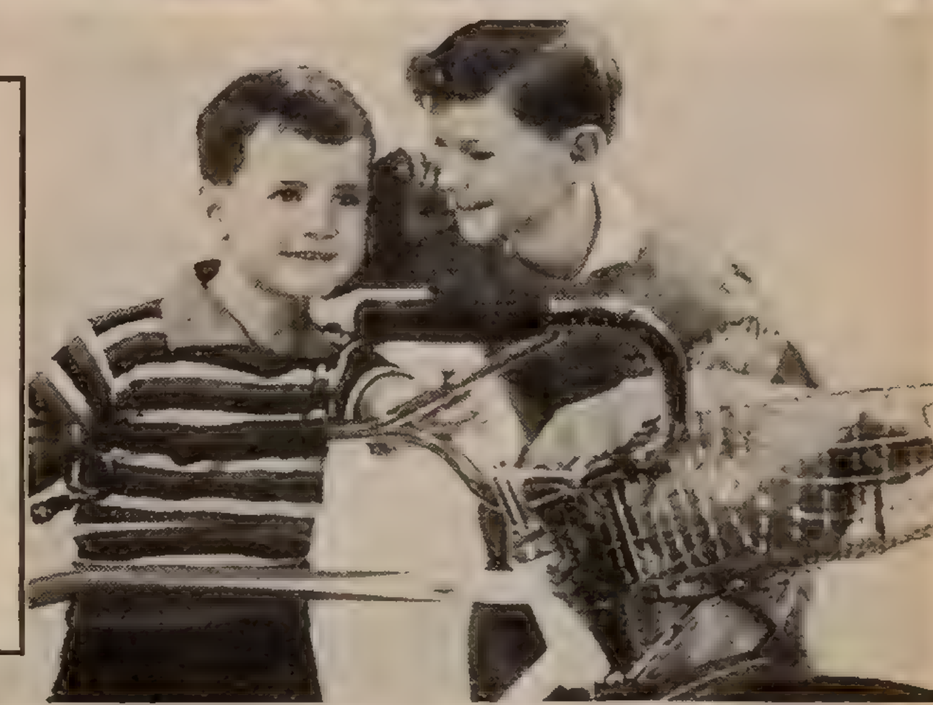


"Say, Mom, I bet I'd help you wash if you'd treat me to an ice cream cone."

"Bobbie, I'd give a couple of cones if somebody'd only tell me what makes these clothes so gray, even though I rub and scrub like fury."

"I wish you'd ask your sister, Bill, and see if she knows what's wrong with my mother's washes."

"I bet I don't have to ask. I hear women discussing things in the grocery store where I work and I *know* plenty about washing."



"Your mother's clothes have probably got tattle-tale gray—'cause her soap doesn't wash clean. Why doesn't she get wise and change to Fels-Naptha Soap? Everybody raves about the snappy way it gets out ALL the dirt!"

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Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" *with* FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

. . NOTHING BUT THE

Once more the artists of the air reply to questions

Loretta Lee, WABC singer, a native of New Orleans, has dark red hair and blue-green eyes.

Does Your Art Suffer Periodic Letdowns, Dependent on Your Mood or Health?

Jane Froman: "I cannot say that it does, since, once in the midst of my work, I almost always can conquer any emotions which might conflict with my ability to perform."

Milton T. Cross: "I feel that one's work is materially affected by health and mood."

Betty Lou Gerson: "I do believe my performances on the air are subject to the mental condition I am in. With the voice as a medium of expression the difficulty of cloaking one's real emotions assumes serious proportions."

Margaret Speaks: "It used to do so . . . but not any more."

Anne Jamison: "I think every singer has short lapses of ill health which of course hinder his or her performance from being quite up to scratch."

Jerry Belcher: "We all have our 'ups' and 'downs', but I usually go to a show keyed to do my very best. We must be alert and be prepared to take advantage of every situation that arises. I seldom suffer from any 'let-down.'"

Fritzi Scheff: "Never!"

Ted Malone: "My programs in every case depend upon my changing moods for the day. My readings are accordingly selected at the last minute."

Countess Olga Albani: "Yes, dependent on both mood and health . . . but they never last long."

Dorothy Lamour: "Naturally it does, I being of the rather moody type."

Lucy Monroe: "Certainly—singing is just like a looking-glass—your voice reveals your true condition."

Myrtle Vail: "No one can do her best if she is unhappy or sick—although I think all of us in the business put forth every effort."

Donald Novis: "Yes—one's voice depends on one's disposition as well as one's health."

John Barclay: "Naturally there are times when health or mood makes you feel that you can't possibly give out a thing. But when you get 'out there' you've too much to concentrate on to remember how you feel. Performance should be a flow from the subconscious habits made in rehearsal—therefore moods of the moment don't affect it."

Ted Hammerstein: "No. One cannot afford to have let-downs."

Andy Sannella: "No. I do not allow my mood or health to interfere with my radio work. There have been, however, times when, due to

Here's Ted Husing, radio's famous sports announcer.

Helen Marshall, talented and beautiful NBC soprano.

TRUTH ?

from their fans

great mental stress or temporary illness, I've had misgivings in the anticipation of what was ahead of me; but somehow or other, in the actual atmosphere of the studio, my instinct always has pulled me through, the work at hand taking on the greatest importance."

Freddie Rich: "Yes, and why not? We are all human."

Harry von Zell: "I have felt at times that it has . . . but I don't think that I, myself, am in a position to judge, since when I feel low I naturally assume that my work is not up to par . . . whereas my audience might notice no change."

Ted Husing: "But why not?"

Niela Goodelle: "Nothing ever seems to affect my singing; in fact, I have heard that my voice is much better when I am tired."

Don Mario: "Yes. I believe this to be true of almost every performer. When you have a bad cold in the head, or ate the wrong thing the night before, you are bound to be affected by it. However, you don't have to be a scientist to apply some of the old 'mind over matter' on such occasions and carry on."

June Meredith: "I will admit I have (*Continued on page 81*)

Andre Kostelanetz, conductor of the Chesterfield programs.

ROLL UP TO A PACK OF KOOLS and see how much more you get for your money! A blend of tobaccos to win your tongue, mildly mentholated to cool your throat, cork tips to save your lips. And a valuable B & W coupon to save for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Let's go! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

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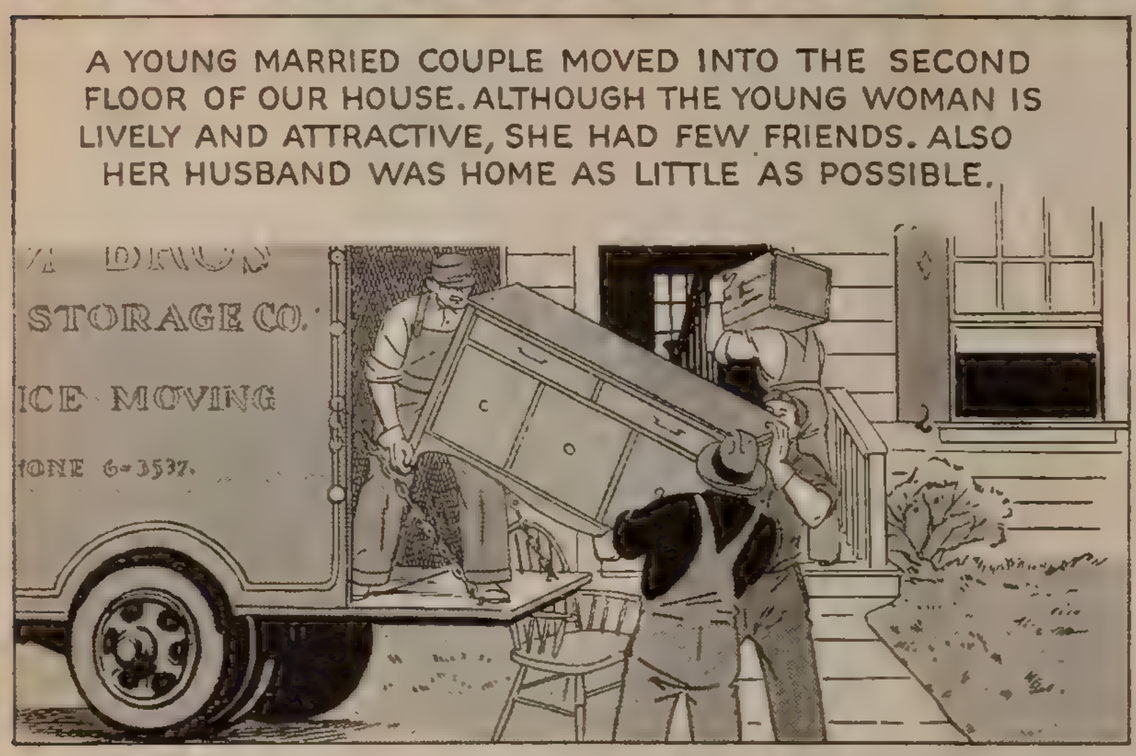
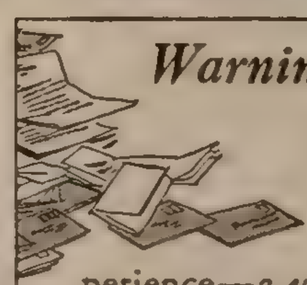
RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

I BROUGHT HER HUSBAND BACK (A TRUE "B.O." EXPERIENCE)



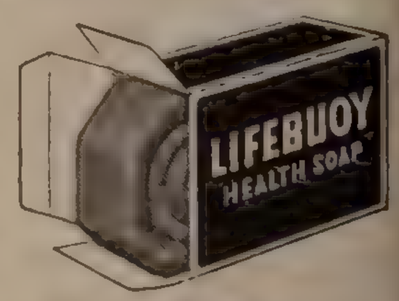
Warnings by the thousands



FROM all parts of the country, from all sorts of people, letters *pour* in. Like the one illustrated, every one is a *true* experience—a *warning* to *beware of "B. O." (body odor)!* Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! Its abundant lather purifies, stops "B.O."

For lovelier skin...

Lifebuoy cleanses *deeply, gently.* "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women show it is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps."



Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

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USE RINSO. ITS RICH SUDS ABSORB THE GREASE... MAKE IT VANISH. DISHES COME CLEAN WITHOUT A TRACE OF GREASE. AND RINSO IS MARVELOUS FOR THE WEEK'S WASH, TOO. IT'S ALL I USE BECAUSE —

Rinso alone, without the aid of bar soaps, chips or powders, gives a tubful of rich suds that *soak* clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling. Even grimy edges come clean with a little gentle rubbing between the fingers. And the dirt doesn't "settle back" because Rinso suds have "lifting power." The dirt is held in suspension. Of course this safe "soak-and-rinse" method is not only easy on me—it's easy on the clothes; that means Rinso saves me lots of money. Rinso is all I ever use for the dishes, woodwork, basins and floors. It saves time and work all through the house. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 33 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

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Against the musical background of Frank Black and his NBC symphony orchestra, the *Magic Key* has brought us celebrated artists from all over the world, broadcasting, invariably, from their native city.

And so to the *Magic Key* program, because of its originality, its remarkable accomplishments, its world famous artists and their superb entertainment, Radio Stars magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester Gray

—Editor.

Frank Black, conductor of *Magic Key*.

GALE PAGE

Lovely contralto soloist of the *Climalene Carnival,* Gale also has her own program and is active in Chicago's Junior League. She first sang with Ted Weems in the Empire Room of the Palmer House in Chicago.

These are the Sachets

that make the waves

that make you say

"No experimenting on me . . give me a EUGÈNE"

IF EVER you are tempted by a permanent that is "easier," "quicker," "cheaper," remember that the Eugene method is relied upon by better Beauty Shops all over the world . . . that it has been turning out millions of beautiful permanents for many years. When Eugene perfected the little Sachets that gently steam your hair, they were patented for your protection. They are plainly trade-marked for all to see. They contain a waving solution that cannot be copied. Whether you want an all-over wave, or little croquignole curls, or both, Eugene Sachets perform their work with certainty and sure satisfaction. Be sure they are used for your Eugene Wave. We will send you one free, so you may recognize them.

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"THERE IS NO WAVE LIKE A EUGENE WAVE"

Bruno Richard Hauptmann, leaving Flemington jail for New Jersey's State Prison at Trenton.

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, entering Flemington Court House for the trial.

GOVERNOR HAROLD HOFFMAN'S dramatic reprieve of Bruno Richard Hauptman on January 16, 1936 —just as the German carpenter was about to walk the last mile to pay the penalty as the convicted slayer of the Lindbergh baby—officially reopened the case which unofficially never was closed. When, on February 13th, 1935, a New Jersey jury sentenced Hauptmann to death, the crime of the century, so far as the books of the State went, was closed. But so far as the mind of the public was concerned, it never was closed, and probably never will be, regardless of the ultimate fate of Hauptmann.

Everyone not officially connected with the case has a definite opinion on the guilt or innocence of Hauptmann, as well as theories on how the crime was committed an on how the trial and investigation should have bee handled. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick make and the man on home relief all have their theories, fe of which agree.

Of the "outsiders" probably no man in America is a well informed on the case as is Boake Carter, ace new commentator. Carter was working on the case a fe hours after the alarm. He conscientiously kept at i through all its phases, covering the search for the missin infant, the shocking discovery of the body, the arrest an trial of Hauptmann and the reprieve of the condemne man.

BOAKE CARTER REVEALS HAUPTMANN FACTS..!

Not all the evidence against the prisoner was introduced at the trial. Here are additional, pointed facts

BY JERRY MAXWELL

Wide World Photos

Bruno Richard Hauptmann (on the left) chats with his wife (sitting at the right) in the courtroom where he was on trial for his life for the crime of kidnapping and murdering little Charles A. Lindbergh, Junior.

All of the officials connected with the case and every principal in it have discussed it at length with Carter.

Carter has a definite theory as to when the alleged bungling in the case started.

"Right at the outset," he declared, "Frank Hague, the Democratic boss of New Jersey, wished the investigation to be conducted by the Jersey City police. Governor Moore, a Democrat, tried to follow Hague's wishes. Thus, there were three police bodies working on the case —the Jersey City police, the New Jersey State Police and the Government agents.

"There was much bickering between the different forces and a great deal of inter-departmental jealousy. Colonel Lindbergh indicated that he preferred to work with the State Police.

"Now, then, get this picture in mind—here's the interest of the entire nation, of the whole world, in fact, centered on Hopewell and Trenton. Letters came in by the basketful. That's literal, too, not a figure of speech. Necromancers, star gazers, crystal gazers, clairvoyants, men and women, young and old—everybody wrote in with theories and solutions. Detectives, amateur and otherwise, sought to help.

"This resulted in a flood of material so great that Colonel Schwartzkopf, head of the New Jersey State Police was forced to set up a clearing (*Continued on page 66*)

Enter HELEN JEPSON

NOT so very long ago, although those days seem quaint and far away, we grew familiar with a certain type of opera prima donna. On the stage and screen, in books and countless stories the woman who had become a famous star of Grand Opera paraded regally before us. She was temperamental. She was tempestuous. She was torrid and torrential. Managers quailed before her moods, lovers catered to her whims, servants trembled before her wrath. Wherever she came, she made an impressive entrance with her familiar retinue—*"Enter Madame,"* with her maid, her companion, her humble relatives, her adoring admirers, and, last of all, her husband, carrying the prima donna's poodle!

Well, it's quite a different story today. Grand Opera Carmens, who once were "bigger than the bull," now are slim and young and lovely. Prima donnas who once catered to sensation with their bewildering moods now are noted only because of the beauty of their song. Today the lovely singer whose voice charms you in opera or concert or on the air is a modest, unaffected young woman, living a natural, happy existence with her family, just as are any of you who listen to her song.

For example—here's Helen Jepson.

Helen is the young singer who, when Grace Moore suddenly was taken ill, took her place with the Metropolitan Quartette—all artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company—then touring the west. She is the girl who sings sometimes with Paul Whiteman's Varieties program and also has sung with the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre. She is the girl who, still in her twenties, made a notable début last winter at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, in the newest American opera, "In the Pasha's Garden," singing opposite Lawrence Tibbett. According to Gatti-Casazza, then the director of the Metropolitan, who engaged her after her first audition, Helen was the first important feminine star to gain the coveted berth with the Metropolitan through the medium of radio.

No fairy wand, however, brought her to that brilliant eminence. Helen's story is a record of hard work, from early girlhood. When she was thirteen she was singing in a church choir in her home town, Akron, Ohio, and in the High School Glee Club. For two years she worked for fifteen dollars a week as a clerk in a music store, listening to operatic records as she played them over and over, dreaming of the time when she, too, would be an opera star. And for the fulfillment of that dream she saved her money and went, in the summer, to the Jamestown, New York, Chautauqua, where she studied with Horatio Connell of the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia. It was Connell who suggested that she try for an audition at the Institute, where he taught.

It is characteristic of Helen Jepson that she never misses an opportunity. When her cue comes, she is ready for it. And in that suggestion she heard her cue. Since her family's means were limited, she determined to provide the necessary funds for herself. Organizing a girls' quartette and procuring an ancient car, she toured the country with them, covering over six thousand miles and singing in concerts and chautauquas. And in the fall, with her share of the proceeds of that tour, Helen went to Philadelphia. Her audition won her a scholarship not only for one year but for five. And she worked and studied earnestly, seeing the bright dream coming ever closer to fulfillment.

She lived with another girl student in a tiny room on the outskirts of the city.

"We were so poor," she said. "No one could be poorer. But it was fun!"

That is another characteristic of Helen's—to find fun, whatever the circumstances—to make happiness for herself and for others. One could write a book, she says, about those days. But the bright reward came at the end, when, after graduating from the Curtis Institute with

honors she was engaged by the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company, and later sang prima donna rôles for two years with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. She made her début with the latter company as Nedda in "Pagliacci," singing opposite John Charles Thomas.

But hard work and fun and bright rewards were not all of life for Helen Jepson. There was romance, too. . . . Helen had met him that first summer when she was studying at Chautauqua. His name was George Possell and he was—and still is—a flutist with the New York Symphony Orchestra. All through those years of study they drew closer and closer together, and after her graduation they were married. They had a heavenly honeymoon in Europe and then came back to dream of greater glories for Helen.

But first, like all who are young and in love, they wanted a baby—before Helen's career should demand too much of her. And when little Sallie Patricia came to the Possell home it seemed as if life were just spilling its richness into their hearts and hands.

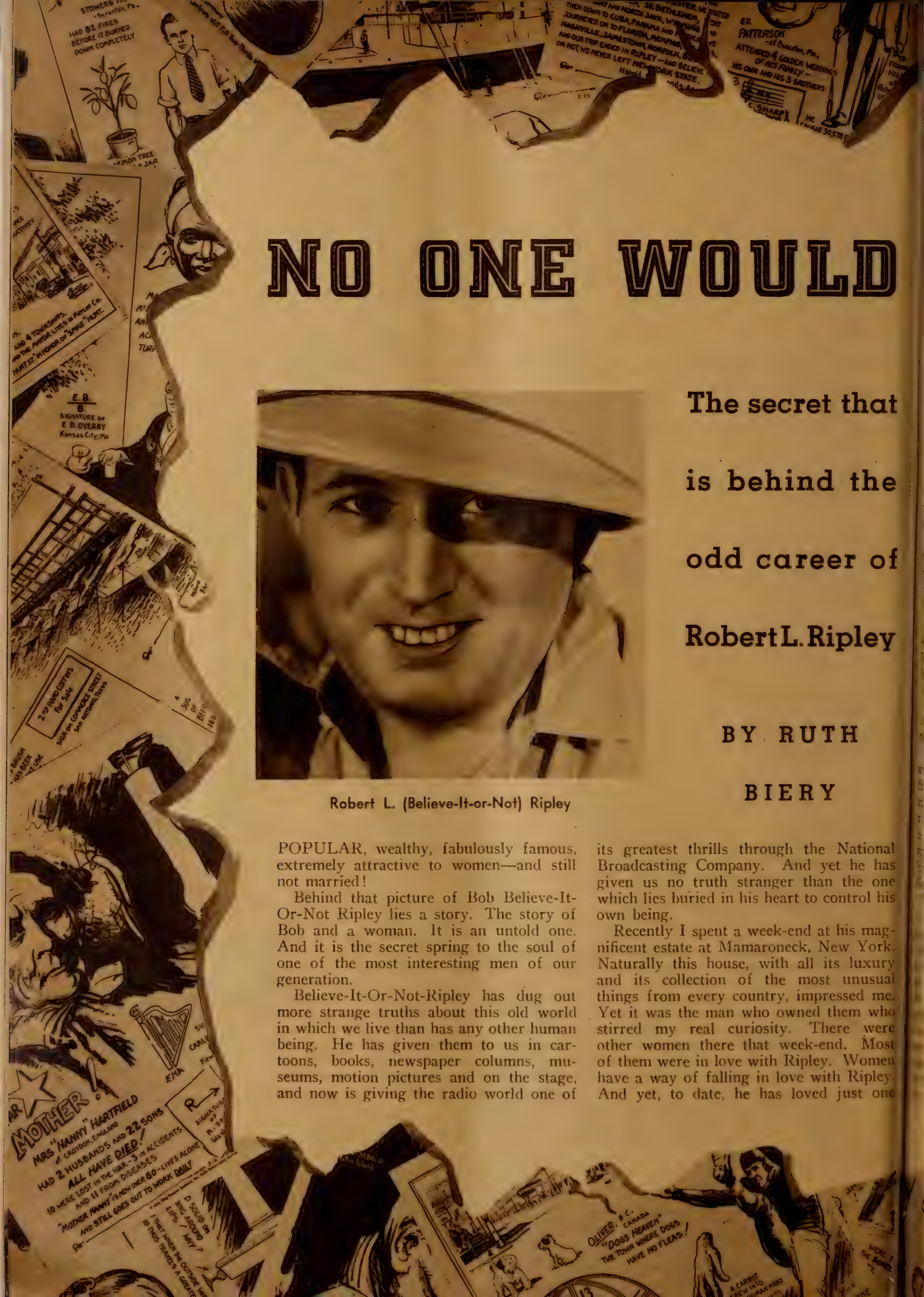
And then the depression suddenly checked that lavish flow. There was no more money to sustain the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company and Helen's work was gone. Back in New York there were no engagements to be had. Helen kept house and studied and sang to her baby and tried not to hope when hope walked hand in hand with despair.

And then a friend of her (*Continued on page 96*)

An intimate view of a bright star of Metropolitan Opera, of popular radio programs, and a noted concert artist

BY NANCY BARROWS

Relaxing for a quiet hour in her home. Helen Jepson autographs her portraits for her many fans.



NO ONE WOULD

The secret that is behind the odd career of Robert L. Ripley

BY RUTH BIERY

Robert L. (Believe-It-or-Not) Ripley

POPULAR, wealthy, fabulously famous, extremely attractive to women—and still not married!

Behind that picture of Bob Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley lies a story. The story of Bob and a woman. It is an untold one. And it is the secret spring to the soul of one of the most interesting men of our generation.

Believe-It-Or-Not-Ripley has dug out more strange truths about this old world in which we live than has any other human being. He has given them to us in cartoons, books, newspaper columns, museums, motion pictures and on the stage, and now is giving the radio world one of its greatest thrills through the National Broadcasting Company. And yet he has given us no truth stranger than the one which lies buried in his heart to control his own being.

Recently I spent a week-end at his magnificent estate at Mamaroneck, New York. Naturally this house, with all its luxury and its collection of the most unusual things from every country, impressed me. Yet it was the man who owned them who stirred my real curiosity. There were other women there that week-end. Most of them were in love with Ripley. Women have a way of falling in love with Ripley. And yet, to date, he has loved just one

BELIEVE IT!

woman—and that woman was his wife.

Yes, *believe it or not,* Bob Ripley has been married and to quote Bob: "She is the best friend I have in the world."

When I asked him to tell me his secret—for I knew there must be a secret behind the ceaseless energy and simple aloofness of this man—he looked like a small boy and said slowly: "No one would believe it."

I did not laugh. There was something very touching about hearing the man who makes us believe such unbelievable truths saying that we would not believe his own story. Nevertheless he told it to me.

"I never have talked about my personal affairs," he said. "Any story which you may have read about them didn't come from me. Here is the real story, and you will be the first writer to hear it."

They were so young. She was seventeen. Bob was not wealthy and famous. They married.

Although they lived together as man and wife for a long time, yet they did not live in the same house or apartment. Bob says he was too temperamental. He doesn't use that word but it is the one which expresses to us his dynamic, restless, always pulsing-forward energy. It is the word the world has learned to accept as an explanation of genius. Real genius.

The girl had expected a husband in the conventional sense. A man who would come home on time. A husband who would be dependable as are the rank and file of husbands. She didn't find him. No woman will ever find that kind of a husband in Bob Ripley. He is the most undependable person I know, speaking conventionally. I am going to pause to prove that statement. He was to go to a dance as one of a party I was entertaining. He had promised not to forget for this once. Then—he forgot. Someone came to town. He wanted to show this friend a good time. It was Saturday but he didn't remember it was Saturday. Fortunately we had provided extra escorts because we know and understand and like Bob Ripley, even on the Saturdays he has forgotten.

And yet, he is dependable in the unconventional sense. One afternoon a girl had an appointment with him for four o'clock. Cocktails. He turned up at 8:30 to take her to dinner. He didn't remember to call her. She had to call him. Why? He had been sued for breach of promise. It was the third or fourth of such suits. He never pays out of court. He hires a lawyer to fight and the suits dwindle into inaction. On this afternoon, he had been straightening out the bills of this particular suit with his lawyer. And I suppose what happened while he was doing this could happen only to Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley. A cable arrived at his rooms at the New York Athletic club just as he was signing the check to the attorney. It was from the same fair lady. She had lost her purse in Europe. She was penniless. She didn't know what she would do if Believe-It-Or-Not didn't help her. And Believe-It-Or-Not forgot all about cocktails at four and another fair lady, while persuading his lawyer to cable that girl money. The lawyer said it was a "frame." If Ripley sent the money, she would renew her suit. Bob said it was honest. It took Bob until eight o'clock to win the battle. The lawyer's cable was generous. And Bob told his dinner companion: "I just know she really needed it. I believe it!"

I know he meant that. I hope the girl never lets him know if she didn't.

But what young wife, not yet out of her adolescence, could have been wise enough to know that a husband who didn't keep a conventional promise might be the most dependable of men in other ways? Youth always is conventional. It (*Continued on page 54*)

IN THE RADIO Spotlight

New views of old friends whose broadcasts reward the listener

Above, Olga Albani, of "Life is a Song." Below, Helen Jepson, James Melton, with Al Goodman at his program's first birthday.

A frequent radio speaker in the current presidential campaign, U. S. Senator William E. Borah.

Armida, tiny Mexican movie star, contributes gay songs to the "Paris Night Life" program.

Above, Lucille Manners of "The Melody Lingers On." Below, Virginia Clark of "Romance of Helen Trent," and her son.

Above, Joe and Mrs. Penner at home. Below, Kenny Baker, Mary Livingstone, Dale Miller, Don Wilson, Jack Benny and Johnnie Green.

Charles Gaylord, maestro of the Penthouse Serenade, heard Sundays over the NBC network, serenades tenor Jack Fulton and the torch singer Dale Sherman.

An old-time vaudeville headliner, and more recently screen writer and actor, Frank Fay made his bow on the air with Rudy Vallee's Fleischmann Variety Hour.

Honeymoon BY HARLOW

Long famous as a siren on the screen, Jean Harlow rescues a modern Romeo and Juliet

IF JEAN HARLOW hadn't gone on a 23-day honeymoon with Johnny Hamp, you wouldn't be dialing those smooth Hamp dansipations these nights.

That's really just the *darndest* statement—but then, this is the darndest story! It's a true love story, the swellest just-uncovered romance on Radio Row. It's a story about a boy, a girl, Jean Harlow and a band that could play only in the key of C. It's the strange tale behind the Johnny Hamp's Orchestra you hear today, whose foundation happens to be built on the love and far-sightedness of the screen's famous siren.

All big orchestras aren't born behind microphones or planned over the midnight oil of some ambitious young musician. Johnny Hamp's band was born—of all places—in a girls' dormitory, one June night when three pretty boarding-school students got together in a pyjama-clad session to plan their summer vacations together.

The girls were Jean Harlow, Ruth Miller and Peg Mahoney. The school was Chicago's fashionable Ferry Hall. Peg's parents had just wired an invitation to Jean and Ruth to spend two months as their daughter's guests at their summer home in Atlantic City. And because the three girls were inseparable roommates and school would be gloriously over the very next week, they huddled together long after the dorm lights had been extinguished and made excited plans for all the adventures they were going to have at the beach.

Jean gazed out at a slice of orange moon and said she intended to cop off a big bronzed life-guard. So did Ruth. But Peg pressed a jewelled frat pin close against her heart and sat silent, letting them rave on. Peg was secretly engaged to a drummer in an orchestra called the *Kentucky Serenaders*. His name was Johnny Hamp. *He* was *divine,* as Peg often reiterated to the other two. And wonderful, most wonderful of all, the *Kentucky Serenaders* were booked for the summer at Atlantic City's Hotel Ambassador!

A few weeks later the girls were having the time of their lives at the resort—although their romantic schemes hadn't turned out so well. Jean had her life-guard—but Ruth had Peg's Johnny! Ruth didn't know what to do about that. You don't go to visit your roommate and promptly walk off with her husband-to-be, no matter if you do feel as if you'd absolutely die if you couldn't have him for your own.

Johnny Hamp hadn't intended to fall in love with his fiancée's best friend. But there was something about her slim, tanned little figure, her wind-blown brown bob and misty-fringed, gay gray eyes that did things to his heart and hands when he held his drumsticks on the bandstand in the Rainbow Grill. Every night the three girls came there to dance, but to Johnny, looking out across the crowded floor, there was only one girl—petite, vivacious Ruth. Ruth, floating by, within the tuxedo arms of other men. Ruth, dark against ivory tulle, pearl-pale and fluffy. Ruth, in paprika satin looking up at him now and then to flutter her hand in greeting and curve her red lips in a bright smile.

Johnny didn't mean to fall but he did. Desperately. And *he* didn't know what to do about it, either. You don't just ask for a frat pin back because your fiancée's roommate suddenly is the most adorable thing you ever met.

Jean Harlow was the one to whom he went with his problem. Jean was a man's girl. She'd be good-fellow enough to understand. . . .

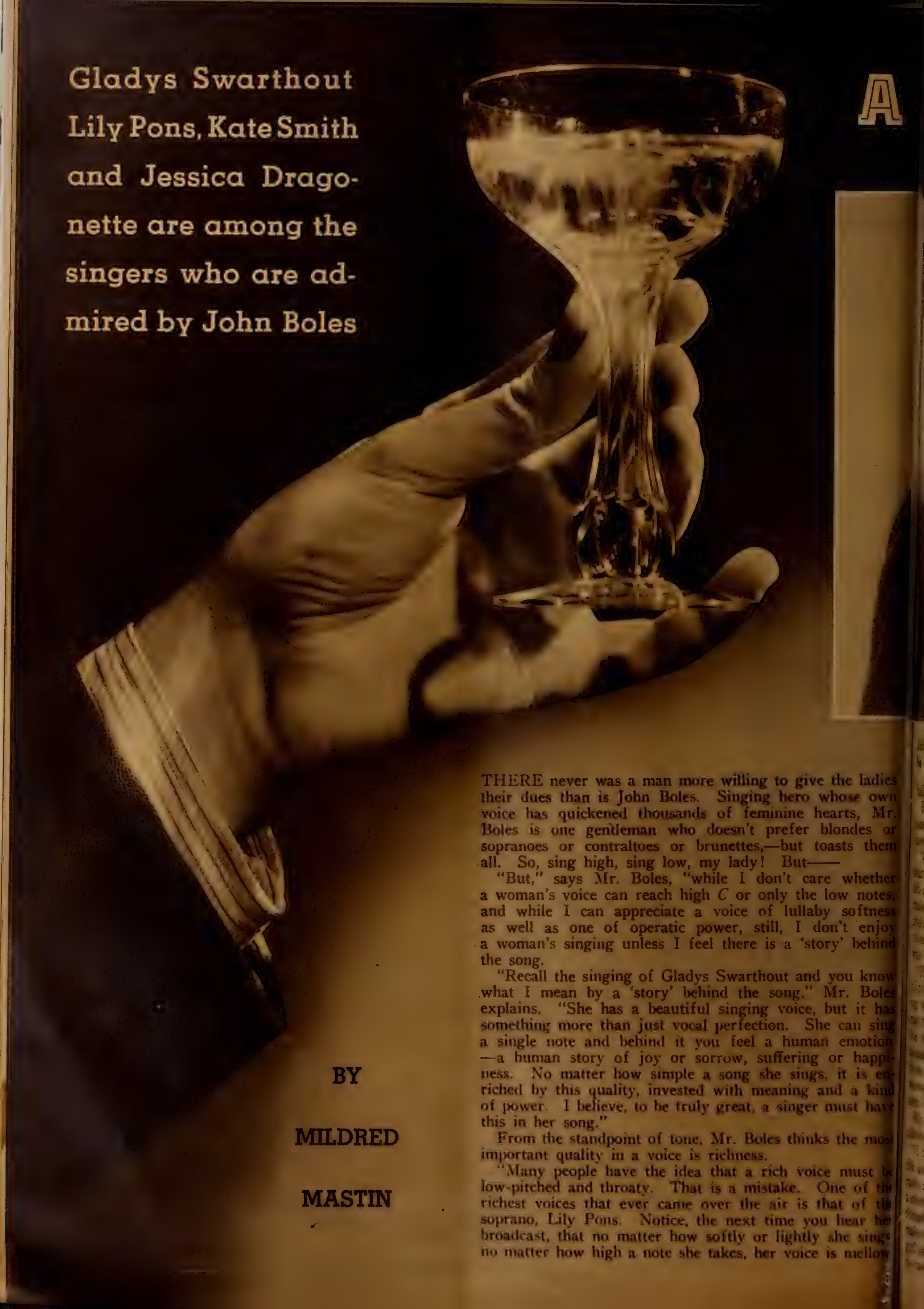
"What'll I do?" he asked her. "I can't hurt Peg. But this time . . . Ruth . . . This is the *real* thing this time . . ."

Jean advised him wisely and simply: (*Continued on page 78*

A new portrait of Jean Harlow, whose famous platinum locks now are a light brown shade. Below, orchestra leader Johnny Hamp, whose honeymoon Jean saved from disaster.

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES

Gladys Swarthout Lily Pons, Kate Smith and Jessica Dragonette are among the singers who are admired by John Boles



BY

MILDRED

MASTIN

THERE never was a man more willing to give the ladies their dues than is John Boles. Singing hero whose own voice has quickened thousands of feminine hearts, Mr. Boles is one gentleman who doesn't prefer blondes or sopranoes or contraltoes or brunettes,—but toasts them all. So, sing high, sing low, my lady! But——

"But," says Mr. Boles, "while I don't care whether a woman's voice can reach high *C* or only the low notes, and while I can appreciate a voice of lullaby softness as well as one of operatic power, still, I don't enjoy a woman's singing unless I feel there is a 'story' behind the song.

"Recall the singing of Gladys Swarthout and you know what I mean by a 'story' behind the song," Mr. Boles explains. "She has a beautiful singing voice, but it has something more than just vocal perfection. She can sing a single note and behind it you feel a human emotion —a human story of joy or sorrow, suffering or happiness. No matter how simple a song she sings, it is enriched by this quality, invested with meaning and a kind of power. I believe, to be truly great, a singer must have this in her song."

From the standpoint of tone, Mr. Boles thinks the most important quality in a voice is richness.

"Many people have the idea that a rich voice must be low-pitched and throaty. That is a mistake. One of the richest voices that ever came over the air is that of the soprano, Lily Pons. Notice, the next time you hear her broadcast, that no matter how softly or lightly she sings no matter how high a note she takes, her voice is mellow

TOAST TO THE LADIES

John Boles loves radio work. He would, he says, enjoy broadcasting every night.

John Boles and his wife, Marcelite, on their arrival in New York for a vacation.

full, rich. It never thins."

Proving that his tastes are varied, John Boles next toasts Gracie Allen. As a matter of fact, Gracie is a favorite with the entire Boles family.

"Gracie Allen's speaking voice has an irritating quality that makes it winning," he says. "Its high, eager, childish quality amuses you. She can recite the alphabet and make it sound very funny. Perhaps, as you have listened and laughed, you never were conscious of the fact that her voice captured and held your attention partly because it was slightly irritating. But that is true.

"However, when Miss Allen sings, there is no trace of the laugh-provoking shrillness or flatness. Her singing voice is soft and musical. Any subtle irritation that may have intrigued you before is gone, as she sings. And she charms you with a singing voice that is altogether pleasant. There is a delicate balance to be maintained there. And Miss Allen's long popularity over the air waves is proof that she has wisely maintained that balance."

Mr. Boles admits that among the air queens he most admires is Jessica Dragonette.

"I think it takes more 'stuff' to become a success on the air than on the stage or screen," he explains. "The radio artist stands before an impersonal gadget known as a microphone. Binding her to her audience is only a little thread of sound. She has none of the advantages of make-up, scenery, trick shots, clever costuming, that the girl on the stage or screen may use. She has no props, no camouflage. She must hold her audience, fire its imagination, with sheer talent and the force of her personality.

"When Miss Dragonette made her radio début, the listeners-in did not know her. They never had seen her on the screen, nor heard of her name in connection with the stage or opera. They did not even know what she looked like. She captured their attention and admiration solely with her voice and the personality behind that voice.

"Kate Smith is another radio favorite who has reached the top of the ladder by sheer force of talent and personal magnetism. Able to invest the simplest songs with warmth and humaness, she has sung her way straight into the hearts of millions. You have to have more than a good voice to do that. For broadcasting a song is, after all, a mechanical process. If a song reaches you, comes out of your loud-speaker enriched with personality, warm with meaning—you know there must be a soul behind that song, a human story behind that singer. "Don't ever believe that radio work is 'easy,' that all you need is a voice. Radio is the most trying of all mediums."

At the same time, Mr. Boles thinks it is the best medium for the ambitious actress or songstress. He points out that the woman who finds success in Hollywood is inevitably in the limelight all the time. Her family is publicized, her every move written about and commented upon. Under these circumstances, it is very difficult for the screen actress to live a normally free and happy life.

The woman who chooses the stage, while publicized less than the movie queen, is constantly limited by the problem of finding suitable (*Continued on page 70*)

A new studio photograph of Countess Olga Albani, lovely Spanish mezzo-soprano of the weekly program, *Life is a Song.*

Concerning a lovely lady who thinks herself lucky not to be free! Whose songs reflect her joy—Countess Albani.

BY MIRIAM ROGERS

WHAT does a pretty lady think about, as she sits meditating before the fire? Rain may fall or chill winds blow outside, but she is cozy and warm in the book-lined room. She is aware of the lovely old books, with their beautiful bindings and satisfying contents, aware of the fine oil paintings on the wall and the gorgeous Chinese chest, of which she is particularly fond—things that belong to her husband and to her and that together make this home. But her dark, lambent eyes rest on the leaping flames and highlights of red and gold are reflected in the dreamy orbs.

"I could sit here by the hour, meditating, lost in reverie—" she murmured. "It is so lovely—and I am *so* happy—never before have I been as happy as I am now!"

There is depth and sincerity in her low voice, the same depth and sincerity that give character, emotional power, to the sweet mezzo-soprano voice you hear with Charles Previn's orchestra on Sunday nights, on the Real Silk Hosiery Company's program, *Life is a Song*. She has sung sweetly for years, in concert, on the stage, over the radio, this charming and lovely girl whom you know as the Countess Albani, but never with the power, the fullness that have so enriched her voice this year.

But it is not idle dreaming of some romantic castle in Spain, no unfulfilled longings or vague visioning of past grandeur or future greatness that inspire her now, that give her that added sweetness and appeal which so many have noticed and commented upon. Rather, it is the rich satisfaction of dreams come true. . . .

She always has sung easily, naturally, without effort. From earliest childhood, music was familiar and dear to her. For music always was a part of her family life, had in fact been in the family quite far back, though always unprofessionally. Her father, mother and sister all play beautifully, an aunt has a fine mezzo-soprano voice and a cousin in Spain possesses a voice of rare quality—if she had been poor, critics have said, she might have been famous. But, as a lady in the rigid and formal society of old Spain, she had no outlet for her song, except in church.

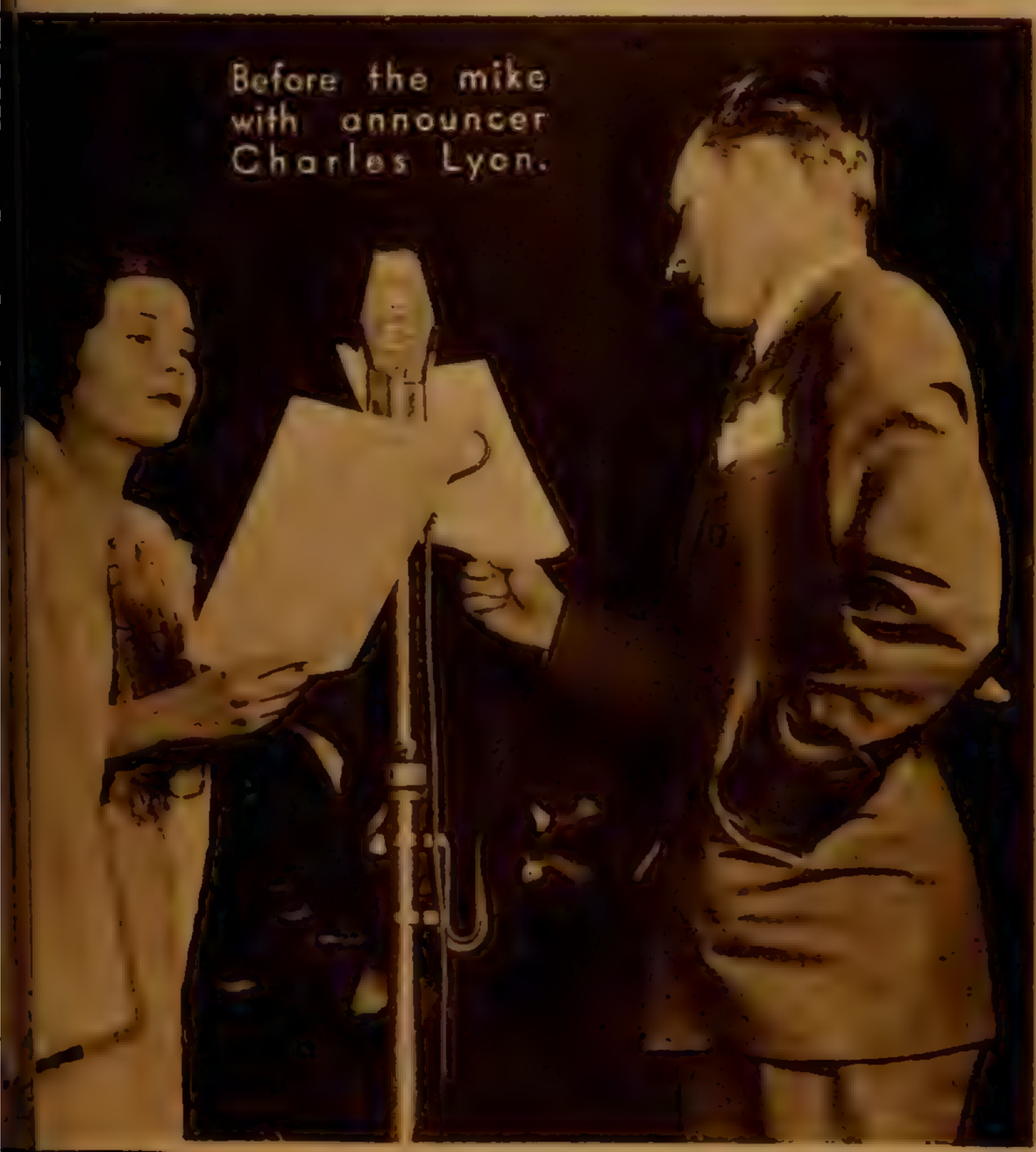
But the little Olga, herself born in Barcelona, of Spanish parents and deeply imbued with Spanish ideals and customs, was to know a wider, fuller life—to be carried, on the wings of song, to far places and new ways.

She was five when her parents brought her to America, to New York. There she attended a convent and later the Horace Mann High School, but the family friends were largely Spanish and the traditions of old Spain were deeply cherished, part and parcel of their lives. They still are cherished in Olga's heart, but rather as a memory, a precious heritage, for, as she herself puts it, with an expressive movement of her sensitive hands: "I am an American girl, I think that way!"

"A New Yorker?" I suggested.

She threw back her head, her bright eyes gleaming. "Of course I am—a real New Yorker! After all, I opened my eyes there!"

And now that she has exchanged the glamorous aristocratic title of Countess Albani for the more democratic one of Mrs. H. Wallace Caldwell and adjusted herself to the typically pioneer-American family of her husband, she feels that she has proved herself to be more American than Latin, in spite of the flashing dark eyes, the jet black hair and smooth olive (*Continued on page 75*)



Before the mike with announcer Charles Lyon.

LIFE IS HER Song

PHILLIPS LORD, MARIE DE VILLE

Phillips Lord won radio renown with his popular character, "Seth Parker." In his new "Gang Buster" programs he pays tribute to the heroism of police in their efforts to curb crime. Marie De Ville's sweet contralto voice, heard over the phone, won her an NBC contract.

A HOME RUN FOR

Baseball magnates now are realizing the importance

BASEBALL, like so many other forms of entertainment, is about to submit to a total conquest by radio. The daily broadcast of major league ball games, still bitterly opposed by the die-hards, soon will be a regular thing in all official major league cities. Regardless of a metropolitan agreement, which prohibits broadcasting from the Polo Grounds or Yankee stadium in New York, or from Ebbetts Field in Brooklyn, and regardless of the stand taken by the owners in Washington and Pittsburgh, the handwriting is on the wall. And it is in black ink, a color which rests easily on the eyes of the baseball magnates.

Radio will win over baseball without the aid of the depression as an ally. The club owners have weathered the worst of the depression and attendances in both leagues were on the up-swing in 1935, with prospects of a bigger season this summer. It is not a cash shortage, but common sense which eventually will bring the microphones into the ball parks of all the majors.

Due to the stubbornness with which radio is opposed in four of the ten major league cities, it is next to impossible to get definite statements from league heads on the situation. Ford Frick, president of the National League, summed up the situation for me in his office at Radio City the other day:

"Our position on radio is similar to our stand on night baseball," declared Frick. "We are bound by a sort of gentlemen's agreement to take no definite stand on the matter. It is entirely within the province of the club owners to decide whether they wish broadcasting from their own parks and I have no authority to speak for them. If an owner decides to broadcast his home games, that's his business. And if he decides that he does not wish his home games on the air, that also is his business and his alone. There is nothing for me to say."

Since Frick, in a manner of speaking, catapulted into the presidency of the oldest major league, on the strength of the radio, it is but natural that he should have definite feelings on the subject of baseball broadcasts, whether or not he is allowed to air them officially. The rise of Frick to the office which John A. Heydler held for eighteen years was one of the most rapid in the history of the game.

Ford Frick came to New York as a baseball writer in 1922, to work on the New York American. He transferred to the New York Evening Journal in September, 1923, and remained there as a baseball writer until the summer of 1930, when he was given the job of sports commentator on WOR, continuing to write a sports column on the Journal.

Frick was made head of the National League Service Bureau on March 1st, 1934, and was elected to the league's presidency on December 10th, 1934, after being

BY TOM MEANY

RADIO !

of broadcasting the games

connected with the league less than ten months. His programs at that time had been commercially sponsored by the Dodge Company and by Chesterfield cigarettes, among others, so that he continued to broadcast throughout that year.

Frick's final contract was as master of ceremonies on the Chesterfield hour and that did not expire until December 31st, 1934, so that for three weeks he was both National League president and radio announcer. Indeed, when the New York Chapter of the Baseball Writers' Association of America gave Frick a dinner at Leone's on his elevation to the presidency, he had to excuse himself during the ceremonies to handle the Chesterfield program.

Sounding out Frick on radio as an attendance inflator, I asked him what its effect was on other sports and learned that he has given it considerable study.

"The chief benefits of radio to a sport seem to be accumulative," said Frick. "For instance, I question just how much radio means to boxing. Boxing is a one-shot sport. The enjoyment a listener receives from hearing a broadcast of a big fight does not necessarily mean that he will become so interested as to go to the next fight.

"On the other hand, I think that the growth of interest in football may be traced almost directly to the radio. Until football games were broadcast, they held little interest for the man in the street. College graduates or those who had followed football (*Continued on page 58*)

Wide World

Above, Ford Frick, (left), president of the National League, with baseball czar, Judge K. M. Landis.

BY LEO TOWNSEND

Bob Burns, of Van Buren, Arkansas, tootled his way to high fame upon a piece of gas-pipe

"I GUESS you can say that everything I am, everything I hope to be, can be blamed on the bazooka," said the First Citizen of Van Buren, Arkansas, reaching for the luncheon check and beating us by a good six inches. (*We weren't, honestly, even trying.*) "For if I hadn't mastered it," he explained, "I'd probably still be playing trombone in Professor Frank McClain's Van Buren Queen City Silver Tone Cornet Band."

Van Buren, Arkansas, is one of those places you wouldn't look for without bloodhounds, but its First Citizen, Bob Burns, can be found any Thursday night you happen to adjust your dials to Bing Crosby's Kraft Cheese Hour. To the 5,122 inhabitants of Van Buren, Bob is the funniest guy in the world and they can't be far from wrong, for the annual radio editors' poll has just selected him as the most important new radio star of 1935.

To Bob Burns, Van Buren is the only city in Arkansas. There is some talk of a rising community called Little Rock, but good Van Burenites discount it. "Just a rumor," says Bob Burns. "If there was any truth in it, my uncle Enoch would have got wind of it by now. He hears everything."

Bob's career actually began when he was six. His real name is Burn, and his family in a gay moment had tagged him Robin—so Robin Burn took to playing the mandolin, probably to forget. "Show me a good mandolin player," he says, "and I'll show you a man who has forgotten." Bob's musical education was rapid and almost before anyone knew it, he was playing the trombone in maestro McClain's sterling aggregation.

"From the mandolin to the trombone is considered

BAZOOKA BOY MAKES GOOD

progress in some circles," says Bob. "In others it isn't even mentioned."

"But what about the bazooka?"

"Well, it all happened one night during band practise. Nowadays they call it rehearsal, but we just practised. Professor McClain had just whipped the cornet section into what could pass for a frenzy when I picked up a section of gas pipe and blew into it. A sound came out. 'Bob,' said the artist on the French horn, 'you've got something there.'"

What he had was the birth of the bazooka, on whose mellow notes Bob Burns has traveled from vaudeville in a honky tonk joint in New Orleans to fame as America's new comic sensation on one of the nation's biggest radio programs.

The bazooka, in its present form, is a triumph of the tinsmith's art. It consists of two lengths of gas pipe, one within the other, a former whisky funnel and a wire which manipulates the inside pipe. Not exactly a musical instrument, it's more a business of mind over matter. You blow through here, sort of, and with luck, the music goes 'round and around.

Bob Burns was probably the laziest kid in Van Buren. He hated school and after two years at the state university he decided he'd had his quota of classrooms, so he packed up his bazooka and his brother, Farrar, and headed for New Orleans.

"In Van Buren," he explains, "if a lazy man makes good, he's a dreamer. If he doesn't, he's still lazy."

Thus, the début of the Burns brothers, billed as Jimmy Come and Jimmy Leave, at the Canal Airdrome in New Orleans, was one of the decidedly minor events of 1911. They worked seven nights a week, and received a dollar a night apiece for their efforts. A dollar a night wasn't good even in those days.

Then Bob struck out on his own, working up a rube character for vaudeville which he considered just about the funniest thing on the stage. He opened his act in Philadelphia, the home of the Frozen Face, and the only reaction he got from his sallies was from a drunk in the audience trying to make his getaway. "Don't go, brother," pleaded our hero. "You're the only friend I've got here." A cop and the house manager tossed out the drunk and Bob Burns, in the order named. (*Continued on page 60*)

Shorty, famous movie chimpanzee, listens intently as Bob Burns plays his bazooka. "If a lazy man makes good, he's a dreamer. If not, he's lazy," says Bob. (Above) Bob and Don Wilson elevate Dixie Dunbar.

Above is Sedley Brown, who handles the masculine quota of the *Husbands and Wives* broadcasts. Mr. Brown has been a successful musician, composer, producer and actor and has a gift of sympathetic understanding. Right, a studio scene during a broadcast. The men sit on one side of the studio and the women on the other.

BY EVELYN EDWARDS

FIGHTING IT OUT

IF YOU'VE got a grudge against marriage, madam—if your husband spends money on other women, if the guy who used to be your *Thrill* sits around on Sundays with a beard like Rasputin and a crotchety disposition, if the old boy thinks he's the deb's delight and tries to act the part every time he sees a blonde, if your soulmate has turned out to be a tightwad, a viper, a rat, a slipper-snoozer, a jealous dodo or just a plain inconsiderate meanie—if you've got a grudge against marriage, that's perfectly swell!

If you've found a few flaws in the blessed matrimonial state yourself, sir—if your Sweet has a weakness for tall-dark-and-handsomes, if she wears her bathrobe and bob-curlers till mid-afternoon and puts unwashed milk bottles on the back porch, if she goes for purple sheets and expensive charge accounts and eating crackers in bed, if the little flower you married has blossomed into the common garden variety of a shrew and the ache in your heart that used to be romance has turned into a chronic pain in the neck—that's lovely! Go ahead and let it get you!

Because there's a new way to get your grudges off your chest these days. It's different. It's ten times as powerful. It's been known to make Romeos of Rasputins and sirens of shrews, it keeps loud language out of the living-room and saves the rolling pin for biscuits.

It's the *Husbands and Wives* program on the Mutual network, every Wednesday night at ten. You can tell your troubles to the world without getting a single sassy come-back. And in case you're mike-shy—well, you won't be—not for long. There'll be plenty of other young and old marrieds right there with you, orating on their experiences and discussing their problems.

It's a wonderful idea, really. The women sit at one end of the studio and the men at the other. The place always

The Husbands and Wives program offers you a place to

Mrs. Allie Lowe Miles, above, originated this increasingly popular radio program, heard every Wednesday evening on the Mutual network. In her various careers as writer, actress, personal executive and wife and mother, Mrs. Miles has dealt with many of the problems of wives. Left, a broadcast of *Husbands and Wives.*

Wide World Photos

ON THE AIR . . .

is crowded and often people wait weeks for their chance at the air, but it's something worth waiting for. How else, unless you bind and gag your spouse, can you go to town on your favorite grudge without interference?

Seriously, you'll learn a lot besides. You'll learn things that may send you home with a fresh and valuable slant on marriage and life. For invisible at all these programs sit courage, despair, humor, tragedy, love, defeat, joy, cruelty and fun. You see them when you scan the faces of the people around you. It's like looking at husbands and wives the world over—some have the eager breathlessness of a bride and groom, some have faces pathetically twisted with misery and heartbreak, some have the kindly wrinkles of experience and mellowed understanding that come from years of inner growth.

It's a real experience to attend a *Husbands and Wives* broadcast.

The program was originated by Allie Lowe Miles, an attractive, sympathetic woman who for years, in her various careers as writer, actress, personnel executive, mother and wife, has dealt with the problems of wives. Her business partner, Sedley Brown, handles the masculine quota of the broadcast. Mr. Brown has been a successful musician, composer, producer and actor; his experience in the latter career comes in particularly well because actors must cultivate the ability to put themselves in other people's shoes and often they're able to cause a laugh where tears might have been shed.

The other night before the program began I sat in the studio talking to these two interesting persons.

"How did you happen to think of a program like this?" I asked Mrs. Miles.

"Well, it was an outcome of my other programs, the *Allie Lowe Miles Club* and the (*Continued on page 91*)

tell your troubles to the world without any comeback

STATION

Believe-it-or-not, Bob Ripley is mighty fond of that pensive collie pup. He enjoys raising them. Al Jolson, of stage and screen, greets the family of his Great Dane, "Madame Butterfly."

Gracie Allen and George Burns look soulful, but the pup seems posed in patient tolerance. "Now, really," says the prize winning Peke, "what manner of a man is this Rubinoff?"

W-O-O-F

What do the barkers broadcast? Loyalty and devotion! And all they ask of us is comradeship and kindness

"Freckles," is the name of Ben Bernie's Great Dane pal. He's not yet full grown, says Ben. Bob Becker introduces to Countess Olga Albani his English Clumber spaniel, Carnforth Tobias.

Hal Kemp, at home, persuades the kitten to eat with Woof—but Mr. Woof courteously retreats. Pal, the talking dog, does his stuff before the mike with Portland Hoffa and Fred Allen.

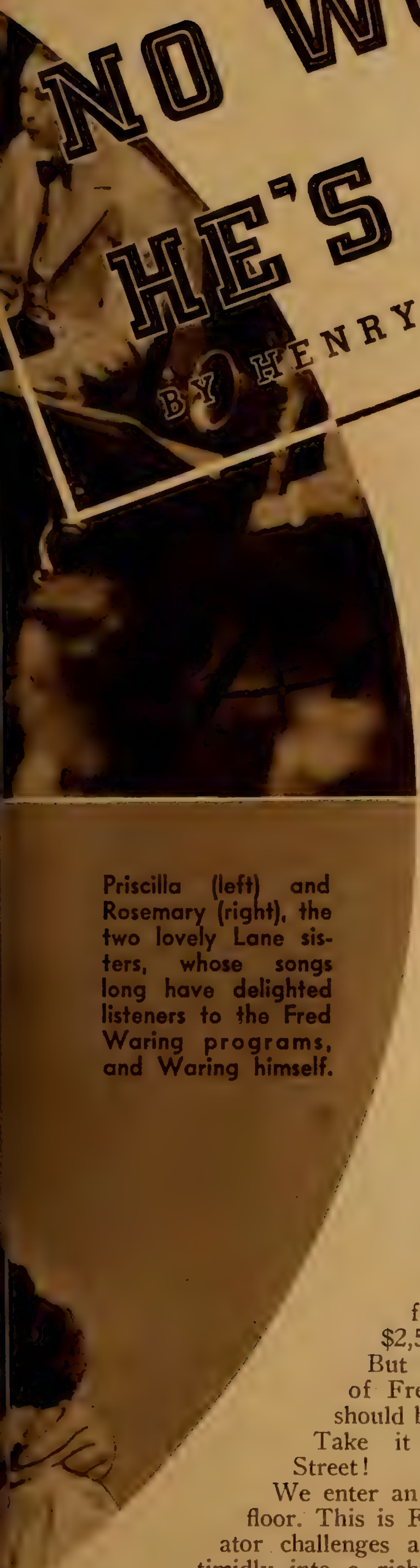
The Pennsylvanians rehearse, playing a piece over and over. "What's the meaning of this amateur performance?" Fred asks. "That was awful!" Then he smiles.

"I have my own ideas about expression," says Fred Waring. "Our method of rendering a piece of music is wholly interpretative. It's the way I feel."

NO WONDER HE'S TOPS!

BY HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

A day with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians leaves our interviewer dizzy—but Fred takes it all in his stride



Priscilla (left) and Rosemary (right), the two lovely Lane sisters, whose songs long have delighted listeners to the Fred Waring programs, and Waring himself.

FROM the top of his head to the tip of his toe, Fred Waring is certainly no more than five feet-seven. Napoleon was five feet-five. And yet, Fred Waring is so big actually, that he had to *organize* himself. His organization spreads over an entire floor in one of the great broadcasting centers of New York. The Pennsylvanians receive the tidy little sum of $15,000 every Saturday night in their pay envelopes. This goes for 52 weeks a year. In addition to that there are the remarkably remunerative concert tours. And occasionally someone within hearing hires Fred and his orchestra for a ball or what not and pays $2,500 for the evening, f. o. b. New York. But away back behind the cash register of Fred Waring there is another side that should be taken into consideration. Stand by! Take it away, Broadway and Fifty-third Street!

We enter an elegant waiting-room on the seventh floor. This is Fred Waring, Inc. A telephone operator challenges and then announces us. We glance timidly into a richly furnished office beyond, where a sedate gentleman is sitting. Then a door is opened and we are admitted back-stage where the real Fred Waring and Company carry on.

We sit down for a moment beside Ronnie Ames, Fred's press agent and general publicity director. Ronnie's desk is piled high with letters, photographs and plans. One telephone after another rings, and the answer is always the same tenor: "Can't do a thing until I see Fred about it. . . . I'll speak to the Big Boy myself and see what can be done. . . . Fred Waring's the only one who can O. K. that. . . ."

Messenger boys and delivery boys come and go; stenographers with letters to be signed; a newspaper reporter for some "dope" on Fred; the production manager with a sketch for the new set. Musicians, members of the artist ensemble—Snoony, the blonde comedy queen; Poley, the frog-voiced man; the property man. In passing, they all pause for a moment or two; for a word, a light, a joke, all impressing themselves upon us as being people of importance around the place.

"By the way," we ask, "will Fred Waring be coming in soon?"

Ronnie has to laugh at this one. "Didn't you see him? He's been in and out several times!"

Oh, that modest little fellow who—well, that was Fred Waring all over! He doesn't try to efface himself, or get out of people's way, or act high-hat When he is needed he shows up in a big way and does something important. He is not only the man behind the works, he *is* the works.

Rehearsal has been going on all the while, somewhere deep in these mammoth caves of the "organization." We accompany Fred. There are rooms on all sides flanked by cabinets and files, sliding doors, the library over-lorded by a librarian who keeps the 10,000 orchestrations (*Continued on page 88*)

CAN A MARRIAGE STAND TWO CAREERS?

YES SAYS PORTLAND HOFFA

NO SAYS MRS. PHIL BAKER

BY HELEN HOVER

TWO careers in a home? By all means! I don't think our marriage would have been so happy if I didn't work with Fred on his program." These were the emphatic words of Portland Hoffa. Portland, as you all know, is Fred Allen's "little woman" in private life, as well as his right-hand woman on his *Town Hall Tonight* programs.

The question as to whether a marriage has a chance of surviving with both partners enjoying a career has puzzled thousands of women all over the country. I talked it over with two famous radio wives—Portland Hoffa, because she has kept up her career though married—and Mrs. Phil Baker, *(Continued on page 74)*

MARRIAGE," said Mrs. Phil Baker, "is a twenty-four-hour job in itself. It can't be treated casually or shoved in the background. I don't see how a woman can be a wife and mother, and careerist besides. For my part, I am entirely content to let Phil be the breadwinner and the shining light of the family.

"Everyone, at some time or other, has reached a point in his life where he must make a vital decision. Upon that decision rests the whole future. We make it as we choose a fork in the road upon which we must travel, and the more we tread that road the farther away we get from the other. In later years, we may wonder what would have happened if we had taken *(Continued on page 74)*

Portland Hoffa, who is Mrs. Fred Allen, works with her husband.

Mrs. Phil Bake wife and mothe finds marriag a 24-hour jo

George and Mrs. Olsen (Ethel Shutta), George Jr., and Charles.

BACK TOGETHER AGAIN

"You know how swell she is!" George Olsen says of Ethel.

Ethel will sing with George's band or not at all, she says.

George Olsen and Ethel Shutta can't get along—apart!

BY RUTH GERI

LIKE the flowers need the sunshine," moaned the saxophones, while the strings crescendoed a paean of heart-throbbing melody, *"—that's how I need you!"*

The boyish bandleader turned his blond head away from the orchestra to flash a swift, confiding smile at one of the tables grouped near the bandstand of the smart rendezvous.

". . . like a baby needs it mother . . ." the music went on.

The slim, golden-haired girl at the table sent back an answering smile, her blue eyes swam with adoration, and her lips silently framed the refrain: *". . . that's how I need you!"*

It's just one more old song, gathering dust on the shelves of music libraries, forgotten to the denizens of the dancing places who used to thrill to its sentiment—but to George Olsen and Ethel Shutta, it never was and never will be just a popular ditty that long since has enjoyed its brief place in the repertoire of popular orchestras. It's even more than the intimately personal theme song of two people in love, more than just the song with which a bandleader sentimentally wooed his young bride. To them, the song has become an eternal verity, a *leitmotif* inextricably woven into the pattern of their lives and their careers.

For two people who can't—and won't—get along without each other, the circumstances of the first meeting of George and Ethel furnish an ironic paradox.

Shortly after organizing his band, George had been summoned from the coast by a telegram from Ziegfeld, who wanted him in *Kid Boots* with Eddie Cantor. Subsequently George was featured in other Ziegfeld shows, notably in *Sunny*. It was during a rehearsal of *Kid Boots* that the blonde featured singer suddenly stopped abruptly. To the stage manager she complained bitterly:

"He's playing my music too (*Continued on page 62*)

Carmela (left) and Rosa (right) in the opera "La Gioconda."

Rosa sails for a summer's vacation in the Old World.

Wide World Photos

Carmela, mezzo-soprano star of the Metropolitan, broadcasts over N. B. C.

BY ANNE WARING

PLEASE STAY OUT OF MY LIFE...

Why are Carmela and Rosa Ponselle strangely divided in their public life?

IT'S strange about the Ponselle sisters, Carmela and Rosa. You notice it first when you walk into their swank Riverside Drive penthouse. Half of it is furnished in brilliant streamlined *moderne*, all chromium and orange and black and rich soft carpetings. The setting for a movie star. That's Carmela's. The rest, jealously shut off to itself by a grilled iron door, is like a wing from an old Venetian palace. High-ceilinged walls muralled in dusky colors, bare parquet floors, rooms crusty to overflowing with rare antiques and the mellow tapestries and trappings of the Italian Renaissance. That's Rosa's half—but you don't go in there. You're calling on Carmela. Accordingly you're shown through the door on the right and a maid quickly closes it behind you.

You're a higher-up in the world of music, society, the theatre. You're planning a dinner party or reception. If you know the Ponselles well enough to include them on your guest list—you don't. Not both of them. One if you can manage it tactfully, or neither. Both wouldn't come together to the same party. They couldn't.

You interview Rosa, for instance. Perhaps you mention: "Do you and Carmela—?" but then you remember and quickly break the question off unfinished. There is a standard answer, nicely put and to the point: "My dear, I can speak only for (*Continued on page 85*)

The fast pace of Modern Living puts an extra strain on Digestion

Natural Digestive Action Notably Increased by Smoking Camels

People in every walk of life get "keyed up." The effects on digestion are known to all! In this connection, it is an interesting fact that smoking a Camel during or between meals tends to stimulate and promote digestion. Enjoy Camel's mildness . . . the feeling of well-being fostered by Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Camels set you right. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake!

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.
of Wilmington, Delaware

is justly proud of her charming house with its beautiful gardens—one of the historic landmarks of Delaware. Both Mr. and Mrs. du Pont are enthusiastic about yachting. And they are famous for their hospitality. Mrs. du Pont says: "I always enjoy Camels—all through the day—and during meals especially. They never seem heavy, and I like their flavor tremendously. They make the whole meal so much pleasanter. I'm a naturally nervous person. That's another reason why I prefer Camels. They never get on my nerves, no matter how many I smoke."

Mrs. du Pont, photographed recently in the luxurious Rainbow Room, Rockefeller Center, 65 stories above the streets of New York

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, II, *Boston*
Mrs. Byrd Warwick Davenport, *Richmond*
Mrs. Henry Field, *Chicago*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. James Russell Lowell, *New York*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer, *Chicago*
Mrs. Langdon Post, *New York*
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

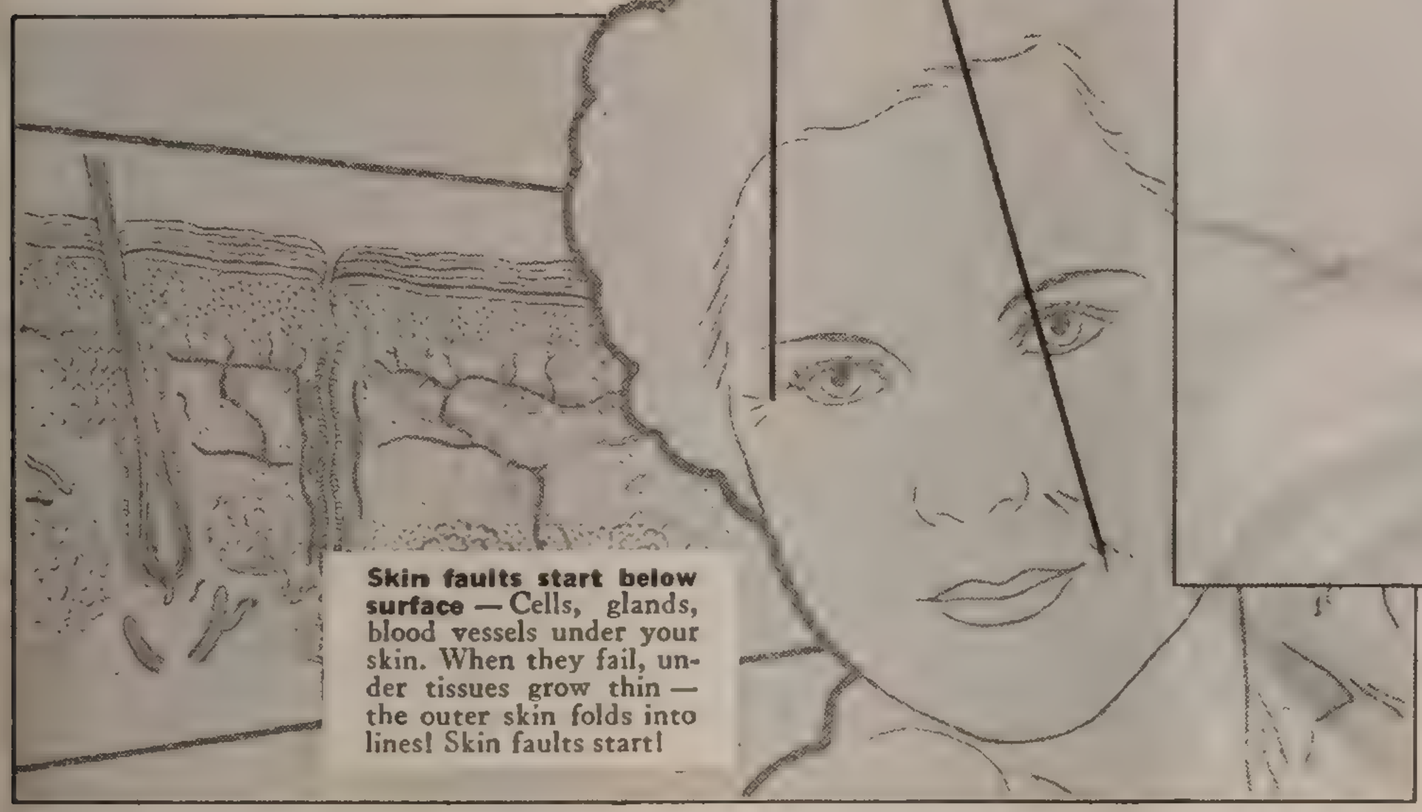
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand.

For Digestion's sake smoke Camels

ROSEMARY LANE

Ever since Fred Waring introduced the charming Lane sisters to the air-waves with his *Pennsylvanians,* their popularity has grown apace. Here is Rosemary, whose lovely singing voice is a feature of the Tuesday and Friday evening broadcasts.

LINES SAY "over 30!"



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!

Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under* tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again —for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. E-128, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

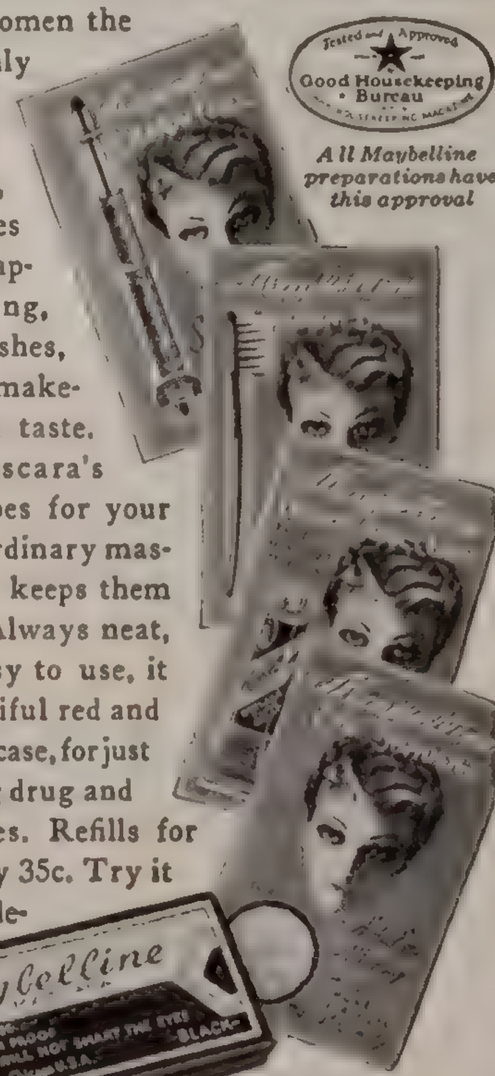
EYE MAKE-UP

done in good taste

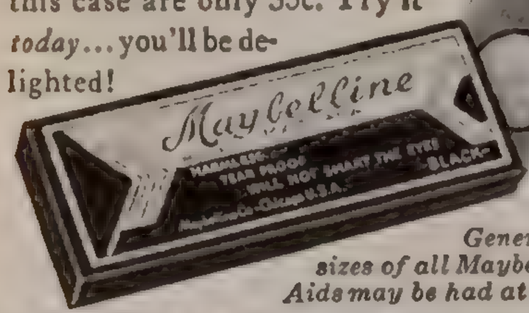
MAYBELLINE EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The Choice of Fastidious Women

Of course you want the finest eye cosmetics that money can buy. It is generally accepted that Maybelline mascara has advantages not found in others. This pure and harmless eyelash darkener is preferred by discriminating women the world over, not only because it is positively non-smarting and tear-proof, but because it gives the most *natural* appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes, instantly... eye make-up done in good taste. Maybelline Mascara's pure *oil* base does for your lashes what no ordinary mascara can do... it keeps them soft and silky! Always neat, compact, and easy to use, it comes in a beautiful red and gold metal vanity case, for just 75c, at all leading drug and department stores. Refills for this case are only 35c. Try it *today*... you'll be delighted!



All Maybelline preparations have this approval



Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at leading 10c stores

Maybelline

MASCARA . . . EYE SHADOW
EYEBROW PENCIL . . . EYELASH TONIC CREAM
AND SPECIAL EYEBROW BRUSH

No One Would Believe It

(*Continued form page 27*)

takes wisdom to understand that the finest men and women may be those who do not live according to the ritualistic "thou musts" and "thou must nots." The wife wanted a divorce because she thought she could find normal happiness by living with a normal person. Bob gave it to her. She passed from his life. He heard she was married. He did not forget but plunged all of that driving, unconventional force into creating oddities for other people while silently nursing his own oddness. He had made up his mind that he could never make a wife happy. He still believes it.

And here comes the part of the story he thinks no one will believe.

Bob has traveled in 181 countries. He says he is going to see all of them before he dies. I believe he will. He was on a visit to the Maya lands of Mexico. One of his friends arranged for him to travel with a sea captain who has been plying those waters for thirty years; who has taken part in many revolutions; who knows thoroughly that land even to its Believe-It-Or-Nots. The captain urged Bob to stay in the Maya country with friends of his—a Spaniard and his American wife. An American wife could make an American visitor more comfortable. The Captain talked much of this wife. When Bob took off in his plane from the ship's destination, he asked his pilot about this family. The pilot knew husband and wife well. He talked freely. And before they had landed, Bob knew. A sixth sense had told him. He went to a native hut-hotel and sent the Spaniard's wife a note. He signed it "Roy." There was only one woman who would recognize that "Roy," since his mother was dead. His real name is Robert LeRoy Ripley. His mother called him "Roy." And his wife. He could not accept even prearranged hospitality if his sixth sense was right.

A note came back immediately. He was right. Would he call at the home of a certain friend? The wife of a Spanish gentleman could not meet another gentleman by appointment but if they chanced to call at the same house at the same time . . .

Bob does not describe that meeting. The girl, who had been his wife when she was seventeen, faced him, surrounded by the conventionality she had been seeking. High-born Spaniards have more of it than most people. He faced her—a man who had become more and more unconventional; more and more famous and more and more certain that no woman ever could live with him. These two must have looked an entire novel into the eyes of each other. For they had loved once and loved madly.

Nor does Bob tell the rest of that story, concerning the other side of him which is so dependable. Her husband had been dying of a dread disease. If there had been also poverty, I would bank my tiny account against Bob Ripley's entire fortune that the husband died in plenty, was buried with the ceremony with which well-born Spaniards should be buried and that the wife lives in comfort today.

And could anyone live happily today as the wife of Bob Ripley? Ah, believe it or not, I do not know. It would have to be a very unusual woman. It would have to be one who loved him so much that he and he alone counted. If he should disappear for three or four days and not even telephone her, her love would have to be so great that she would forgive him at once and never ask him a question. And she could not *pretend* to forgive. For he would see through a pretence as quickly as he sees through the strange freakish pretences and truths of the world about him. Yet she would have to be intelligent and bright enough to have an outlet of her own so that she would have something to occupy her mind and her heart while he was wandering down those strange, unexplored paths known only to himself and which would never be known to her.

Of course, he is not happy. Genius seldom makes a man or a woman happy. He wonders what keeps him going. "I still wish I were in Paris on the Left Bank, in a garret, watching a woman's thin arm reach out for the milk bottle or whatever it would be that would keep us from starving," he told me. "Success is so much responsibility. And what—just what—does it get you?"

The little boy who was born in Santa Rosa, California, and lived in a house with only a kitchen because there was not enough money to build a front to it . . . The little boy who dreamed of making five hundred dollars to pay off the mortgage and finally made it before it was paid. The little boy who dreamed of becoming a real artist in a garret in Paris, with a wife who would get thin because she loved him enough to dream and starve and work with him.

That little boy still lives—in a palatial home. And you can believe it or not but this is the untold true story of a strange man whose business is dealing with strange people.

Mathew Crowley, original Buck Rogers, resumed the popular role after a acting career on the Broadway stage

The most tragic triangle of all—

HUSBAND...WIFE *and* FEAR

Back of most marriage failures, say family doctors, is woman's *fear*, born of ignorance and half-truths. "Lysol" would help to prevent many such needless tragedies.

IGNORANCE of proper marriage hygiene, and the "incompatibility" it brings, is estimated to be the cause of more than half the divorces in America today.

The nervous fears of a wife...her natural reluctance to be frank about such a delicate subject...a husband's puzzled resentment. These are the rocks on which thousands of marriages crash.

How stupid—how sad—that this tragedy should go recklessly on—when there is one simple method which has earned the confidence of millions of women who use it regularly...the "Lysol" method.

There are two important properties of "Lysol" which make it valuable in antiseptic marriage hygiene. (1) It has an exceptional *spreading* quality; it reaches germs where many ordinary methods can't reach. And, (2) it remains effective in the presence of organic matter (mucus, serum, etc.) when many products *don't work*. Yet in the proper solution, "Lysol" is dependable and harmless to sensitive tissue. *So* dependable and harmless, it is used in the delicate operation of childbirth.

The use of "Lysol" gives a reassuring sense of *antiseptic* cleanliness. But, far more important, it gives you peace of mind, free from that tension of suspense that leads to so many needless heartaches.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. SAFETY..."Lysol" is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is a *true germicide*, which means that it kills germs under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work when they meet with these conditions.

3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions, because of their low surface tension, spread into hidden folds of the skin, and thus virtually *search out* germs.

4. ECONOMY..."Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.

5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.

6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

•

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap...for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

Lysol Disinfectant

FACTS MARRIED WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

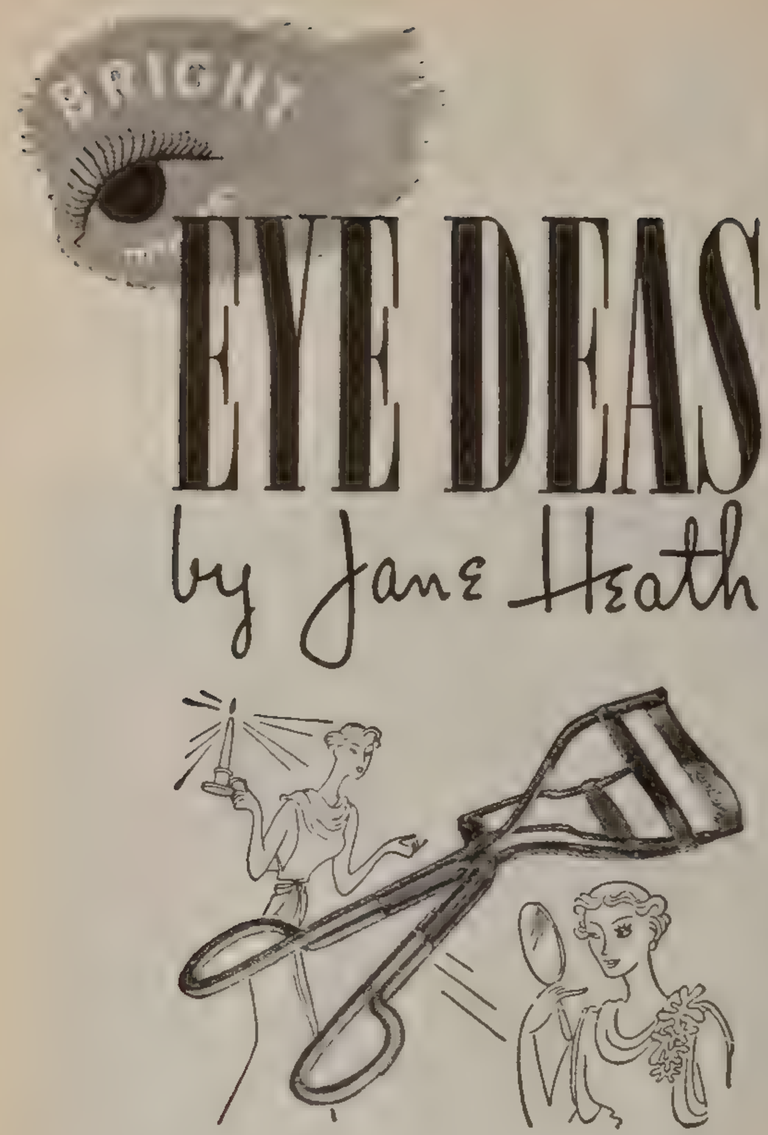
LEHN & FINK, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. RS5
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant
Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

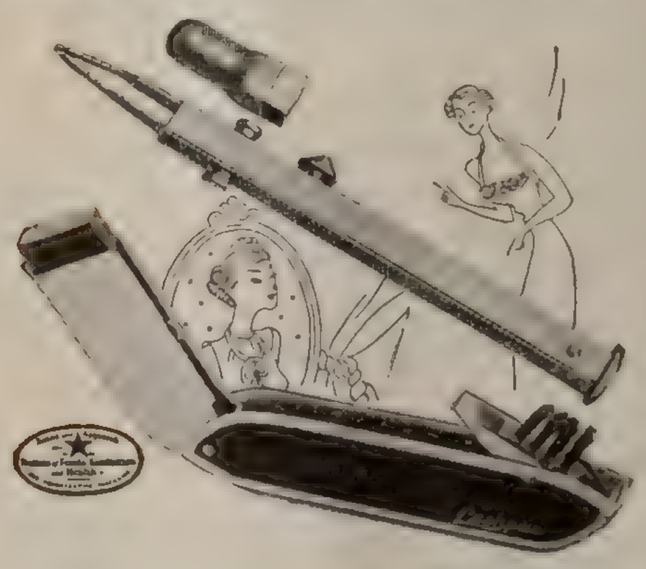
*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

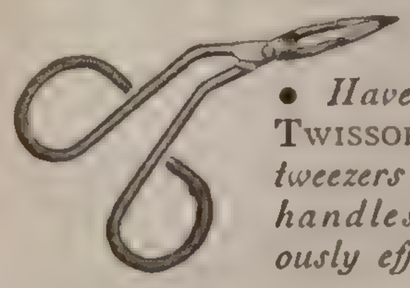
© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.



Do CANDLELIT dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with KURLASH, curl the lashes of *one eye*. Add LASHTINT to these lashtips and touch the eyelid with SHADETTE. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye unbeautified "fades away" . . . but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. KURLASH does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. ($1 at good stores.)



Naturally, the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for TWEEZETTE, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a LASHPAC also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, $1—at good stores.



• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept.* MM-5.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

The Radio Hostess

(*Continued from page 15*)

so well—at Lindy's or Dave's Blue Room or at Jack Dempsey's famous restaurant over by Madison Square Garden, for the two Jacks are old friends.

But I seem to be getting a little ahead of my story so let's start at the beginning—'way back at the moment when I decided to find out about the food preferences of Jack Benny and his almost equally famous stooge and wife, Mary Livingstone—for that's where the fun began! And if you think getting a Benny interview isn't as much fun as listening to a Benny program, you're tuned in on the wrong station!

First I informed Jack's sponsors that in order to do justice to my subject I really felt that I should go to one of his broadcasts. To my complete surprise my little scheme worked! And with some ten thousand people clamoring for tickets I found myself the proud possessor of a pair of passes to the famous Jello Sunday evening broadcast—watching Jack with his long black cigar sharing a mike with Mary—seeing as well as hearing the amazingly youthful Kenny Baker (visiting New York for the first time, through his connection with this program)—gazing with rapt attention at Johnny Green's fingers flying over the piano keys and laughing with jovial Don Wilson.

The next requirement was to corner the Bennys in a free moment and in their own home. During their present short stay in New York, before returning to Hollywood, this famous couple are living in the Burns and Allen apartment atop one of New York's swankiest hotels.

Here I caught Jack and Mary on the wing—half way between an afternoon rehearsal and an evening theater party—trying to crowd into a couple of spare hours a hurried dinner and the usual before-bed-time visit with their adopted daughter.

"Gosh!" said Jack, while drinking the tomato juice first course of their dinner, as the photographer prepared his camera, "No one has any idea how busy we are! You shoot questions at us and we'll supply the answers while we eat."

"Fine!" said I, pencil poised. "What do you like to eat?"

"Anything!" was the quick rejoinder. "Mary and I are the original Jack Spratts in reverse. I eat too much of everything and Mary eats too little of anything."

It was not, however; difficult to pin Jack down to special preferences—all typically American and extremely simple as I said before. Meat dishes and pies came in for Mr. Benny's highest praises while Mary favors salads, especially one she told me she first had tasted on her latest trip to Hollywood.

"It's called *Limon Salad,*" said Mary.

"Did you say Lime or Lemon?" I inquired, pencil poised in uncertainty.

"Neither—but both," replied Mary. "I'll spell it for you. *L-i-m-o-n.* Cute?" And the accompanying giggle was given in her best radio manner.

"Somebody else invented it, but I named it," she continued. That's *one up* on Don Wilson—he's never mentioned it on the air. But give the boy time, he will!"

Well, perhaps he will, in time. But I'm beating him to it, for I obtained the "exclusive rights" to Mary's recipe and if Don Wilson wants to broadcast it he'll have to send for one of the Radio Hostess' recipe leaflets!

Of course, you'll want to do that, too, for you'll find a coupon at the end of this article which is easy to fill in, a cinch to mail and a guarantee that you'll receive Mary's famous *Limon Salad* recipe together with some other Benny favorites about which I am going to tell you.

One is a fruit pie that you'll love serving at seven some Sunday night this Spring. (*Sounds like the title for a song, doesn't it?*) The filling for this particular pie was new to me. It seems that the idea originally came from Waukegan, Illinois—like Jack Benny! It's name, *Strawberry Rhubarb Pie* will give you a clue to the ingredients but only a hint of its deliciousness. You'll find that the directions in the leaflet, for making this pie, are simple.

For the next recipe we'll have to travel farther West—to Hollywood, in fact, where another dish graces the Bennys' buffet as a party dessert.

"It's an ice-box-cake sort of thing," said Mary, "a combination of oranges, lemon juice, lady fingers and whipped cream. I suppose you'd like me to give you a name for it as well as the recipe? Well, let's call it *California Company Cake,*" she suggested.

"Why not *'California Here I Com-pany Cake?'*" punned Jack.

With that I beat a hasty retreat and went on to my next destination, Jack Dempsey's Restaurant, where they had promised to give me a couple of recipes for the dishes that Jack Benny always orders when he goes there. I consider the two I secured there quite a feather in my cap. For, besides being great favorites of Jack Benny's and of many other radio stars, these dishes are the original creations of Jack Dempsey's famous chef, Gus Halletz, and cannot be found in any cook book. Despite Mr. Halletz' Viennese origin they are typically American—as they would have to be to appeal to Benny. The first, which I am giving you at the end of this article is for *Jack's Delight.* You'll find it listed under that very name on the menu over at Dempsey's Restaurant—where celebrities in fields of sport, letters and politics, as well as those of radio and the stage, rub elbows with the out-of-towners. And where the out-of-towners write their names in the three-foot-high book from which they are copied and sent direct to their home town papers!

The second recipe—which you'll be able to get all neatly printed by sending for the Benny leaflet—is for Lamb Stew. It's called *Bachelor's Special* on the bill-of-fare, but many's the married man, besides Jack Benny, who will cheer over its goodness and flavor. While the women-folk will be amused and delighted with these

lines included in Mr. Halletz' recipe directions:

"After you have tied the ingredients securely in vegetable parchment," he writes, "set the alarm clock 45 minutes ahead. Sit down with your favorite cigarette and your newspaper. Forget about the Lamb Stew until the clock rings. Then lift the package out carefully and place it in a heated bowl. Untie the string and in your airtight package you will find everything nature has to offer in the line of a healthful meal with delicious, appetite-arousing flavor."

What more could you ask—except the chance to prove the truth of Mr. Halletz' statement by trying out his recipe yourself? Included with the three other Benny favorites (*Waukegan Strawberry-Rhubarb Pie, Limon Salad* and *California Here I Come-pany Cake*), this well-liked specialty from such a famous New York restaurant supplies extra distinction to this month's recipe leaflet. So send for your *free* copy of the recipes, now.

There is still another reason why I urge you not to delay. It happens that Jack's sponsors, the Jello Company, have sent us just 1,000 copies of their new booklet for distribution to our readers and naturally these booklets, together with our own recipe leaflet, will go to the first thousand who write in. Attractively printed in color and containing many new recipes for desserts and salads, they are well worth having. And when you think that you do not even have to enclose a stamp or envelope—just your coupon from the Radio Hostess Department—it is indeed a generous offer. Included in the book, also, are some simple rules for molding and unmolding, for adding fruits and vegetables so that they do not slip (there to remain, alas!) to the bottom of the mold, and for making professional looking whips and creams. *So Don't Wait!*

Meanwhile to be sure to try out the following dish, too. Only by a special trip to Dempsey's could you taste its counterpart.

"JACK'S DELIGHT
(per person)
2 thin slices cooked Virginia Ham
2 eggs
¼ cup heavy, sweet cream
2 (½-inch thick) slices of Idaho potatoes, fried

Place slices of cooked Virginia Ham in buttered earthen dish (the kind that can be placed over direct heat). Heat for a few minutes. Pour cream over ham and heat slowly until cream reaches the boiling point. Poach the eggs slowly in this mixture. Add slices of potatoes which have been placed, raw, in deep, hot fat and fried until done. Serve immediately in same dish.

THE RADIO HOSTESS DEPARTMENT,
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE,
149 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Please send me recipes for Jack Benny's favorite foods—at absolutely no cost to me.

NAME.....

STREET .....

CITY..... STATE...

and my husband says it's a

"MILLIONAIRE'S DISH"

"JOHN'S fussy about food and seasonings. It's not often he gets enthusiastic. But I don't think I *ever* serve Franco-American Spaghetti that he doesn't say, 'This is positively the finest spaghetti I ever tasted!'

Helps me save

"Franco-American not only costs very little itself, but helps me save on other dishes, too. It makes inexpensive cuts of meat so tasty and tempting. It combines wonderfully with left-overs. And I often have it for lunch or supper in place of meat. It's the biggest help I know in planning 'economy' meals we really *enjoy* eating!"

Far and wide Franco-American is becoming known as "the spaghetti with the *extra* good sauce." The cheese and tomato are combined in exactly the right proportions. The seasoning is so skilfully done. There's plenty of zest, but no strong over-seasoning; instead, you find a subtle blend of flavors, a delicate piquancy that delights you anew every time you taste it.

Yet a can all ready to heat and serve is usually no more than ten cents, actually less than 3c a portion. You couldn't prepare spaghetti at home for so little. Think of all the different ingredients you need for the sauce (Franco-American chefs use *eleven!*), the cost of cooking them, the time and trouble it takes. It's decidedly more economical to buy Franco-American. Order several cans today.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

TO STOP CONSPICUOUS NOSE SHINE

POWDER MUST BE PROOF AGAINST SKIN-MOISTURE

You get back 2½ times your money's worth if Luxor moisture-proof powder is not shine-proof on your skin.

● Shiny nose is the reason most women use powder, which explains why 6,000,000 women prefer Luxor already. It has the magical effect of combatting skin shine in the critical place where any powder shows its first sign of failure—around the nose.

Now only a trial will convince you of this. We know, because among 5,000 women recently, more than half using a sample of Luxor liked it better than their present powder.

2½ times your money's worth back!

Get the regular 55c package of Luxor at any cosmetic counter. Choose any one of the flattering shades best suited to your type. Wrapped with the Luxor package is our gift to you, a 2-dram bottle of La Richesse Perfume selling regularly for $3 an ounce in the stores.

Then give Luxor the severe test we have mentioned. If it does not satisfy you better than any powder you have ever used, keep the flacon of La Richesse Perfume worth 75c and mail us the partially used box of Luxor face powder. We will send you our check for the 55c you paid, plus the postage.

Thus with the 75c gift of perfume, plus our check for 55c you get 2½ times what you paid for Luxor if you are not satisfied. Act now!

55c moisture-proof FACE-POWDER **Luxor**

Coupon brings 4-piece make-up kit!

Try Amazing New Luxor Hand Cream

This marvelous new skin softener keeps hands soft, white, smooth. It is guaranteed non-sticky and dries instantly. At all cosmetic counters.

LUXOR, LTD., 1355 W. 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois Dept. J-3

Please send me your 4-piece make-up kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here is 10c to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check,

POWDER: Rose Rachel ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐

ROUGE: Radiant ☐ Medium ☐ Sunglow ☐ Pastel ☐ Vivid ☐ Roseblush ☐

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

A Home Run for Radio

(*Continued from page 39*)

in high school were the principal customers for football games. Now the general public is interested, due to the fact that broadcasts have popularized the game.

"In all ball parks, opening day games are broadcast. All World Series games have been broadcast in recent years and the All-Star game has been broadcast since it was instituted in 1933. I can't honestly say that I have seen any decrease in the attendance as a result.

"There is no doubt that the broadcast of baseball games has a harmful effect on the attendance on days when the weather is bad. Fans, uncertain whether or not the game will be played, prefer to save themselves what may be a futile trip to the ball park. Instead, they'll take their game in comfort over the loud speaker. Some cities now issue a noon broadcast, a ten-or-twelve word announcement, telling whether or not the game has been called off."

In Mid-Western cities, where the games have been broadcast daily for several years, Frick admitted that there was more interest shown by women fans. "In cities where games are broadcast daily, I have noticed that about 20 per cent. of the paid attendance is composed of women fans," he said. "Here in the East, women rarely constitute more than 2 per cent. of the cash admissions."

That radio wins the fair fans to the games, there is no doubt. I once saw 25,000 women throng Wrigley Field in Chicago to see a game between the Cubs and Dodgers in 1930, on a Ladies' Day. Both clubs were in the pennant fight and the women fans, having listened to the daily broadcasts, stormed the park on the day when they were to have free admission. Chicago, which was the first city to establish daily broadcasts, is the No. 1 city for women fans. So many used to come to Wrigley Field to watch the Cubs that now, instead of a certain day each week being set aside for them, they have to write in for special Ladies' Tickets, which admit them free to one week-day game. This precludes a jam such as that of 1930, when cash customers had to be denied admission, while the women swarmed over the park and on to the playing field.

The new converts to radio are the two Philadelphia clubs. Both sold to a breakfast food company the radio rights to their games and got a good price, a sum which figures to take up the slack in attendance there, particularly in the American League. Cincinnati has sold to an oil company the rights to broadcast its Redland Field games.

Although Powell Crosley, the radio mogul, is president of the Cincinnati Club and that city has been a radio sports center, games there were not broadcast on a full-time basis last season. It was the custom to announce the progress of the game at fifteen-minute intervals throughout the afternoon.

This practice frequently led to some humorous situations. On a rainy Sunday last May, the Giants were scheduled for a game there but the weather was such that it seemed impossible for the game to be played. So many tickets had been sold in advance that the club decided to make every effort to play, postponing the start of the game for over an hour until the field was in shape.

Some of the New York baseball writers with the team hung around the hotel, waiting for the fifteen-minute announcements as to the condition of the field. Finally the loud speaker blared:

"The game is on here at Redland Field, folks. It is the first half of the first inning, New York at bat and the score is 0 to 0. There are two out, the bases are filled and Mel Ott is at bat. The count is three balls and two strikes. We will now return you to the studio and will have another announcement from Redland Field in fifteen minutes."

You can bet that the truant baseball writers wasted no time in piling into a cab and dusting out to the ball park.

With the Reds now on a full-time broadcasting basis, situations such as the one described in the preceding paragraph no longer are possible. Incidentally, the Cincinnati Club was one if the first to realize the value of broadcasts during the spring training season. Bob Newhall, a former baseball writer who now has become one of the best known sports commentators on Mid-Western air waves, travels to Tampa, Florida, the spring base of the Reds, to broadcast nightly. Red Hartmann, another radio announcer from Cincinnati, also has taken up the practice.

Both Chicago clubs also have broadcasters accompany them to spring training. Hal Totten was the first from the Windy City, making a transcontinental tour in 1931, which carried him to Catalina Island, across the bay from Los Angeles, and to San Antonio, Texas, before he returned to Chicago.

Morning comments on the game of that afternoon are made at various intervals in St. Louis. In that city the National League team dropped daily broadcasts for one summer, but promptly returned to the air waves. The stations there hold baseball programs at night once or twice a week when various stars of the home team are brought to the microphone.

St. Louis' National League team returned to the air waves because President Sam Breadon appreciated the tremendous appeal daily broadcasts carried to fans within a two-or-three-hundred-mile radius. On Sunday games there, the Cardinals attract fans from the neighboring states of Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas and Arkansas.

Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit have found radio to have some "distance-appeal." Sunday games in those cities are patronized by fans living hundreds of miles away, who come in on excursions to see in action the teams that they have been hearing about *via* the radio through the week.

This is particularly true in Detroit. The

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Sundays on NBC, in *Personalities in the News.*

success of the Tigers in the last two seasons has resulted in fans from various Michigan and Canadian cities making regular pilgrimages to Navin Field to see their heroes perform. Detroit's home games are broadcast daily by Ty Tyson and Harry Heilmann, the latter one of the greatest outfielders in Detroit's baseball history, co-star of glamorous Ty Cobb.

Heilmann is one of the few ball players who was able to make a name for himself as a broadcaster after his retirement. Jack Graney, in Cleveland, is another. Tris Speaker had some success for a while in Chicago but soon dropped sports announcing.

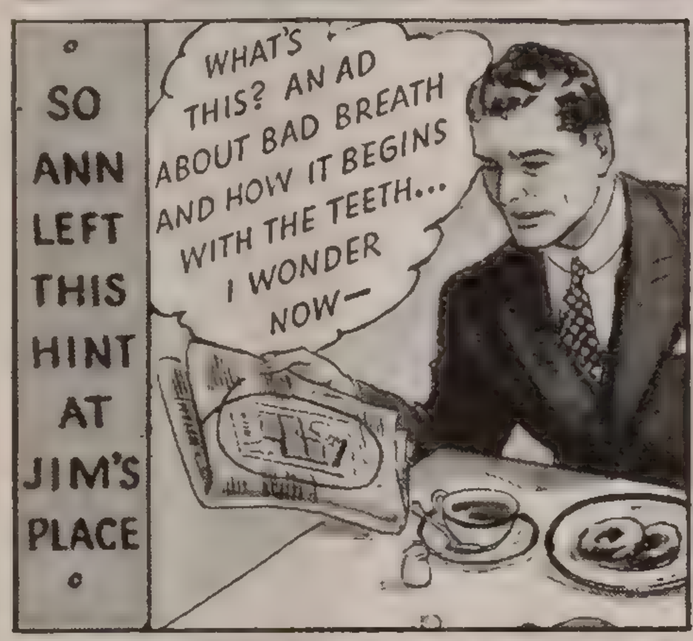
Curiously enough, Frick himself did little actual broadcasting of baseball games. He broadcast a Cardinal-Dodger series from Ebbets Field in September, 1930, when both teams were neck-and-neck coming down the stretch in the pennant drive, and also handled the World Series that fall, which was between the Athletics and Cardinals.

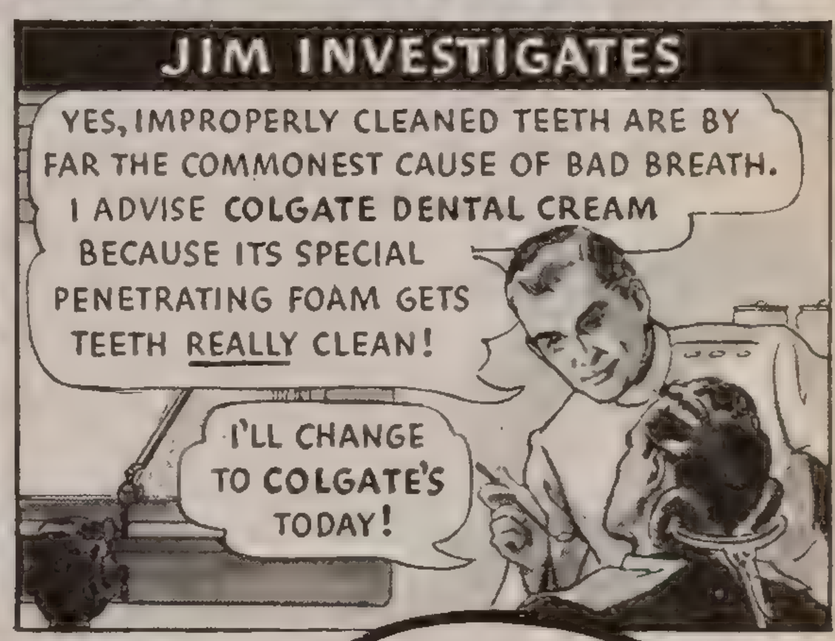
Frick made a series of synthetic broadcasts in September, 1933, when the Giants battled their way to a pennant under Bill Terry. It happened that all of the Giants games during that month were played on the road, otherwise he might have made the actual broadcasts from the Polo Grounds.

As it was, Frick worked from the *Journal* office. His close knowledge of the teams and the players, coupled with the graphic and minute play-by-play description wired in from Boston, Pittsburgh and way stations by Garry Schumacher, the *Journal* correspondent, enabled Frick to give so excellent a broadcast that it was only the station announcements which allowed the listener to discover that he was not on the scene.

Radio has proved to a majority of big league club owners that it has not affected attendance, but serves, instead, as a stimulus. No city which permitted daily baseball broadcasts has reversed itself. And, besides, commercial sponsors stand ready to pay cold, hard cash for the privilege. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the day is not far off when the last of the baseball die-hards will have been won to the field of radio?

COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS AGAIN! THAT MEANS HE HASN'T A JOB YET!





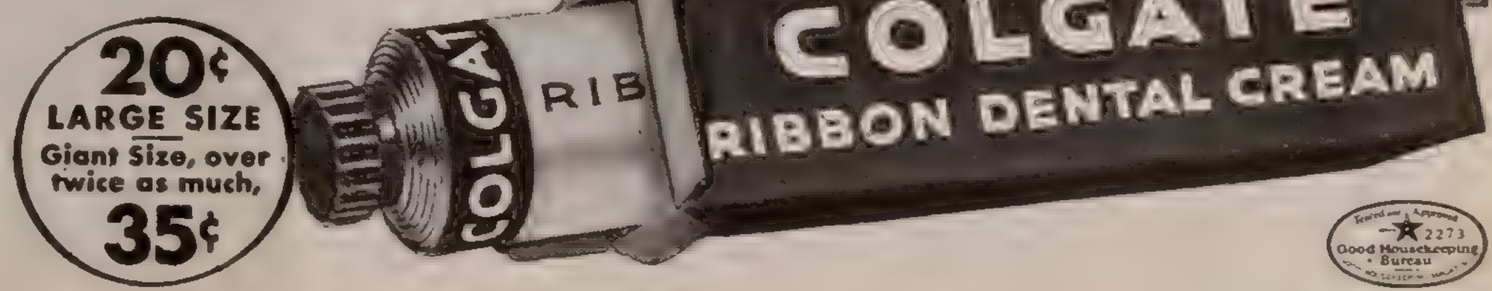
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

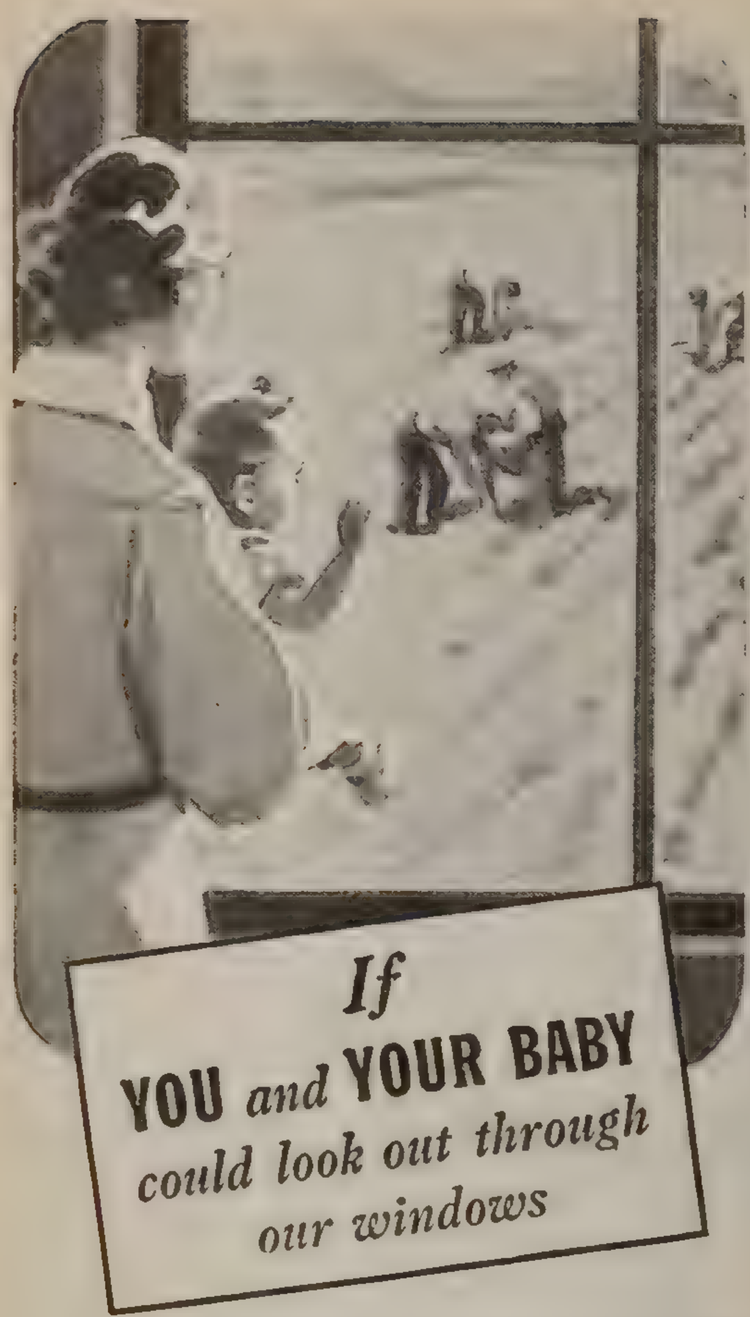
MILLIONS realize how true this is, and use Colgate Dental Cream for real protection. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth, your gums, your tongue, with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!



Good Housekeeping Bureau 2273



You would see some of the fields where the vegetables for Gerber's Strained Foods are grown—fertile gardens under our own control to produce the finest possible specimens for feeding your baby. Raising "Home Grown" vegetables is not enough. Harvested exactly when they offer the highest food value, they are rushed to our kitchens to prevent the loss of vitamins that occurs when vegetables are exposed to the delays of transportation and storage. And every one of our farms is less than an hour's trucking distance away!

Add to this care in growing, a process that protects the essential vitamins and minerals, and you have the reasons why Gerber's wins the praise of experts on baby feeding. Ask your doctor about Gerber's.

Gerber's Are Shaker-Cooked

For the same reason that you stir food as you heat it, every can is shaken during the cooking process to insure thorough, even temperature throughout the can, thus permitting a shorter cooking time and giving Gerber's a fresher appearance and flavor.

Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

STRAINED TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, VEGETABLE SOUP. ALSO, STRAINED PRUNES AND CEREAL.

Your Baby Will Enjoy the New Gerber Doll

Send 10c and Three Gerber labels for this little sateen, stuffed Doll. Specify whether boy or girl doll is desired.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY 105
FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(In Canada: *Grown and Packed by* Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

AGE OF BABY .....

"Mealtime Psychology", a booklet on infant feeding sent free on request. "Baby Book", on general infant care, 10c additional.

Bazooka Boy Makes Good

(*Continued from page 41*)

From frustration in Philadelphia to success in Atlantic City was but a stone's throw for Bob. It was in Atlantic City that he packed the rube character act in moth balls and opened a couple of concessions on the pier. It was here also that he met the comely concessionaire who now is Mrs. Burns. They cleaned up $8,500 their first summer in the carnival business, and invested it in a dance hall. Their net loss on this enterprise was $8,500.

With no money and his wife expecting an heir to the Burns misfortunes, Bob joined the Lew DuFour Exposition Shows in South Carolina, where he became known as the only honest concessionaire in carnival business. During the off season he wintered in Greenville and kept his new son in *Grade A* by making humorous speeches at Rotary Club luncheons and other such gatherings. But the siren call of the stage sounded once more, and Bob returned to vaudeville, this time with a partner, doing a blackface act known as Burns and West.

"But why blackface?" we asked him.

"I guess mainly so they wouldn't recognize me in Philadelphia," said Bob.

For eight years Bob spent his winters under charcoal and his summers under canvas. Vaudeville all winter and carnival all summer gives a guy an insight into human nature which few persons have the opportunity to absorb and what Bob learned in those years accounts for his type of humor being so popular with all classes of audiences today.

In 1930, during the height of the Amos 'n' Andy rage, the movies were grabbing off all the available blackface comedians in the country, so Bob found himself in Hollywood with a year's contract at Fox studios. When he reported for work the first day, an executive told him to go home and practice negro dialect. For three months Bob *you-alled* around the house until at last the great day came. The studio had a part for him. He rushed over and discovered himself cast as a captain in the Northwest Mounted Police. Bob's still trying to figure that one out and, even now, when you ask him about the movies, he thinks of the gallant mountie with the plantation drawl.

For the next two years Bob made a living playing banquets and small night clubs around Hollywood. It got so that every time he saw more than two people at a table he began making a speech. Radio station KFI heard about him, and he was given a sustaining program called The Fun Factory. After a year the station decided to wreck his amateur standing by paying him $7.50 per broadcast. After his first paid program, the studio discovered it had exceeded its budget, so Bob was dropped. "I thought all the time that $7.50 was a little high," he said, "but I didn't want to say anything."

At that point another program hired him, and for two and a half years Bob was Goodwill Ambassador for the Gilmore Oil Company. Then came a year on KHJ's Sunday night Hi Jinks program—and then came restlessness, for Bob had his heart set on the Rudy Vallee Hour.

Armed only with a letter to Gordon Thompson, the program's production manager, Bob stormed New York, told Thompson he was from Arkansas and wanted an audition.

June Walker, clever comedienne of Sigmund Romberg's Swift Studio Party and former star of many Broadway productions, chats with Deems Taylor master-of-ceremonies of this merry musical program heard each Thursday

"From Arkansas? Then where are your boots?" demanded Thompson, whose daily existence is haunted by hill billy howlers seeking radio fame.

"People from Arkansas don't need boots to prove it," answered Bob. "Only the Ozark mountaineers from Brooklyn use 'em."

Bob got his audition and startled the program directors by telling them his folks back in Van Buren would probably be disappointed when they heard him on the Vallee program.

"You see," he said, "I told everybody in Van Buren I was coming east to get on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour. Then I found out you've got to be known to get on that program, so I guess I'll just have to take what I can get."

That cinched matters for Bob, and he was signed for one appearance on the Vallee program. The morning after the broadcast he rushed into Mr. Thompson's office and slapped a pile of papers on his desk.

"What's that?" asked Thompson.

"My script for next week," replied Bob.

He got the job. Four appearances on the Vallee Hour and eight with Paul Whiteman brought such a deluge of fan mail that Whiteman's sponsors signed him to a 26-week contract for their Bing Crosby program. And today he's one of the most popular performers on the air waves and the only major comic discovery of the past two years.

On his way back to Hollywood to start the Crosby series Bob stopped off in Van Buren to receive the most terrific welcome ever accorded a native son of that community. December 9th was designated by the mayor as "Bob Burns Day," and when The Cannonball rolled in for a special stop at Van Buren that morning, four bands and the entire town were at the station. School was out, banks were closed, lamp posts were festooned with pine and cedar (so the decorations could be held over for Christmas!) and the Press-Argus printed a special edition which announced, among other things, that "Bob Burns believes in long woolen underwear in the winter. He'd sooner be warm than stylish."

Right now Bob Burns is sitting pretty. His salary, as the saying goes, runs into four figures, but he still lives in the same $27.50-a-month apartment he had before he became successful. His humor is spontaneous and he works up all his own material. His wife is his try-out audience.

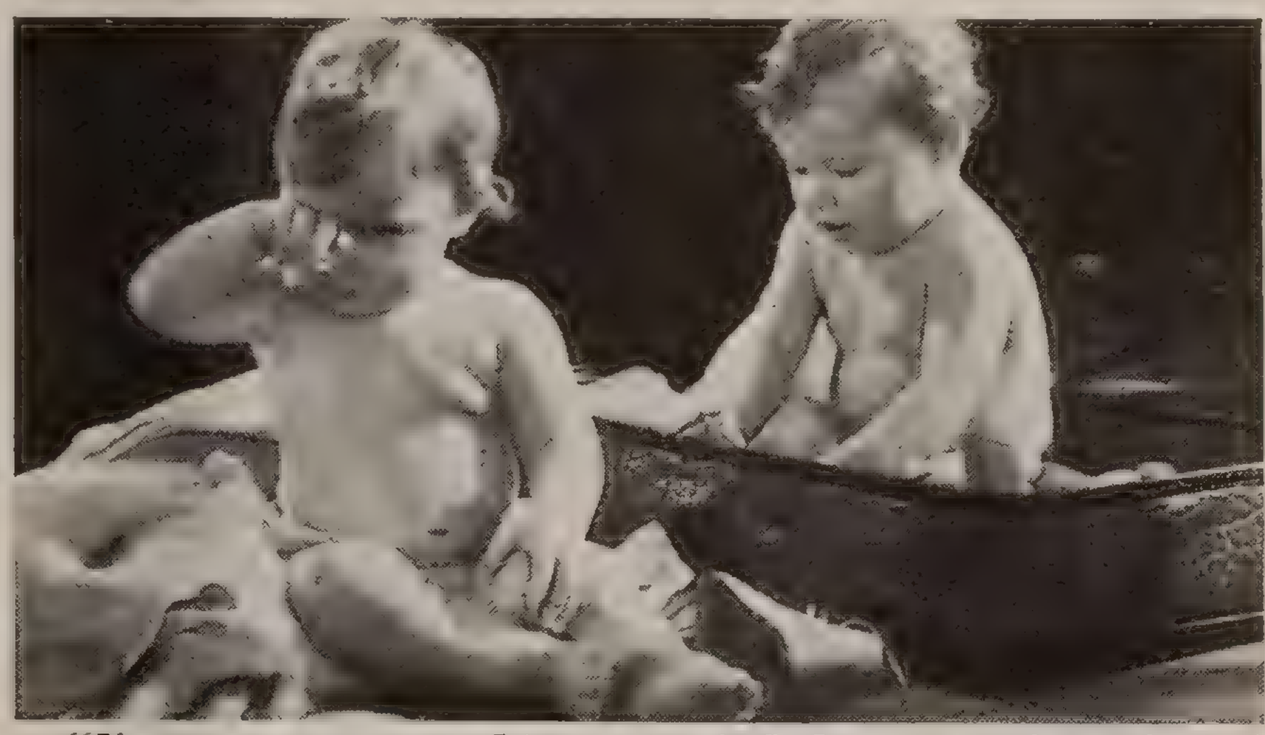
"She has Indian blood in her," Bob explains. "She's part Choctaw, which is about as low as an Indian can get. When I read her one of my jokes and she says nothing I throw it out. But if she says *'Ugh!'* I know it's a smash."

And that's Bob Burns, one of the most unassuming and likable persons it's been our pleasure to know. He's big, good-natured, comical, and, if you'll excuse the word, homespun. It's hard not to sound press-agenty about a guy whose prize possession is a large signet ring on which is engraved *$7.50.*"

"That $7.50 was my first radio salary," says Bob, "and the ring is just a reminder —in case my hat starts getting tight."

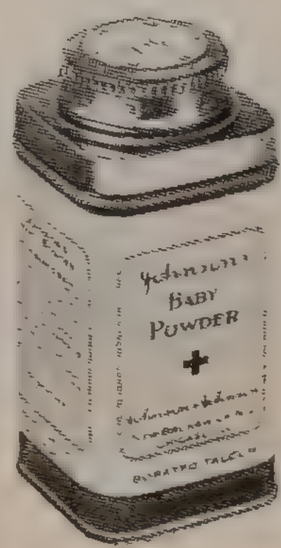
But success will never touch Bob's head. It's our suspicion that the Burns fedora, same size as it is now, will always rest comfortably on the Burns brow.

• *"Listen—you're my twin and best pal—but it'll be a cold day when I go traveling with you again! Crab—whine —boo-hoo . . . all the way home! I know what you need though—watch me unpack our suitcase and get it!"*



• *"Now stop your whimpering! I know you're chafed and hot and cranky—I don't feel any too comfortable myself. I am hurrying, aren't I? I'll find it if I have to dig clear through to China!"*

• *"There you are! Now will you take back what you said about me? Sprinkle yourself with that soft downy Johnson's Baby Powder and smile for a change. And then give some to Sister!"*



• *"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—I'll defend your baby's skin from chafes and rashes . . . I'll keep it soft and satin-smooth—I'm that way myself! No gritty particles in me as in some powders—and no orris-root. I'm made of the purest, finest Italian talc. (Your baby will like Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream, and Baby Oil, too!)"*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

CHERAMY
April Showers
TALC

28¢

THERE'S glorious fragrance—*the perfume of youth*—in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

Exquisite... but not Expensive

Back Together Again

(*Continued from page 49*)

loudly!" She pointed to the flustered Olsen. "I can't get along with him!"

That night Olsen was waiting outside when Ethel left the theater.

"Now suppose we talk over this music," he suggested.

They've been talking it over since—but Ethel never has repeated that original complaint—that she can't get along with George!

To say that George Olsen needs Ethel Shutta, and that Ethel Shutta needs George Olsen is to voice but a half-truth. Ethel was a star before she ever set eyes on the handsome bandleader; Olsen had attracted such wide attention before they met that the late Florenz Ziegfeld engaged him for *Kid Boots* by wire without ever having heard his music.

So not by the wildest stretch of the imagination can it be said that George has depended in the slightest degree upon Ethel for his success, nor vice versa. Nevertheless, without each other, the urge to achieve is gone. George without Ethel finds success more or less monotonous; Ethel without George can't see any use in bothering to work. All the fun's gone out of it.

Let memory carry you back to Ethel's earlier commercial program, in which she was featured with Walter O'Keefe, and on which she sang her inimitable songs in her inimitable style. She was as they say on Broadway, *tops*. But listen to her now, singing with her husband's band, on *their own* program from Chicago, and you'll realize that here is a different girl.

The same goes for George. If you will remember, while Ethel was on the O'Keefe program, George went off on tour, playing theaters and night clubs.

"For the love of Pete, get a vocalist, George," managers implored him. But he did not heed their advice. He had a vocalist—Mrs. George Olsen, better known as Ethel Shutta, and at the moment she was engaged on a radio program. So, until that contract expired, George vowed he'd get along without a vocalist—and he did much to his own financial loss.

When Ethel had completed her radio contract, with the Broadway hill-billy, she was deluged with offers to sing on other programs. Because of her microphone charm and her unique style, she was greatly in demand. But one and all, she turned the offers down, for all the sponsors who sought her were tied to some other orchestra.

Ethel would sing with George Olsen's band—or she wouldn't sing at all. That was her answer to one sponsor after another. In the end she wound up by singing with George but not on the radio, commercially.

She and George went to Chicago's College Inn, where, so great was their popularity, they remained from October, 193 to April, 1935. Then, following a summer vacation, they returned to the night spot last October, and have been ther

O. B. Hanson, Chief Engineer of the National Broadcasting Company, wi the world's smallest Micro-wave transmitter, capable of flinging the hum voice a distance of four miles. It operates on wave-lengths of one meter less at a power of .2-watt and was developed under Mr. Hanson's directi

since. From all appearances, it looks as though Chicago night life might continue to leave out the "welcome" mat for the charming couple indefinitely.

But to return to their radio activities.

All the while they'd been in Chicago, George, too, had been having sponsor trouble. Not sponsor trouble in the generally accepted sense of the term—for that means usually that sponsors are remaining tantalizingly aloof. George's trouble was in having to say 'no' to would-be sponsors. It happened that the radio offers that came his way involved only the engagement of George and his band. In each case the prospective patron had ideas concerning the program set-up that precluded the singing of Ethel. So if they didn't want Ethel —they didn't get George.

"If we never get another program, so what?" they reassured each other.

From 1932 to 1936 is a long time in radio. The industry itself isn't a great deal older than that. How many programs, for instance, that were on in 1932, can you remember now?

A sponsor, however, never forgets a program that sells his product, or that of anyone else. That is why, search as they would, talent scouts never could quite imitate that Olsen-Shutta combination last heard on the network back in '32.

There was but one answer. Bring George and the missus back to the airwaves. That's why, today, they're back together again and getting more fun out of their work than they have had in four long years.

"I'd rather be Mrs. George Olsen than anything else on earth," Ethel explains. "Of course, I'd hate to give up work; indeed, I wouldn't as long as George and I can work together. But on the other hand, working without George is just work, and work with him is fun. There's a lot of difference.

"You see, I'm not likely ever to lack for something to occupy my mind. I have to run the house, you know. Then there are the boys—George, Junior, is six now, and Charles is eight. They go to school, of course, but ask any mother of two boys, six and eight, if she feels she is likely ever to have too much time on her hands! Oh, yes, there is one more job I forgot to mention. Not many wives have this one! I have to buy all George's (I mean George, Senior's) clothes. Why? Well, if I didn't, I hate to think what he'd let himself look like!"

So what with her manifold duties as wife and mother, plus rehearsals, broadcasts, café work, frequent arduous and important conferences with George and their managers, and the other multiple jobs attendant upon being the wife of a successful bandleader and at the same time his vocalist, you have the picture of a very busy young woman.

George, to interviewers, is slightly less coherent. In the first place, when you try to interview him on the subject of George Olsen, the first thing you know you find that instead you are interviewing him on the subject of Ethel Shutta. The reason is simple. George prefers to talk about Ethel Shutta rather than about George Olsen.

"She's—oh, she's—why she's just—well, you know how swell she is."

Of course, if you press him, you might get him to elaborate—just a little.

"Oh, boy!" he will tell you. "Is this wonderful—to be back together again!"

Which is best for your child?

YES . . . you can *make* your child take a nasty-tasting laxative by sheer physical force.

But is it wise? Is it good for him?

Doctors say forcing a child to take a bad-tasting laxative can upset his entire nervous system.

The easy way is to give him a laxative with a pleasant taste—a laxative he'll take willingly—FLETCHER'S CASTORIA.

FLETCHER'S CASTORIA is made especially for babies and little children. There isn't a harsh or harmful thing in it. FLETCHER'S CASTORIA is safe—and gentle, too. Its one and only purpose is to

thoroughly clear the wastes from your baby's system.

Use only FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. For your baby—for your other children . . . all the way up to 11 years of age. We suggest that you get the Family-Size bottle. Not only because it lasts longer . . . but because you get more for your

money. More than 5,000,000 mothers depend upon FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. Get a bottle today at your drug store.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The Children's Laxative

from babyhood to 11 years

GEE-WON'T ANYBODY GIVE ME A MENNEN OIL RUB like other kids get?

"Most hospitals give it to their babies. I want it too!"

"Other kids seem to get the breaks. When I see 'em—nice and comfy—covered with that wonderful Mennen Antiseptic Oil—I could just holler. Why—you'd think I never got sore and wet in *my* folds and creases! And the germs! Am I supposed to stand off all the germs in the world all by myself? Why should I—when I might be getting the help of this Mennen Oil that's *antiseptic*? It does the germ-fightin' automatically and it's swell for the skin. Most *all* the hospitals* use it—so won't somebody please tell Mummy I want this antiseptic protection and comfort, too? I sure am the feller that needs a friend!"

**Nearly all the hospitals that are important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies, daily.* Your *baby deserves it, too.*

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN Antiseptic OIL

Walking in the Rain

(*Continued from page 9*)

their voices know that tension can utterly destroy tonal quality. That's why deep breathing exercises are so important to every singer and actress. You know yourself how when it's *very* important to you that you say *just* the right thing on some special occasion, your throat gets constricted and your voice plays tricks on you that it wouldn't do otherwise. Voices that are shrill or sort of "swallowed up in the throat" are that way because they are tense voices.

The lovely voiced Irene has the art of relaxation down to perfection. She can take a blanket and a pillow, and flop down in the middle of the living-room floor—with the telephone practically tucked under her ear so that she won't have to get up to answer it—and with the pillow under her stomach, face downward on the floor, she can drift off to sleep for ten or fifteen minutes, or for however much time she can allow herself. She puts her trusty alarm clock near her, set at the exact minute she wants to awaken. She knows exactly how to let herself go limp as a rag, her mind cleared of all irrelevant details. In fact, it is her ability to relax—to recoup her forces of energy in a short space of time—that she credits with being one of the chief sources of her vitality. She couldn't possibly accomplish as much as she does if she didn't have the ability to "let herself go" completely during the few spare moments she can cull from the day. "Ragged nerves can cause the whole world to be pulled awry, and your face with it," says Miss Rich. "Tension and nerve strain—that feeling of being all tied up in knots—can be the ugliest enemy of charm."

Another of Miss Rich's favorite means of relaxation is a warm bath. She is as fond of bathroom showers as she is of April showers, although for downright steeped-into-one's-bones relaxation she votes for the bathtub, rather than the shower. She believes that a fragrant, luxurious bath oil is important for the good of the soul as well as the skin. She likes showers of fragrant talcum powder, too, after the bath.

At this point in our toast-and-tea discussion, Miss Rich brought out her bath oil to show me and she put a small drop of it on my purse. She told me the amusing story of how it put one of the hotel elevator boys "on the scent" of her lost dog. Of course it wasn't a real dog, but just a woolly toy dog, about three inches in size. She carried it in her purse as a mascot and one day she discovered that she had lost it, as one is apt to do with mascots. She didn't think much more about it until a day or so later, when the elevator boy said that he thought one of the boys had found her dog. Puzzled for a moment, she laughingly responded that she hadn't any dog to lose. Then he explained that he only meant a toy dog and the reason he felt pretty sure that it was hers was because it had her "kind of perfume." Thus the bath oil she uses has become so individually her own expression of personality that people recognize it on her belongings when they are lost!

NBC Maestro Frank Tours wields a mean shaker in the bar in his own hom

Miss Rich is something of a devotee of creams and oils. She believes that the skin needs all the replenishment of oils that it can get in view of the combination of steam heat and the modern pace of everyday living that work together to dry it out. Going back to our original topic of walking in the rain, Miss Rich ventured the thought that rain is a tonic to the complexion, too. It is something of an accepted theory that the characteristically lovely complexion of the Englishwoman may be accredited in part to the moist English climate. The famous London fog has other uses than as a coverage for mystery stories. It is a blessing in disguise for England's lovely ladies. Instead of the soft air of woods and meadows here, we shut ourselves up in a heated box all through the winter—a box from which the moisture has been exhausted. Moist air absorbs very slowly the water given off by the skin. Dry air draws it off in a hurry. Always after her walk in the rain, Miss Rich gives her thirsty skin a further tonic in the way of soft cleansing cream. And she has a truly glowing complexion.

The famous-figured Irene keeps a weather eye out on her diet. Walking isn't her only means of keeping a slim figure. She believes that most women eat more than they need, but she also believes that starvation diets are ridiculous. There is a happy medium. After fasting, generally comes the deluge of feasting. Digestive storms are the result. Why not hold to a safe, sane, and sensible schedule?

Miss Rich credits part of her success to "telling her right age and keeping her hips just so." And she has been good enough to make out for me—and more important, for you—a sample "Irene Rich" diet. It lists the foods that she chooses most, and the foods that she avoids. It includes her own breakfast, luncheon, and dinner menus and adds some amusing comments on foods and beverages in general and I'm going to have it multigraphed so that each of you can have a copy of it. I know that you will all want a copy of the diet that keeps so famous a slim, svelte figure as Irene Rich's in condition. You can make a notation to that effect on the coupon (for your convenience) at the end of this column.

Maybe because I'm writing about Irene Rich, or maybe because April puts me in a mood for "showers of blessings," I'm going to make you a special Easter gift this year. It's a generous-sized can of talcum powder, a powder so smooth that it reminds you of a flower petal, and a fragrance so lovely that it reminds you of flower gardens after a warm spring rain. The coupon will entitle you to it, with my best wishes for a happy Easter.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me your gift of talcum powder.

Name.....

Address.....

I would like to have Irene Rich's diet, too, for which I enclose a stamped addressed envelope. ☐

It's a fear that every woman dreads—that fear of embarrassment. Over and over again, you've said—"I wish I could be completely safe!"

And now at last—*you can!* Modess—the new and utterly different sanitary pad—is here! *It's certain-safe!* It stays soft! It stays safe!

Yes—say goodbye to "accident panic"—once you discover certain-safe Modess.

No striking through—as with many ordinary reversible pads. Notice the specially treated material on sides and back. Modess can't chafe—the edges stay dry. Just wear *blue* line on moisture-proof side *away* from body—and complete protection is yours!

End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe

Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder in its new Blue and Silver Box. Cleanses! Deodorizes! (Not a contraceptive.) *At your drug or department store*

"HER LIPS WERE REALLY ALLURING"

SAID

WARREN WILLIAM

Read why this well known movie star picked the girl with the Tangee Lips

WARREN WILLIAM makes the lipstick test on the set of "The Gentleman from Big Bend", a Warner Brothers Production.

● We presented Mr. William to three lovely girls ...One wore the ordinary lipstick...one, no lipstick...and the third used Tangee. Almost at once he chose the Tangee girl. "I like lips that are not painted—lips that have natural beauty!"

Tangee can't give you that "painted look"—because Tangee isn't paint! Instead by its magic color change principle, Tangee changes from orange in the stick to the one shade of blush rose to suit your complexion. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or for a quick trial send 10c for the Special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

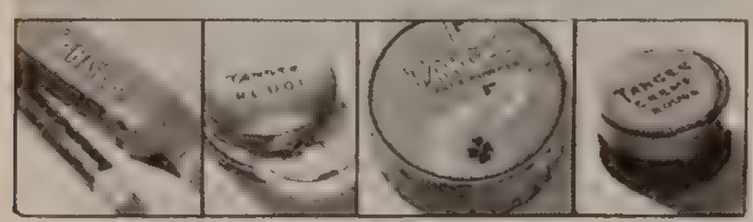
● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES** . . . *when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee... be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *There is another shade called Tangee Theatrical, but it is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

New FACE POWDER now contains the magic Tangee color principle



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM56
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____
Please Print

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Boake Carter Reveals Hauptmann Facts

(*Continued from page 23*)

house at Trenton. Form letters were sent to all working on the case with the request that all clues and information be sent to State Police headquarters. Ellis Parker received one of these letters, asking him to turn over to Schwarzkopf any evidence he might have in his possession. He was irked at receiving a form letter instead of being handled with powder puffs and kid gloves. That may partly explain his determination to unearth evidence which State police are supposed to have overlooked.

"The information which Governor Hoffman became interested in is all old stuff, the answers to his questions already being in the files. Most of it was based on pure rumor—the same kind of stuff which poured in from everywhere at the beginning of the case.

"The police surprised me by doing as well as they did with the footprints and, as a matter of fact, with the whole case. The ground surrounding the house was a sea of mud-tracks, due to the invasion of photographers and reporters as soon as the alarm was given.

"Everybody was under suspicion. One of Colonel Lindbergh's closest friends was given an examination which amounted to a second-degree, almost. Dr. Condon's story was checked, double-checked and triple-checked. The background of Ollie Whatley, the butler, was checked and it stood up. Certainly no gang was in on the job.

"One thing, which never leaked out, was discovered after Violet Sharp had committed suicide. It was found that she had been a 'party girl' and frequently attended parties in the Bronx, which were largely German in their make-up. Hauptmann, as you know, is a German and lived in the Bronx. His wife was in Europe at the time. But no matter how diligently the police investigated, they could unearth nothing to link Violet Sharp with Hauptmann.

"After Violet Sharp was found a suicide, an examination of her room disclosed ashes in the hearth which indicated that she had spent an hour burning papers before taking the fatal dose of poison. The girl, of course, may have been driven to suicide by the fact that she feared nothing more serious than the loss of her job. The papers she burned could easily have been letters which were personal, rather than evidence of anything criminal. But as a rule human nature doesn't act that way on such slight provocation.

"From the beginning, it was obvious that the suspect in this case was a German. The shaping of the letters and the phrases in the ransom notes were distinctly Teutonic. Long before Hauptmann was arrested, the police were hunting for a German.

"That Hauptmann wrote the ransom notes, I don't doubt. The evidence of the hand-writing experts on that point was overwhelming.

"It is utterly impossible that the case against Hauptmann could have been framed. To do so would have involved Lindbergh, his wife, Schwarzkopf, Condon, Breckenridge, Kohler, the wood expert, who had been a Government man for years, and probably hundreds of others. The police would all have had to be implicated in it and if it had been framed, so many people would know about it that there surely would have been a leak somewhere by now.

"I agree with some who insist that the State failed to place Hauptmann definitely at the scene of the crime. It rests on the word of Amandus Hockmuth, as against that of Hauptmann. Hockmuth, eighty-seven years old, is reputed to have failing eyesight—but I visited him at his home, and he showed me where he stood when he saw the car which he says contained Hauptmann. I held up a newspaper and he was able to read the masthead at twenty feet, a vision certainly strong and clear enough to see the face of a man in a car which passed as close to him as he says the car containing Hauptmann did."

Another revelation by Carter was that the actual arrest of Hauptmann almost was bungled. After Hauptmann had been traced to his Bronx home, detectives set up a vigil in a vacant house across the street.

"Lieutenant Finn, of the New York City Police Department, almost spoiled the plans by his insistence on making a premature arrest," said Carter. "There were New York City Police, New Jersey State Police and G-men in the raiding party. Finn was all for crossing the street to arrest Hauptmann then and there.

"Lieutenant Keaton, of the Jersey State force, advised against it. There was a heated argument before Finn was convinced it was better to play the waiting game a bit longer. After the decision was made, the watchers saw Hauptmann drive up, put his car in the garage and go into the house. Had the house been raided when Finn desired, Hauptmann might have been able to get away.

"It was decided to pick Hauptmann up the next morning at eight o'clock. A carload of New Jersey State Police, one of Federal men and one of New York City Police, took positions down the block from Hauptmann's house in the direction opposite to that which Bruno would take in going to work. The plans were to overtake him and arrest him in his car.

"Finn was late in arriving. Before he reached the scene, Hauptmann had started to drive away from his home. As Hauptmann's car swung down the street, the car with the New Jersey State Police officers swung out of concealment and followed. The car with the Government men came next and then the car with the New York City Police. Finn arrived just as that car was preparing to pull away.

"The three cars were trailing Hauptmann's machine in single file, but Finn ordered the car in which he was riding to pull out of line, pass the car with the G-men and draw abreast of the New Jersey car.

"'Where are you going?'" shouted Finn in a voice that could have been heard on Long Island.

Little star, Joyce Walsh, sings, plays character rôles and tap dances on a number of NBC programs. She is seven years old and made her radio début when she was two and a half.

"Hauptmann apparently saw the disturbance in his mirror, for he increased his speed and started to draw away. He was doing a pretty good job of giving the police the slip when his flight was blocked by an ash-truck.

"The New Jersey car pulled alongside Hauptmann's halted car and Keaton slipped into the seat alongside of Hauptmann.

"You're under arrest," he told Hauptmann.

"What for?" demanded Bruno.

"For passing a red light!" said Keaton, slipping handcuffs on him. Thus was Bruno Richard Hauptmann taken into custody for the murder of Baby Charles Augustus Lindbergh."

For the information of those who never heard of Carter before he became widely known through his connection with the Lindbergh case, he was born in Baku, Russia, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, in the days of the czars, when Russia was more conservative in its policies than it is today. He is of English-Irish descent. His father was British consul at Baku when Boake was born. He has been broadcasting for six years from WCAU and is now on the air every night but Saturday and Sunday on a news program sponsored by Philco.

Before becoming a radio news commentator, Carter was a newspaper man and a good one, too. He worked on the *Philadelphia News* and also the *Bulletin* in that city. He also did a turn on the *Tulsa World* and on London dailies. As radio editor of the news, Carter appeared before the microphone frequently and his crisp, resonant British accent made him a favorite overnight. A commercial contract was the natural aftermath.

Carter worked on the Lindbergh kidnapping exactly as a good reporter should work. When Colonel Schwarzkopf instructed all of the New Jersey State Police working on the case to maintain silence,

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole

THE more fastidious you are, the more surprised and shocked you may be when you realize that you cannot prevent "armhole odor" unless your underarm is kept *dry* as well as sweet.

Tonight, as soon as you take off your dress, smell the fabric under the arm. No matter how careful you are about deodorizing your *underarm*, you may find that your *dress* carries the embarrassing odor of stale perspiration.

This is bound to happen if you merely *deodorize*. Creams and sticks are not made to *stop* perspiration. They do not keep the underarm *dry*, so perspiration collects and dries on the fabric of your dress.

And the very next time you wear that dress, the warmth of your body brings out an unpleasant, stale odor.

Only one way to be SURE

Women who care deeply about good grooming know that there is no short cut to true underarm daintiness. They insist on the *complete* protection of Liquid Odorono.

WOMEN who want to be sure their dresses are free from "armhole odor" gently close the underarm pores with Liquid Odorono.

With Odorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Odorono's action is entirely safe . . . ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

No more ruined frocks

It takes a little longer to use Odorono, but it is well worth your while. In the end you save, not only embarrassment but your lovely clothes as well! You do away forever with those horrible underarm stains that even the cleaner cannot remove, that can ruin expensive frocks and coat linings in just one day's wearing. And there is no grease to stick to your clothes and make them messy.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to feel the utter security and poise that Odorono brings, send for the two sample vials and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. 5-E-6, 191 Hudson St., New York City.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 8¢ for sample vials of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on underarm dryness.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down... out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven...that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

I had been listening to the S.S.S. Radio Program and began to wonder if my trouble was not lowered strength in my blood... I started a course of S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...at the end of ten days I noticed a change...I followed directions faithfully... a tablespoonful before each meal.

The color began to come back to my skin ...I felt better...I did not tire easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S....which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self.

Much more could be said...a trial will thoroughly convince you that this way, in the absence of any organic trouble, will start you on the road to feeling like yourself again. You should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food...sound sleep ...steady nerves...a good complexion... and renewed strength.

There is no guess work in the S.S.S. Tonic Treatment...decades of popular acceptance and enthusiastic words of praise by users themselves speak even louder than the scientific appraisal of the progressively improved S.S.S. product which has caused millions to say to their friends—

SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

under penalty of losing their jobs, the troopers became targets for the newspapermen. The reporters kept seeking information on various angles, but the troopers remained mum.

The upshot was that the reporters, through the papers, found fault with the police. Carter sized up the situation quickly and was friendly in his radio comments about the New Jersey State Police. As a result, he occasionally received important tips on angles of the case.

"I played ball with the State Police and they played ball with me," explained Carter when I interviewed him in his offices in Station WCAU in Philadelphia. "It's the old story—you can catch more flies with sugar than you can with vinegar.

"Because of this, I saw the famous ladder when it was brought from Hopewell to Trenton about March 6th or 8th, long before anybody else saw it. I was working in the State Police headquarters at Trenton—everybody had been barred from the Hopewell home of the Lindberghs, immediately after the kidnapping.

"A police official, whose name I think it best not to reveal, came into my office and said: 'Now, Boake, follow me upstairs and walk into a room up there. Go to a closet, open the door, shut it behind you and take a look for yourself. Remember, I know nothing about it.'

"I did as I was instructed and saw the ladder in the closet. There was a light there and I was able to examine it carefully. I then distinctly saw *the four nail-holes* in what became the famous 'Rail 16' of the ladder, which the defense insists were planted there just before Hauptmann was brought to trial."

That revelation indicates how close Carter was to the police. The following incident should make plain the respect in which the commentator was held by others connected with the case. After the jury had rendered its verdict of guilty in the first degree, it was brought back, closely guarded, to the third floor of the Flemington hotel where it had been shut up incommunicado for the forty days and forty nights of the trial.

Naturally there was a determined effort on the part of the reporters and news commentators to interview the jury. Everybody wanted to know what facts had inclined it to its verdict. But five State troopers guarded the stairway leading to the third floor. Carter, who worked on the second floor with the radio equipment of WCAU, was among those barred.

Finally the jury sent out word that it wished to see *Carter*, and permission was given Boake to visit the jury. Thus he became the first person, not officially connected with the trial, who spoke to that panel in forty days.

"I really was embarrassed," declared Carter, "when word was brought to me that the jury wished to see me, but I didn't allow my embarrassment to keep me from making the visit! They told me how they vainly had tried to eavesdrop on my broadcasts by putting their ears to the floor of their rooms—and they expressed great relief that the strain of the trial was over.

"One juror, No. 7, I think, had held out for life imprisonment, but finally swung around to the view of the other eleven and the final verdict was unanimous for the death penalty. They told me that they held a meeting each night and went over the evidence presented, arguing about different points and finally accepting only such facts as seemed *irrefutable*, always with the understanding that if anything turned up later in the trial to disprove any facts they already had accepted, they would discard the previous evidence. In other words, they worked with open minds and I, for one, am convinced that their honesty and integrity is beyond question.

"I think that Dave Wilentz went a bit hay-wire in his summation, but I believe the reason was that the State had *so much evidence* that it did not need to use all of it. One of the most suspicious of all Hauptmann's acts, not brought out at the trial, was to re-plaster an attic entrance in the center of his bedroom and then cut another entrance to the attic in the ceiling of his closet.

"Hauptmann is definitely of the egomaniac type. This complex may have prompted him to kidnap the Lindbergh baby so as to prove that he was a greater man than America's best known public hero.

"Remember, the man made three efforts to get into this country before he finally succeeded, an indication of fierce determination. He went through the World War, certainly an embittering experience, and then returned to the misery of postwar Germany, forced to resort to stealing to survive.

"He is a hard man and a cold one. For example: During one of the recesses at his trial, he preceded the sheriff through a passage where the photographers daily had snapped pictures of Hauptmann and his guard. On this particular day, the sheriff lagged a little behind and Bruno turned to him and called: '*Hurry, sheriff, or you won't get your picture taken to-day!*' That's pretty cool stuff for a man who is on his trial for his life.

"Hoffman says that a 'staggering' sum was spent by the State Police in conducting the investigation. The Governor tries to spread a false impression. From March, 1932, until September, 1934—from the day the baby was kidnaped until Hauptmann was arrested—the expenditures were less than $38,000 more than its normal budget would have been for that period. In other words, the State Police spent only an additional $1,250 per month in its investigations. It's 'staggering' in its modesty!

"Major Schoeffel, who was sent to Europe to check on stories, traveled from America to London, to Berlin, to Vienna, back to London and then returned here. His expenses were only $900. I mention that to show that the State Police were not throwing money about recklessly.

"Here's something else to bear in mind —Wilentz is a Democrat and Hoffman is a Republican. Schwarzkopf and Hoffman grew up together. Both are of German descent and both can be stubborn.

"When Hoffman was Motor Vehicle Commissioner of New Jersey, he attempted to set up a separate police force to handle traffic violations, patrol the roads, etc. Schwarzkopf maintained that this would take away from the State Police duties which rightfully belonged to them and there would be no sense to it. The bill never got to the floor of the State Senate.

"Then Parker wanted to establish a New Jersey Scotland Yard to conduct all criminal investigations. Again Schwarz-

Stuart Churchill, young tenor, featured for several years with Waring's Pennsylvanians, now is starred in the new Musical Reveries, on WABC.

kopf fought the idea, and this bill likewise never reached the Senate floor.

"Schwarzkopf founded the New Jersey State Police fourteen years ago and has been the head of it ever since, but it has been no bed of roses. Colonel Mark O. Kimberling, who was his assistant, reopened the famous Hall-Mills case the day before Schwarzkopf returned from a vacation in South America. When that fizzled, Kimberling got out of the State Police and later was made Superintendent of Prisons.

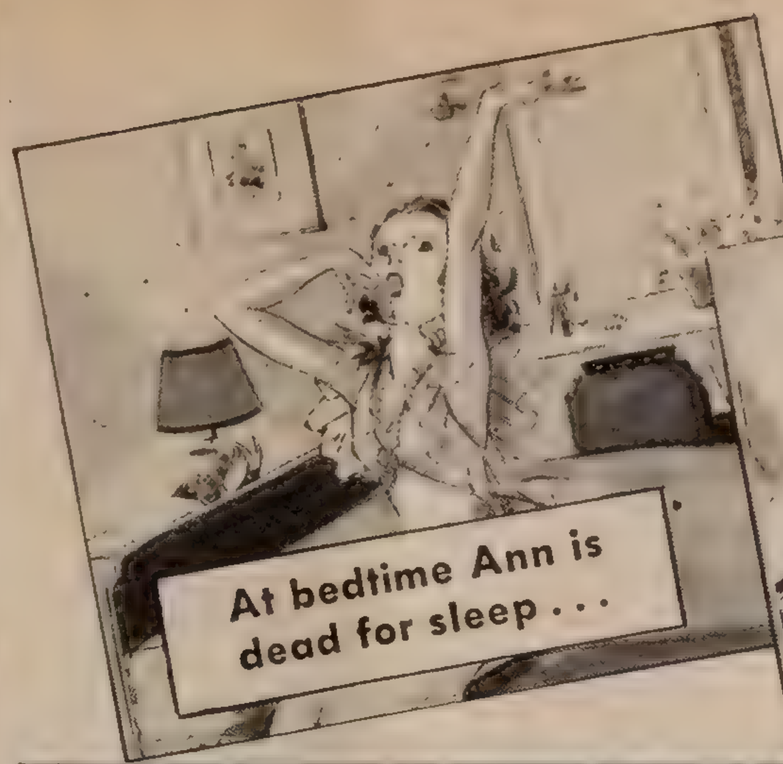
"Schwarzkopf always has been reappointed head of the State Police by every governor, regardless of political affiliations. He's up for reappointment again in June and it is doubtful that he will be removed. Any other name which is submitted can be vetoed by the Senate and efforts are being made to pass legislation to continue him in office upon the Senate's say-so."

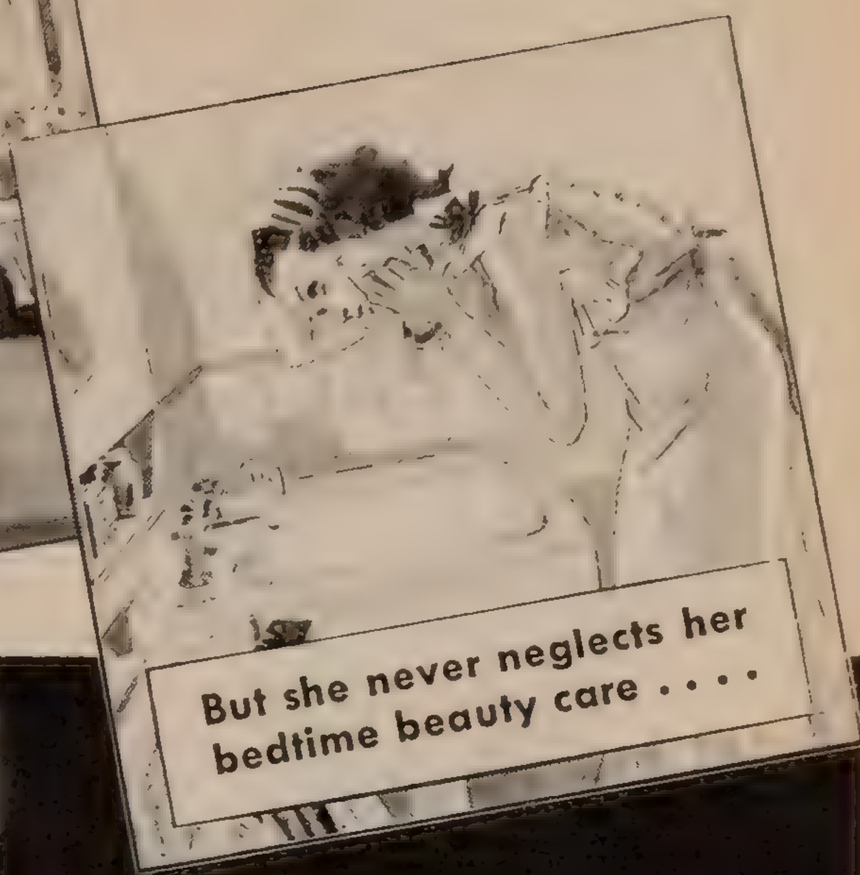
Another amazing revelation by Carter was that Colonel Lindbergh received over 300,000 letters the first month of the kidnaping. Boake says the letters, which poured in at the rate of 10,000 a day, are a great example of a cross section of America's mind at work.

"From bankers to hoboes, everybody wrote with advice on the case," said Carter. "These letters would make an amazing book if they ever were published. They contained tens of thousands of 'clues,' including those of people who interpreted their own dreams to reveal the hiding place of the baby.

"I have thought for a long time, like Governor Hoffman, that there might have been two more people involved in the crime—a man and a woman. Perhaps the man might be the dead Ollie Whatley. If so, the chances are it never will be definitely known. Perhaps the woman could have been Mrs. Hauptmann—this, of course, is pure conjecture—against whom Hauptmann could not give testimony, since a husband is restrained by law from testifying against his own wife, and vice versa."

The End

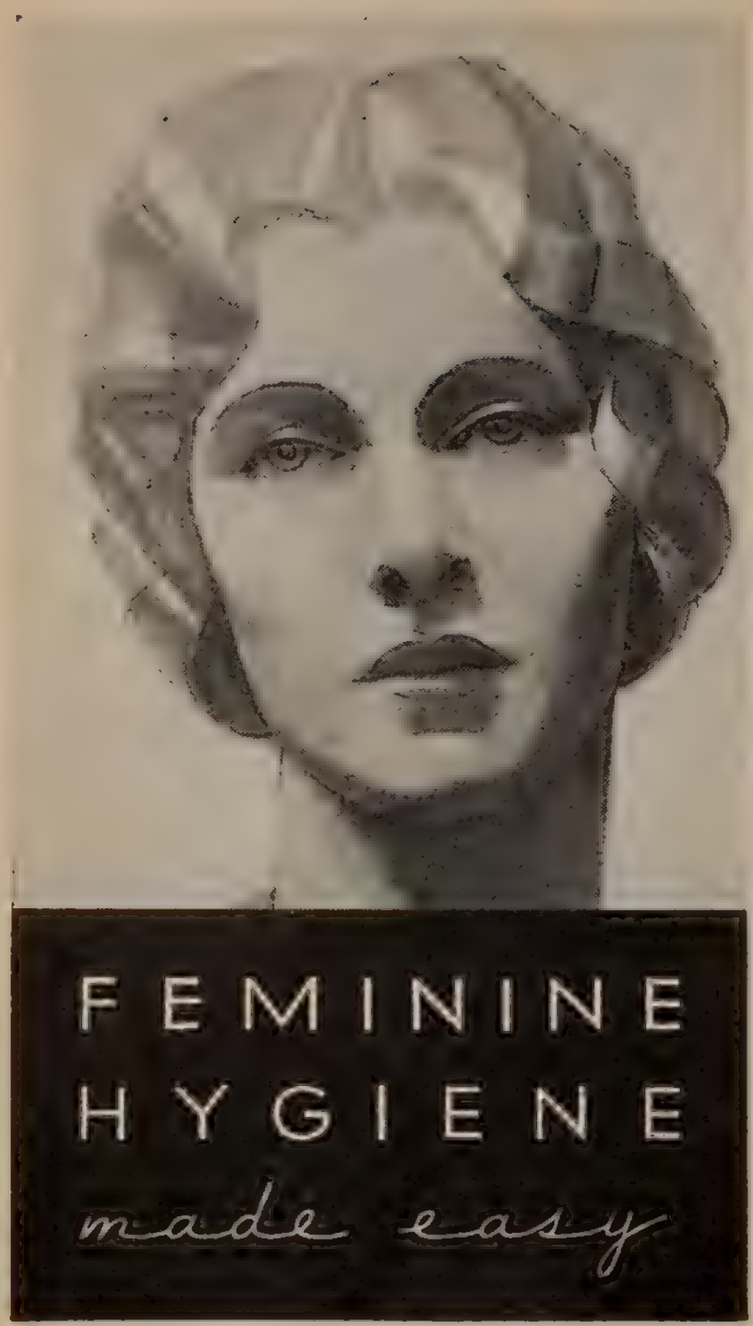


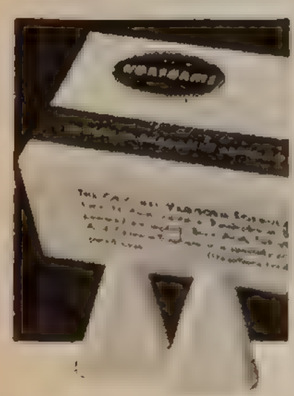


Ann knows it pays to guard against Cosmetic Skin

STALE rouge and powder not *thoroughly* removed cause Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

Use cosmetics all you wish! But *never* go to bed without using Lux Toilet Soap. Its ACTIVE lather removes every trace of pore-choking dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. During the day, too, before you renew your make-up, use this gentle soap to keep skin soft and smooth.





NOTHING COULD BE EASIER

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

EVERY DAY, more and more women are adopting Norforms as the most modern, convenient and satisfactory form of feminine hygiene.

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes —an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

● A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin* — a powerful yet harmless antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are positively non-injurious. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

MILLIONS SOLD EVERY YEAR

Send for the Norforms booklet "The New Way." It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York.

NORFORMS
for modern feminine hygiene

© N.P.CO. 1936 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

A Toast to the Ladies

(*Continued from page 33*)

rôles, good plays. Even the finest actress today often faces two or three seasons in a row without a successful part or a long run. And few actresses are cast in more than one play a year—even though that one show may run only a few weeks.

The radio star, however, is confronted with neither of these disadvantages. She doesn't find herself in the blinding white-light of publicity that the movie star must constantly face. And with as many as two hundred radio programs listed for a single afternoon and evening, there is small danger of the star of the air being unable to find rôles or suitable vehicles.

"It wasn't always so easy for the ladies in radio, though," says Mr. Boles. "At first, the men played a mean trick on them. Men made a microphone, a mechanism, that broadcast male voices well but didn't transmit feminine voices successfully.

"I think right now that ladies deserve more credit than men for the present high development of the radio mechanism. For when the sopranos squeaked, the ladies squawked. And the engineers got busy!

"Because of imperfections in the mechanism, until quite recently a woman had to have a certain type of voice in order to enjoy radio success. The low, croony voice was popular then because the mike was kindest to it. But today there are no such limitations. And the exquisite voices of sopranoes like Grace Moore and Margaret Speaks travel over the air-waves as truly as the contraltoes."

Every member of the Boles family is an ardent radio fan. In their California home, there is a radio in every room.

"Even have one in the kitchen pantry for the cook," says John. "That way, everyone connected with the household can listen to his or her favorite program. My own favorite way, however, is to get in the car, turn on the radio and drive slowly through the country while I listen."

It is interesting that this man, who today lives almost constantly with music and drama, started out to be a surgeon. Unlike most radio artists, however, John Boles *did* make the college glee club. But nobody except his girl, Marcelite, thought his voice particularly good. Marcelite thought everything about John was wonderful! (She still does.)

In 1917, just before John was to graduate from the University of Texas, the United States declared war. And John enlisted. Overseas as a doughboy, it was discovered that he had a talent for languages and could speak French, Italian, German and Spanish fluently. He was transferred at once to the intelligence department and spent twenty-two precarious, exciting months with the A. E. F. as a spy.

In a Y. M. C. A. hut in Havre, Boles discovered that people liked to hear him sing. The hut was filled with a tired, dirty crowd just back from the front. The boys yelled for a song. Shyly and with misgivings, John rose to his feet and obliged.

When the song was ended, a soldier came up to him and said: "You have a fine voice, a great talent. If this war ever ends, go back and make use of it." John found out later that the soldier who spoke to him had been a famous singing teacher in London.

When the war finally ended, John got back to Texas and Marcelite as fast as he could. He asked Marcelite to marry him and told her that he wasn't going to be a surgeon after all, he was going to be a singer. Marcelite said she thought it would be wonderful to marry a singer.

Broadway was hard to crack. But when John finally landed a rôle in the musical comedy, *Little Jesse James*, he was an over-night sensation. Radio, as a medium of entertainment, was unknown then. So, when the show closed, John turned to movies. He got into silent pictures on the strength of his looks. But he never was really happy in silents. Even today, while gathering laurels in dramatic films such as *A Message to Garcia*, he admits he'd rather combine singing with his acting. He was delighted recently when he had three songs to sing in the Lux Radio Theater's version of the drama, *Green Grow the Lilacs*. He has a gorgeous voice and he wants to use it.

He loves radio work. And when in New York recently, on a vacation, he found it difficult to refuse the radio offers of "guest artist performances" that were made him. He would have enjoyed broadcasting every night!

But he had Marcelite here with him, to remind him that this was a vacation—their first in several years,—and let's go dancing!

Don't forget, that when John Boles toasts the ladies, his first and prettiest speech goes to Marcelite, and Marcelite, Jr., and little Janet.

For this favorite among the ladies may tune in a singer and listen, enraptured to her song. But, privately, he lives pretty much within the charmed circle of the three important ladies who make up his very happy family.

Lucille Wall, NBC dramatic actress, The Boss's Secretary in *Nine to Five*

Radio Ramblings

(Continued from page 7)

today is excellent," Previn says. "Few dance bands can compete successfully with a symphony orchestra. And radio can claim credit for popularizing good music. My own Sunday night program has given all types of music a chance and I know that classical selections win as large audiences as do our most popular tunes."

A RADIO ROLE MADE REAL

An evidence of radio's practical benefit to humanity may be seen in Helen Hayes' current activities. Helen transferred into actual practice her fictitious activities as guardian of foundling babies, in her recent rôle of Penelope Edwards in *The New Penny*. She has become a member of the Child Placing and Adoption Committee of the New York State Charities Aid Association.

Through her radio work this popular young actress has become intensely interested in the welfare of orphaned youngsters and has volunteered to participate in the campaign to raise $50,000 to help care for the orphaned children while homes are being sought for them.

NEW STAR

Frank Fay, who made his bow on the Rudy Vallee Fleischmann Variety Hour, clicked so solidly with the listening public that he was signed for thirteen weeks with that program and, in addition, for his own series, to start in July, for Standard Brands, Inc.

Frank, long a headliner in vaudeville and, more recently, in motion pictures, was chosen by the radio editors' poll as the leading new star of 1936.

Oddly enough, the "outstanding New Star" award in the annual poll of radio editors every year has gone to a performer who first appeared at the microphone in the Vallee Variety Hour. Joe Penner was the winner in 1933, when voting in this category was initiated, Helen Jepson in 1934 and Bob Burns in 1935. These artists made their radio débuts with Vallee.

SHE REMEMBERED THE TUNE

Marie De Ville, that charming young lady whose portrait appears on another page in this issue, got her start in an unusual way. Marie was employed in the Music Rights Division of WGAM in Cleveland, which is affiliated with WJZ. One day in Radio City an argument arose over a certain song. To settle it an official of WJZ phoned WGAM. Marie answered. She couldn't remember the name of the song but she remembered the tune and sang it over the wire. Impressed with the quality of her voice, the listening official promptly invited Marie to come to Radio City to sing on the air. So now you may hear her lovely contralto on Thursdays and Saturdays over the NBC network.

PINCH HITTING FOR JESSICA

Lucille Manners, mezzo-soprano soloist with Leo Spitalny on *The Melody Lingers On*, has taken Jessica Dragonette's place with the Cities Service Orchestra for six weeks, beginning March 6th, while Jessica is on vacation. She also has several solo spots on both networks.

TAIL-WAGGERS

Two new additions to the recently organized "doggy" club, known as the Tail-Wagger Foundation of America, are Dick Powell's wolf dog, Ranger, and Frances Langford's Skeets. Thousands of dogs less famous than Ranger and Skeets are being enrolled as Tail-Waggers. The purpose of the organization is to prosecute dog-poisoners, and other enemies of man's best friend.

TAKING THE AIR

Lucy Monroe, lovely soprano star of NBC's American Album of Familiar Music, *continues to refuse all offers of film rôles in Hollywood productions. Also she has refused a straight dramatic rôle and another in a musical production.*

Pep up your digestion
with BEEMAN'S . . . You will enjoy its fresh delicious flavor

Enjoy Beeman's Gum
. . . AIDS DIGESTION

"Yes"

THE TIME OF MONTH CAN'T DICTATE TO MODERN GIRLS:

MIDOL

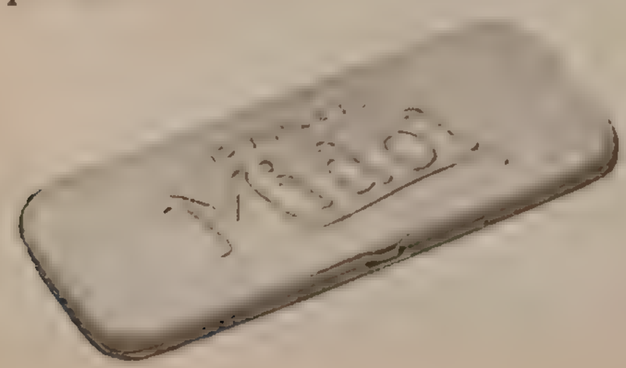
The modern girl doesn't decline an invitation just because of the time of month! She knows how to keep going, and keep comfortable — with Midol. For relief from painful periods, this is all you have to do:

Watch the calendar. At the very first sign of approaching pain, take a Midol tablet and drink a glass of water, and you may escape the expected pain altogether. If not, a second tablet should check it within a few minutes.

Midol's relief is lasting; two tablets should see you through your worst day. Yet Midol contains no narcotic and it forms no habit. But don't be misled by ordinary pain tablets sold as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine, offered for this particular purpose.

You will find Midol in any drug store, it is usually right out on the counter.

So, look for those trim, aluminum boxes that make these useful tablets easy to carry in the thinnest purse or pocket.



One reason is that Lucy has been acting on the professional stage ever since she got out of High School. Another reason is that she thinks radio work is "more regular." And, most important of all, she likes radio best.

GOOD SPORT

Ray Jones, who plays the part of the hard-boiled electrician in *Molly of the Movies*, recently took a trip to Kentucky to shoot quail. Instead of shooting them, however, he helped the local farmers to feed the birds, who were starving because of unusually severe weather and heavy snowfalls.

SPEAKING OF SPORTS

Matthew Crowley, CBS's "Buck Rogers," is a crack tennis player.

Irving Kauffman, "Lazy Dan," is a veteran fisherman and has caught some enormous brook trout.

Phil Baker and Walter O'Keefe both lay claims to championships in quoits and javelin throwing.

Jerry Cooper, newest of the romantic singing stars, once held down first-base on a semi-pro baseball team in New Orleans. Also he never misses a big fight at Madison Square Garden.

Frank Crumit . . . Well, when you think of Frank, you think of a golf course, according to his wife, Julia Sanderson. He shoots a score in the low seventies.

Nino Martini, handsome CBS singing star, was the ace man of a Rugby team in Verona, Italy. He also is an expert gymnast, bicyclist and horseman.

Leslie Howard, romantic matinee idol, is a polo enthusiast. He keeps a string of polo ponies and gives a very fair account of himself on Hollywood playing fields.

Frank Parker also is a polo fan and plays with a prominent team on Long Island.

Ted Husing has played football, basketball, tennis, baseball and soccer. The Husing bones having aged a bit, he now confines his interest in sports to reporting them at the mike. Occasionally he takes a fling at tennis.

"THIS IS LOWELL THOMAS—"

"The policy of my program always has been to cover every slant, the important things, the major happenings of politics, war and the phenomena of nature, the sidelights of personality, romance, adventure and comedy.

"I was not long on the air when I became aware that my fan mail was from many kinds of people—it is so diverse in tone and feeling and concerns so many topics so far apart."

AND THIS IS FRANK MUNN

Who cherishes these aphorisms, clipped from an old calendar:

"Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." (Goldsmith.)

"The ripest peach hangs highest on the tree." (James Whitcomb Riley.)

"An acre of performance is worth the whole world of promise." (Howell.)

"Fortune does not change men, it only unmasks them." (Mme. Riccoboni.)

BOYS' HERO

To a certain extent he changes with the seasons—as baseball, football, winter sports and other notable events capture the imagination of youth. But Captain Tim Healy, founder and leader of NBC's Stamp Club, remains a constant idol to the boys who make up the bulk of his audience.

Hundreds of requests for personal appearances pour in upon Captain Tim, and whenever he accepts one there is an unusual quality of mutual friendship and mutual interest when the boys and their hero meet and talk together.

On one such occasion, while appearing at Marshall Field's in Chicago, a boy brought Captain Tim his stamp book. The book, Captain Tim discovered, was an old family album, in which the family births, deaths, marriages and other important family data were recorded. The blank pages were filled with stamps. As he turned the pages, Captain Tim saw that they were filled with rare and valuable old stamps. The boy's father and mother confessed their complete ignorance of the value of the stamp collection, which they regarded only as a pastime for their son—and they were amazed when Captain Tim told them that the stamps in the book were worth several thousands of dollars.

BITS ABOUT BROADCASTS

Have you heard the "goofus" in Don Bestor's orchestra? It's an instrument shaped out of bone, with holes on the side, and is played by shifting the finger-tips over these perforations. It sounds like a cross between a harmonica and a kazoo.

Those dizzy recipes which Tizzie Lish dispenses on the Al Pearce and His Gang program are written only four hours before broadcast time. Tizzie writes them in long-hand and reads them on the air from the original copy.

Jerry Belcher believes that there could be such a thing as too much popularity. Jerry, who interrogates with Parks Johnson on the Vox Pop *program, says: "Suppose everyone stayed at home to listen to our program. Where should we find the Man-in-the-street to answer our questions?"*

The "four Esses and Mitzi" are four-footed members of the Norsemen quartet. "Stiffy," "Skippy" and "Spook" are wire-haired terriers. "Spot" has one of those scrambled pedigrees. "Mitzi" is a collie.

BITS ABOUT BROADCASTERS

Although she prefers French cooking to her native Spanish, Countess Olga Albani, star of *Life Is a Song*, is famed among her friends for her preparation of a Spanish style chicken and frequently gives post-broadcast parties, at which she prepares great pots of it.

Rachel Carley, French singing star of *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*, is considered one of the best-dressed women in radio. She says her wardrobe consists of twelve evening dresses, six sports dresses and six demi-dresses. (Sorry, but we are unenlightened as to what a demi-dress is!)

A filling station attendant, filling the gas tank of Maestro Freddie Rich's car one day, noticed the violin in his coupé

"I used to play one myself," said he, "but now I work for my living."

Celia Branz, contralto, came to America as a Russian emigrant and earned money working as a factory hand to pay her tuition fees at the New England Conservatory of Music.

Walter O'Keefe, Columbia comic and pride of Hartford, Connecticut, noticed the name "O'Keefe" on the license card of a Manhattan taxicab driver.

"Got any folks in Connecticut, driver?" asked Walter.

"Yeah, and even that's too near!" came the reply.

Walter leaned back to read his paper.

Betty Lou Gerson won her Thespian spurs at an amateur night performance in Birmingham, Alabama, long before Major Bowes began giving amateurs their chance.

Another who got her start in an amateur contest is Durelle Alexander. It was in Dallas, Texas, when Durelle, then five years old, won first prize. Three years later she made her professional début with the Hollywood Junior Follies in Los Angeles. Now, at seventeen, she is a stage veteran of nine years' experience, and is personality singer with Paul Whiteman's *Musical Varieties.*

E. C. Segar, creator of *Popeye, the Sailor,* was a paperhanger before he became an artist. He originated the comic strip in 1926, after taking a correspondence course in cartooning. A native of Chester, Illinois, he now lives in Santa Monica, California—while *Popeye* lives in the newspapers, in the movies and on the air, earning handsome dividends.

SOUND AND SENSE

Because Kenny Baker sounds that way in his dialogue with Jack Benny, he is billed as "the timid tenor." Physically he belies that, being a robust six-footer.

Lawrence Tibbett believes that the future of American music lies in the hands of instructors in high schools and colleges. The famous baritone is backing a movement to send leading singers to give instruction at such institutions, free of charge.

SHOES

Nobody is going to step into Ed Wynn's shoes—no, indeed!

Old Gulliver, the Traveler, (Ed Wynn), has been wearing this pet pair for twenty-nine years and he means to keep on wearing them. Ed bought them for five dollars in 1907. Since then, he says, he's spent about two thousand dollars to keep them in repair. They're size 16 and comfortable, and they're lucky, Ed thinks.

—AND ALL THE KING'S MEN

Most radio stars are satisfied with one program on the air—or maybe two. But here's a group of singers featured on four separate programs. They are known as *The King's Men, The King's Merry Men, The King's Guard*—and so on.

As *The King's Guard,* they shine on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays on the Aspirub program. On Thursdays they are a bright feature of the Ed Wynn program. On Fridays you may hear them with the Socony show. And on Sundays, as *The King's Men,* they are in Paul Whiteman's *Musical Varieties.*

Their names are John Dodson (his last name is Blunt, but he doesn't use it), Rad Robinson, Ken Darby and Bud Lynn.

THIS WINDOW SHADE *Yours for 15¢!*

IS IT "LINEN"?

NEW CLOPAY *Lintone* WINDOW SHADE

*3 OUT OF 4 MISTOOK IT FOR *Costly* CLOTH

Now Replace All Your Shabby Window Shades . . . BUY 10 FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

*Here's startling proof that you need no longer pay high prices to get beauty and dignified appearance in window shades. A remarkable new process called "Lintone" now gives to CLOPAY fibre shades the actual appearance of genuine linen! In actual test 3 out of 4 seeing a new CLOPAY LINTONE beside a $1.50 shade only four feet away thought the LINTONE was the cloth shade!

If no one can see any difference in the looks, why pay the big difference in price? Millions of women have found that CLOPAY 15c shades *wear* as well as cloth shades. Now they *look* as well, too. A 15c LINTONE will never crack, ravel or pinhole. It will soil no quicker than the costliest shade and when it does you can afford to change at once—always have spic and span shades at a cost you will hardly notice: See the CLOPAY LINTONES, 15c (rollers 10c additional) now in all "5 and 10" and most neighborhood stores. Write for FREE SAMPLES of material. The CLOPAY CORP., 1555 York St., Cincinnati, O.

New Process *Lintone* CLOPAY WINDOW SHADE 15¢

Can a Marriage Stand Two Careers?

(*Continued from page 48*)

because she gave hers up the day she took the Lohengrin leap. Both of these girls are wives of ace comedians. Both are young, with a modern young woman's viewpoint on life. Both met their husbands while working behind the footlights. Both are still pretty and talented. But the big difference between them is that one says "yes," the other "no" to the question: *"Can a marriage successfully stand two careers?"* So let's hear both sides.

"Yes!" Says Portland Hoffa

Portland, dressed in a chic tailleur, sat on her modern white couch in her smart apartment high up in one of New York's smart skyscraper hotels.

"Because I work with Fred, I understand his moods, the pressure his work inflicts upon him, the thousand and one little duties it imposes upon him," Portland said.

"Careers sometimes prove to be stern taskmasters. For instance, Fred will leave in the morning and promise to be home at a certain time for dinner. Very often he won't come home until hours after he'd been expected, without even phoning me.

"A stay-at-home wife might fuss and fume, might grow jealous, might misunderstand or grow resentful of this career that takes up so much of his life. Doubts may form. She will start to nag him, a quarrel will follow and in the end there is a wide rift between them.

"But because I know so well what his work requires of him, I understand completely. Perhaps he got immersed in some program idea—perhaps there was an overflow of amateurs to interview—perhaps, well, I know all of the *perhapses* that might have detained him. You see, with me there are no doubts or fears, or jealousies.

"There have been many pleasures we have had to forego because of the program. For instance, the summer before last, we were on the air every single week. That meant we had to be in the city every day. No vacations, no week-ends in the country, no escaping the horrible heat of the city. We couldn't even rent a house in the country because we had to stay within beck and call of the studio. Most of our friends were away, sending us picture postcards to torture us some more! Staying in the sweltering city was no fun. But I stood it, and gladly, because our work required us to be here.

"But speaking frankly, I wonder what would have happened if I weren't on the program with Fred. If I had nothing to do but knit—and complain. I might have gone to the country and left Fred alone in the city to swelter by himself, or I might have become so irritable that I would have killed, by nagging, his incentive to work. After all, we're all motivated by circumstances and that would have been the human way to act. But, working along with Fred and being cheerful about it, I know I lessened the burden for him.

"The important factor for career-minded wives to remember is this: *Don't let the interest in your own career overshadow your interest in your husband or his job.* That is the only pitfall that endangers a marriage of this kind. My career hasn't prevented me from finding time to prepare a home-cooked dinner many evenings.

"Look at the marriages of some of radio's most famous couples. Jack and Mary Livingstone Benny. Jane and Goodman Ace of the Easy Aces. Gracie Allen and George Burns. You'd have to look far and wide before you could find more devoted couples than these. Mary and Jane and Gracie all understand their husbands through working hand in hand with them.

"After a hard day's rehearsing, Fred is tired—but then, so am I. We both are perfectly content to spend a quiet evening at home. The day after the program, there's a load lifted off our minds. We both feel like going out to celebrate. You see, neither one of us has to *give* in to the other. But you know what happens in so many other homes. The husband has been working all day and wants to come home to any easy chair and slippers. But wife has been cooped up at home all day and in the evening she wants to go out. The result is a round of arguments, ending with one giving up to the other.

"Fred and I play and work together. We've been doing it throughout the eight years of our married life, and I wouldn't change it for the world. Neither would he. Two careers seem to go well with our marriage—and long may it continue!"

"No!" Says Mrs. Phil Baker

(*Continued from page 48*)

the other road.

"So it was with me. When I first met Phil, I was Peggy Cartwright, a dancer and actress with—I was told—a promising future. I had just come over from London where I had appeared in several important productions. Here in New York, I had hoped to realize my stage ambitions. After we were married, I came to the crossroads of my life. On one side was my career, with perhaps fame, glory and personal success. The other road led to a home with children, leading the life of millions of other wives and mothers who live in the glory of their husbands and children. Which road should I take?

"It didn't take me long to decide and I never have regretted my choice."

We were sitting in the living-room of the Bakers' beautiful country home in Mamaroneck, in the heart of Westchester County, New York. The house is circled on all sides by tall trees. Mrs. Baker is a beauty of the Dresden-doll variety. Tiny, fragile and flower-like. It isn't difficult to believe that she might have achieved great fame and success on the stage. She looked out of the window to watch "Miss Muffet," their little three-year-old girl playing on the lawn with Stuart Henry, two.

"You see," she said, with a wave to her children, "one can't be a careerist and a conscientious mother besides. If I had pursued my ambitions, I never would be able to live out here. Too far away from New York. I'd have to make my home in the heart of the city so that I would be within easy reach of the theatrical district, and my children's activities would be limited to strolls in Central Park. But here they can romp and play unrepressed, like the active, healthy children they are.

"And Phil loves his home, too. Phil, you know, has been a part of Broadway so long that he had forgotten what it was to sit down to a cozy family dinner, completely relaxed and at peace with the world. Before this it was restaurants, hotels and a hasty bite snatched here and there. He's been on the go all the time. No real home, but a hotel room. And hotel rooms, let me tell you, can be very cheerless and lonely. But if I didn't devote all of my time to make this house a home, Phil wouldn't have the enthusiasm that he has to be here with the children and me. I received one of the most flattering compliments the other day when Phil's sister told me that she never had seen him look so happy as he has these past few years since we've been married. I can only credit it to the fact that now he has restful, normal surroundings which few theatrical folks have.

"But don't you see, if I were pursuing my own career, how impossible all that would be? Instead of harmony, there would be friction. Instead of calm, there would be jitters. There might be a clash of ambitions. Jealousies might arise. I would be pursuing my own career, wrapped up in my own dreams, having very little time or sympathy to spare for Phil's work. My career might lead me in one direction, Phil's in another.

I always have been with Phil. When he was broadcasting in Chicago, there was I. When he suddenly had to come to New York, I packed up and came with him. If I were tied down to a career, it might say: *'Don't go here! You can't go there!'* I'm happiest when I'm with Phil and the babies and I want to feel free to go with them anywhere—at a moment's notice.

"Why do you read of so many divorces resulting from the union of two independent careerists? Hollywood divorces, they're called. Temperament, for one thing. There is no temperament problem in our home. I am busy with my work; Phil with his. But my work is concerned with making Phil happier, for I am busy creating a peaceful atmosphere in the home so that he can smooth out the tangles of the day.

"You know of dozens of marriages between a famous man and woman, both of whom have clung to their careers. What percentage of these couples has children? Very few, you'll admit. Making Phil happy, keeping the children healthy, making our house a home in every sense of the word, is my career. And if I've succeeded, it means more to me than seeing my name up in lights. For as far as a career and marriage go, I repeat the famous quotation: *Never the twain shall meet.*"

So there we have the words of Peggy Cartwright Baker, whose marriage to Phil like that of Portland and Fred, is held up as being one of the happiest in the radio world.

You've heard both sides, now what would you say?

Life is Her Song

(Continued from page 35)

complexion of her race—and the romantic title that refuses to be discarded!

For "Countess Albani" has become a nickname, almost a first name. It was under that name that she won fame, established herself. Her sponsor seems more than justified in asking her to keep it professionally. Privately, her American name is infinitely sweeter, dearer to her.

But life has not always been easy for the little Spanish girl. She came through disappointment and sorrow to her present place in the sun—perhaps that is why she appreciated it, with a deep and abiding gratitude and joy.

In the beginning, she had no idea at all of singing as a career. As a little girl, she dreamed of going on the stage, but always as a dramatic actress. However, she sang as naturally as a bird, in a high, clear soprano, a light falsetto voice, and briefly studied singing, under Gabriel Sibella, who was a famous teacher of famous students—Bori and Alda were numbered among his pupils. Under his tutelage, Olga sang the Bell Song from *Lakmé*.

The high point of her girlhood was her meeting with Sophie Breslau, concert and opera singer, who was to be her first mentor, her greatest critic, her dearest friend. The death of Madame Breslau this past winter was a great shock, an irremediable loss. But her teachings, her counsel, her ideals, have become a part of Olga's life, a part of her very self.

Olga, Countess Albani, has another name that is dearer to her—Mrs. H. Wallace Caldwell.

"It was she who taught me that if you have a lovely voice but nothing to give, no mind, no depth, the voice won't mean very much, or for very long," Olga explained, and added, with controlled emotion: "She herself gave so much, so much!"

It was her first deep, personal loss and adjustment was not easy. Scheduled for a trip to Florida, she flew instead to New York, to the funeral of her dearest friend. Heartbreak and inexpressible sorrow were hers that night as, just before leaving, she sang, with tears in her voice, Schubert's *Ave Maria*.

A month of intensive study with Madame Breslau had started her on her career, a month spent in her teacher's home, working ardently, tirelessly, under her understanding direction. The result was Olga's first theatrical engagement, in the leading rôle of Sigmund Romberg's opera, *New Moon*.

And after *New Moon*, it was Sophie Breslau again who introduced her protégé to George Engles of N.B.C., through whom Olga embarked upon her present career.

New York was still home, still the centre of all her interests and ambitions, but although her voice was winning renown and her small aristocratic feet seemed se-

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curely set upon the ladder of fame, her heart was heavy. She had been married very young to the Italian Count Albani and had a young son, Guardo, whom she passionately adored—it was after Guardo's birth that the range of her voice changed, the lower notes gaining strength and sweetness. But the marriage was a failure and, bewildered and unhappy, she sought solace, forgetfulness in work.

So, when finally the opportunity came to go to Chicago, she welcomed it gladly, even though it meant leaving home and friends. She was singing on the Cities Service program when she was first asked to make a guest appearance on the Real Silk program. After two such appearances, she was invited to sing regularly on this program for a period of thirteen weeks. These weeks stretched into thirty-nine. . . .

She had dreaded the break but recognized the wonderful opportunity and her own need of a change.

"And I found such nice people here, I feel so at home!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "Of course I felt lonely at first but in a little while, I was having the time of my life—I felt as if I were eighteen again!"

In Chicago, thus, she found a new satisfaction in her work, and soon was to find also a newer, deeper satisfatcion in her private life.

"I am such a lucky girl," she declared fervidly. "I have such a happy home life, such fun, such a darling husband—handsome, brilliant, young—"

Her voice trailed off, but her eyes glowed radiantly.

He comes of an old Chicago family, her husband. His name is H. Wallace Caldwell, he is tall and fair, with light blue eyes—as Nordic as she is Latin! His father is a bank director, his mother a former St. Louis society girl. He himself is an engineer, a graduate of Cornell, and, during the war, an aviator and the inventor of a bombing device. And now, to the amazement of his conservative parents and the delight of his sympathetic bride, he is intensely interested in politics. During the winter he worked hard and long for the Republican nomination as Governor of Illinois—the April primaries will decide the winner, but, Olga declares: "Whether he wins the nomination or not, it has been grand experience and a lot of fun!"

She is enormously interested in her husband's political career, finds this new game completely fascinating.

"Of course, it is hard work and, right now, I see so little of Wally. We can't entertain or go places together, he is so busy, so tied down. I wait up for him—night after night, it is anywhere from two to three-thirty when he comes home. Then we sit the rest of the night talking!" She laughed. "It's such fun—but we'll both need a good rest when it is over!"

All her own ambitions depend on the outcome of the April primaries and the subsequent elections. Nothing, of course, would be allowed to interfere with her singing. "Wally" is as interested in her career as she is in his and as proud of her and as anxious for her to continue her own work as an unselfish young husband could be. But her vague plans for a trip to Hollywood and the making of a musical picture are to be held in abeyance until she knows whether or not her husband is to run for governor.

The Lady in Black, a musical short which she made last year was very successful and it is to be hoped that she eventually will find time for a full length picture, whether she is to preside over the Governor's mansion or not!

But absorbed as she is in her husband's career, present and future, Olga is not neglecting her own. As a matter of fact, she is studying harder right now than she has for several years. The sweet voice which she always has used so naturally, without effort or forcing, is now being intensively trained for an opera rôle. It is natural, inevitable, that she should think of singing the title rôle of Carmen, her favorite opera—and what a vivid, glowing, alluring Carmen she would be! With her dark Spanish beauty, her expressive eyes, mobile features and quick, graceful body, she is well equipped to reveal with emotional intensity her dramatic conception of the part, as well as to interpret it with her warm, lovely voice.

And like everything else in which she interests herself, she is finding this work fun, in spite of the demands already made upon her time.

Her part on the Real Silk program requires a rehearsal on Friday and a second brief rehearsal on Sunday, followed by the two regular broadcasts, one at nine P. M., eastern standard time, and the other at midnight, eastern time, to cover eastern and western outlets. In addition, she comes into Chicago from her Oak Park home three or four times a week for her music lessons and frequently practices at home in the evening, with her accompanist. She finds her study of the opera absorbing and is looking forward eagerly to studying the dramatic side of her rôle with Mary Garden, before her appearance on the opera stage next season.

Meanwhile plans also are shaping for a concert tour through the middle west. This is not a new departure, for a few years ago she gave a series of concerts, traveling at that time in the north and south, the middle west and east. And enjoying it thoroughly.

Asked if she thought the classical trend now noticeable on radio programs would last, she answered: "I say 'yes,' because I hope so, devoutly! There is so much beauty in the fine old things—they have survived because they are worth while, they have proved themselves. I love them, I love all old things—sometimes, for instance, it seems to me I absorb something just from being in the room with these fine old books in our library . . ."

She speaks several languages fluently, loves to read in French and Italian and loves to include in her concert programs the familiar German songs and the Russian, which she sings in French. But she loves, too, the simpler songs, old and modern lyrics, the best of the modern popular songs, some of which she has translated into Spanish.

"Lullabies, perhaps, suit my voice best," she commented in that soft speaking voice that is very like her singing voice—so like it that recently a telegraph operator, who had listened to the Sunday night programs recognized her over the phone, from her speaking voice alone, before she gave her

name. (She does not speak, under the present program arrangement and her fans miss that warm, low voice—the only lack in an otherwise delightful program.)

"Of course you don't mind an audience," I suggested, "with your stage experience—"

She shook her head. "I don't pay the slightest attention to the audience. I love to work. I could rehearse all day and be happy. No one means a thing to me at the time of singing!"

"And you never had 'mike fright'?" I queried.

"Fright—personal fright—yes. But not of the 'mike'. To me, it is warm and friendly. I don't *think* when I stand in front of it. I just *feel*—I want to pour out everything that is lovely and beautiful to it. I am singing my song—that is all that matters. I sing with the same fervor, the same intensity at rehearsal as I do when an audience is present. It is the act of singing that counts—the love of it!"

But before concert or movie plans mature, Olga and 'Wally' plan a restful vacation in Honolulu. They will leave when the program ends, this spring—and after the primaries—and will, before they return, visit the coffee plantation of Olga's father in Puerto Rico. There, too, they will see for the first time the new home built of Olga's dreams, from the proceeds of her success in her own career. For she has acquired five acres of her own and has built a lovely Spanish house—a delightful retreat for these two ambitious, hard-working people!

"It has a patio, of course," she described it eagerly, "and I have mango trees and alligator pears—and I am going to have a grapefruit orchard, too."

She was enthusiastic, but that is only for vacations. A deeper enthusiasm is reserved for the beautiful, spacious Caldwell home in Oak Park, an attractive Chicago suburb, where she now lives. She is more than contented there. And busy, too.

"It doesn't run itself," she murmured, smiling. "But it is such a lovely place—it has been in the Caldwell family for thirty-five years—and there is a great yard for the children—"

For there are two children now. The Latin Guardo has a lovely little Nordic playmate, a blonde, blue-eyed stepsister. She is older than he, but they get along beautifully together. And they have two dogs, a Scottie and a miniature Schnauzer, which their mother enjoys as much as they do.

"I have such a rounded out life," Olga said softly, "everything that makes work worth while. I feel there is *substance to my life . . .*"

Her lips curved softly in a smile. "I, who was free as air, free to come and go as I pleased, am now questioned: 'Where are you going? When are you coming back? Where can I get in touch with you while you are gone?'" A deep note of satisfaction was in her low laugh and she added quickly, "But I love it! And it doesn't mean that I have relegated singing to the background, but that I have an added incentive to do things. My children, my husband—they are so proud of what I do! It means so much! I can put something back of my song that perhaps I never had before—how shall I express it?—a certain rich contentment, sincerity, depth, truth! I live these things every day and everything

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I do must reflect them—must echo this happiness of mine, this *reality*—"

Lucky girl, indeed! And wise, too. For there is no cleavage between her career and her home life—she gives the best of herself unstintingly to each. She is aware of the uncertainty of radio fame, the sudden success, the quick forgetfulness. And so she works constantly, with unflagging interest and effort, to maintain her position and to keep the popularity with her fans that is such gratifying evidence of their appreciation of her lovely voice and of the charming personality of the singer herself.

And the girl whose sweet, lingering notes reach you over the air each Sunday night is the same girl who often sits at the piano and sings softly, tenderly, with her stepdaughter and son—and you can imagine how the children love these intimate hours with their gifted mother.

I had asked her her favorite songs. She would not name any, but described them thus: "lyrical—sentimental—with dramatic sweep."

And, I thought, how aptly her program is named! For life *is* a song for Olga Albani—just the kind of song she loves best.

Honeymoon by Harlow

(*Continued from page 30*)

"Listen, Johnny, if you love Ruth enough, nothing else matters. Now go to it!"

Johnny went to it. He went to it so thoroughly that the girls' vacation came to an abrupt end. For Peg was openly heartbroken and Ruth felt terribly about the whole affair and Jean couldn't have much fun with two weepy playmates. So they agreed to separate. Jean took Peg home to visit her in New York and Ruth returned to her family in Philadelphia.

By all the laws of compensation things should have gone smoothly for Johnny and Ruth after that. Philadelphia was only an hour from Atlantic City and the two could be together almost every day. Afternoons Ruth would drive over for a swim and a snack of supper before Johnny went to work with the orchestra. Weekends Johnny came to stay at Ruth's parents' palatial home.

But things *didn't* go smoothly—because Ruth's mother put her foot down on the budding romance. Mrs. Miller didn't approve of musicians. With all the eyebrow-raising indignation with which well-bred mamas can scorn "theatrical people" she instructed her daughter that she didn't want that Johnny Hamp calling around any more. She wasn't being a bit mean about it—she's a darling person, really. She was simply anxious because her boarding-school *enfant* wanted to wrap her whole future around a snare drum and a couple of cymbals.

Ruth was despondent, as only seventeen can be despondent when a glorious, thrilling romance is pressed down by the stern thumb of parental disapproval. The fact that her Johnny was a college man didn't seem to impress mama at all. He'd gone to Tome, and Franklin-and-Marshall, and played football and got swell grades and distinguished himself in campus musical activities. He wasn't going to be a drummer all his life, either. Some day he was going to have an orchestra of his own. He'd be famous some day, too, Ruth argued earnestly. But mama remained unimpressed.

Things came to a head on the night before the *Kentucky Serenaders* were winding up their engagement at Atlantic City. Johnny had invited Ruth down for that last evening. He had everything planned. They'd walk to a romantic spot far up the beach, sit together on the sand under a tumbled-down jetty. The night sky would be powdered with yellow stars and the moon would be low and full. He would ask Ruth to marry him. A girl couldn't say "no" at a time like that.

At nine o'clock Ruth was three hours late. At ten o'clock Johnny frantically rang at her door in Philadelphia. The butler informed him crisply that Miss Miller was no longer at home to Mr. Hamp.

Mama had written *finis* to a drummer's love story.

It might really have been the end if Jean Harlow hadn't happened to run into Johnny two months later in Chicago. He poured out his unhappiness to her and again she understood. The reason, they figured, why Johnny had received no answers to his letters to Ruth was that her mail was being intercepted at home.

"So what'll I do, Jean?" Johnny asked her again.

"C'mon," she answered and walked him up the street and into the lobby of the Palmer House. Jean sat down and addressed a batch of empty hotel envelopes to Ruth.

Three days later Johnny had proposed and been accepted by special delivery.

It was eight months before they saw each other again, the two young lovers. They planned the Great Day for the fifth of July. Johnny moved to a cheap boarding-house and ate in hash joints and saved up four hundred dollars. Ruth wore her fur coat another season and made over her dinner dresses and secretly pocketed two hundred and fifty out of her clothes allowance.

And one summer morning Mrs. Miller found a note at the breakfast table instead of her only daughter. The note had been hastily scrawled and read:

I have gone to Chicago to marry Johnny Hamp, mother. Please don't worry.

R.

Worry! That was *Foolish Request No. 8,992.* In less than an hour mama had boarded a west-bound express and wired the Chicago police. That was how fast mama could work when she got really *worried!*

Johnny and Ruth, at last together with all their excitement and carefully lai

plans, had completely overlooked something very important. It takes three days to get a marriage license in the Windy City and they couldn't exactly afford any waiting around right then. So they hopped a train for Minneapolis, where a permit may be obtained in twenty-four hours. They made their application and jubilantly returned to their hotel for dinner, only to find a telegram from Johnny's closest pal in the band stating that mama had hit Chicago in a great big way and was practically due to descend on them in Minneapolis at any minute!

And then Ruth lost her nerve.

Disappointed and excited and scared-to-death she sat right there in the dining-room of the hotel and bawled, as droopy and jittery a little bride as ever changed her mind at the very last minute. Johnny was frantic. He had to do something heroic and do it quickly, or he'd lose the girl of his dreams forever.

He thought again of Jean Harlow, because she'd helped him in two other crises. Jean lately had been married to Chuck McGrew, a wealthy young playboy, and was living in Los Angeles. That gave him an idea.

"Ruth, honey, please don't cry that way," he begged, handing his best breast-pocket handkerchief across to the little ball of brown hair and tears on the other side of the table. "If you've decided you don't want to marry me, O. K. But I've already got five weeks' vacation for our honeymoon and we're going to be together those five weeks, you and I, whether you're Mrs. Hamp or not! We're going to go visit Jean and Chuck in California if you will—will you, Ruth?"

Ruth would. And a couple of hours later Johnny had an answering telegram from Jean. It read:

Welcome is on the doormat stop Besides I love weddings stop I speak to be matron of honor or I won't play stop Hurry you two crazies stop Love.

JEAN.

The plane couldn't get there fast enough for Johnny. As soon as it landed he left Ruth with Chuck, hurried Jean around behind the nearest hangar and told her the whole story.

When the chauffeur stopped at a pretty white bungalow outside Pasadena a little later, Ruth thought she was stepping into Jean's house. Instead she stepped right into the presence of a nice beaming Justice of Peace who was good at tying knots quickly. In a few minutes it was all over but the honeymoon.

The Hamps' wedding trip was to be a foursome instead of a *rendezvous à deux*. Jean and her husband were sailing that night for New York *via* the Canal; they insisted that the Hamps join them. Johnny and Ruth, fully expecting an onslaught of mama any minute, relished the idea of allowing her a 23-day cooling-off period while their steamer made its way to Manhattan.

So the Hamps and the McGrews sailed together, and Johnny and Ruth and Chuck and Jean never had more fun in their lives.

It was Jean's foresight and affection for the two on that trip that formed the real foundation for Johnny Hamp's Orchestra.

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Johnny was still nursing an ambition for a band of his own. It would take time and mighty hard work and it might mean privation and a tough life for a while for himself and his wife, but he was anxious to try it. Ruth, still a frightened runaway bride, persuaded him as only a new bride can persuade a husband, not to remain a musician. The closer she got to New York and possible disinheritance from her family, the harder she begged him to change his plans. He finally promised he'd take a job he'd been offered with a financial firm.

Jean made him take that promise back when she saw what his ambition meant to him. And many times she'd corner her ex-roommate and give her the same pep talk: "Don't be a sissy, Ruthie—your mother'll come around sooner or later. *Johnny's going to have his band and it's going to be a success!*"

After enough of that Jean landed her honeymooners in Manhattan, Johnny brimming with enthusiastic plans and Ruth with a super-starched upper lip.

Love's been lucky for the Hamps. They're the happiest folks you ever saw. They finally got their band together and even if it did have to play in the key of *C* for a whole year because it couldn't afford a music arranger, it played mighty well in the key of *C*. So well, in fact, that for five years straight now the orchestra has been booked into top spots only. Los Angeles' Cocoanut Grove, the Congress, the Drake, the Edgewater Beach and the Hangar Club in Chicago, London's famed Kit-Kat, Miami's Biltmore, and the very ultra-ultra Westchester Country Club at Rye, New York. To say nothing of more network wires than you can shake a stick at and all the important college proms throughout the United States.

You'd like this Hamp. He has green eyes and a long classic jaw and broad brown arms. There's something about him that reminds you of a big grown-up Boy Scout, which definitely sets him apart from *maestros* as such. He's handsome and home-townish and just enough the Pennsylvania Dutchman he is to insist he's a better business man than he is a musician, and that he owes the two greatest things in his life—Ruth and the band—to Jean Harlow's initiative as much as to his own.

Every Christmas the Hamps spend the holidays with Jean in Hollywood, or she comes to visit them. They give each other silly five-and-ten presents with funny notes tied to them, they eat spaghetti and go roller coasting together; they sit for hours and talk over old times. One of Ruth's most prized possessions is a Russian Crown Jewel bracelet, given her by the late Paul Bern. Jean has its twin.

In winding up, it's impossible to omit the fact that Jean was right when she predicted that mama would come around sooner or later. It was *later*. Mama got as far in pursuit as Los Angeles and then took to her smelling salts at Palm Springs for a month. But when she finally did come around she did it right. Johnny became and has remained the apple of her lorgnetted eye ever since.

For which—many thanks to mama. Nothing ever guarantees the success of any romance like a little family thunder.

Mr. and Mrs. Kelvin Keech. He is one of NBC's best announcers.

Nothing But The Truth

(*Continued from page 17*)

suffered let down several times. I have used every artifice I ever learned to work over situations of this kind but many times they get the better of me. Whenever I have to act in a script that is poor, the most awful feeling of self-consciousness comes over me. Sometimes I feel so humiliated that I could just fly away from the studio!"

Elsie Hitz: "Yes."

Frances Langford: "I always have to be in the mood to do my best."

Donna Damerel: "I try always to give a good performance—it has been hard several times—but I never let *moods* affect me."

Major Bowes: "No."

Ozzie Nelson: "I refuse to be drawn into calling my endeavors 'art' . . . but mood and health certainly make things more difficult at times."

Eddie Cantor: "Naturally my work suffers if I am in poor health and so I try to avoid working at such times. But we Cantors don't have moods where performances are concerned."

Odette Myrtil: "I have been too long on the stage to let anything like that bother me."

Harriet Hilliard: "Health, yes—moods, no. Singing is largely physical, I believe. (Watch me start a war with that statement!)"

Deems Taylor: "(A) I would hardly call what I do an art. (B) Every week, the sponsor says."

Ed McConnell: "No, because my physical condition has nothing whatever to do with my attitude toward my public."

Benay Venuta: "You can't be inspired every time you sing—naturally your work suffers when you're in a low mood or physically ill."

Glen Gray: "Of course; no one can perform as well when he doesn't feel quite right."

Dale Carnegie: "Mood? Nonsense."

Julia Sanderson: "People tell me that, regardless of my feelings, my performances never let down."

Bing Crosby: "Naturally."

Parkyakarkus: "My 'art' only suffers by the quality of my material, if bad. The work is not hard if the jokes are funny."

Ray Perkins: "Rarely; I'm healthy as a pup and save my moods for between broadcasts."

Bob Crosby: "Very much so . . . as any entertainer must be inspired for a good performance."

David Ross: "A performance can easily be marred by poor health or broken spirits. I have felt the effects of both."

Deane Janis: "Health, yes. Moods? When the show is on, it's on with me."

Lennie Hayton: "No. I believe I'm still enthusiastic enough about my work to overcome any such feelings."

Helen Marshall: "I believe any person in any creative field is subject to moods . . . and health plays a very important

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The Wrong Shade of Face Powder Will Make You Look Years Older Than You Really Are!

BY *Lady Esther*

Are you using the right shade of face powder for *you?*

That sounds like a rather needless question, doesn't it? For there is nothing a woman selects more confidently than her color of face powder. Yet, it is an actual fact, as artists and make-up experts will tell you, that many women use altogether the wrong shade of face powder.

The shade they so fondly believe makes them look their youngest and most attractive does just the opposite and makes them look years older than they really are!

Brunettes think that because they are brunettes they should use a dark shade. Blondes think they should use a light shade. Titians think they should use something else.

Choose by Trying

The fact is, you shouldn't choose a face powder shade according to your "type" or coloring, but according to which one is the *most becoming* for you. After all, a brunette may have a very fair skin while a blonde may have a dark or olive skin or any shade between. The only way to tell, therefore, is to try all five shades which, experts agree, accommodate all colorings.

So fundamentally sound is this principle that I want you to prove it to yourself at my expense. I will therefore send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

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rôle, especially in the performance of a singer."

Helen Jepson: "If one is not rested, nothing can be done well. Rest is the secret of good work."

Jimmy Durante: "I try not to let either affect me, but you can't fight 'nature!'"

Paul Pearson: "The people around me would notice it—not I."

Igor Gorin: "I always like to sing."

Virginia Verrill: "I do not think so. At least, the minute I get in front of a mike, I feel grand and most people do not know, over the air, when I have a cold. Fortunately, by having my numbers transposed two tones lower, I can sing above a cold."

Josephine Gibson: "Yes—I believe a person absolutely must be rested and happy to broadcast successfully. The voice immediately shows fatigue."

Phil Duey: "I'm sure it does, consciously or unconsciously."

Bernice Claire: "Not very often—but of course it is kind of hard to do one's best singing when one has a 'gold id da dose.'"

Kate Smith: "My spirits usually are gay and, as a result, my songs carry that feeling over the mike. Of course, I have requests from ailing and unfortunate people whose troubles do affect me."

Parks Johnson: "As to moods . . . yes. However, on our particular program the crowds around our microphone offer a never-failing tonic. That twenty to thirty minutes of chatting with a good-natured crowd before each Vox Pop broadcast not only is extremely interesting but it is most helpful. As to health . . . fortunately I've had no worries along that line."

Francis X. Bushman: "I don't allow it. As far as the above is concerned, strange as it may seem, one more often gives one's very best performances when not feeling so well."

Dick Powell: "No."

Do You Find That You Perform as Well in the Informal Surroundings of the rehearsal as in the More Intense Atmosphere of the Actual Broadcast?

Dick Powell: "Yes . . . Although I do feel more at home with an audience."

Lud Gluskin: "It makes no difference to me."

Francis X. Bushman: "I always turn on the real works in the actual broadcast. Some directors demand so much in rehearsals that the actor is left flat and spiritless when he finally gets to the real thing."

Parks Johnson: "In our Vox Pop program there is no rehearsal. It's all informal and without tenseness anywhere. We're fortunate that our particular radio program is just about as nearly natural, informal and 'human' as a program could be. It is 'of, by and for' the people, and rehearsals would take away 90% of the snap."

Kate Smith: "Ted and I try to keep our broadcasts as informal as possible. There really is very little difference between rehearsal and the actual broadcast, other than the timing."

James Melton: "Better."

Bernice Claire: "An actual performance is always better, in my estimation, for there is an electric something about a performance that makes you give with more inspiration."

Phil Duey: "Lack of ease during an actual broadcast is more than counterbalanced by increased concentration and effort."

Virginia Verrill: "No, and not only that, but I feel that I always perform better in front of an audience."

Jimmy Durante: "No, I don't get serious till the broadcast starts."

Conrad Thibault: "Just about the same . . . although I must say I wish for more informality at broadcasts."

Helen Marshall: "No. At the broadcast you are under fire and *must* do your best."

Lennie Hayton: "No. I always try to conserve not only my own energy, but that of my orchestra for the actual broadcast."

Deane Janis: "I go through rehearsals just as carefully as through a show."

David Ross: "While I prefer the informal surrounding of the rehearsal, I believe the tense atmosphere of the actual broadcast induces just the proper nervous excitation to call forth a more spirited performance."

Bob Crosby: "I am more relaxed at a rehearsal, but find that being nervous is conducive to giving an inspired program."

Ray Perkins: "No, indeed. I never can perform well at rehearsals."

Nick Dawson: "Always much better in the actual broadcast—in fact I always make it a rule to save something during rehearsals."

Parkyakarkus: "No . . . an audience does key one up to a very high pitch that doesn't prevail at a rehearsal."

Bing Crosby: "I work a little harder in the broadcast."

Julia Sanderson: "A rehearsal is an attempt to perfect a performance—and so the two are treated alike by me."

Benay Venuta: "Better in the 'intense atmosphere'—*much, much* better."

Ed McConnell: "No. It is impossible to forget your surrounding in a rehearsal, a thing I invariably do once my broadcast begins."

Deems Taylor: "I do not. I'm bad at rehearsals, and I'm not so hot in the presence of a studio audience, either. I like to talk to people on the air, but I loathe being overheard."

Harriet Hilliard: "I'm what is known as a *bad rehearser.*"

Peter Van Steeden: "I think I perform better during the actual broadcast, as I feel that so much more is at stake."

Eddie Cantor: "I think I do; at least I make every effort to give as good a show at rehearsal as at the actual broadcast, for I believe enthusiasm can have a stimulating effect on the surrounding players. In this manner we manage to give a good rehearsal performance, and have enough left to give an even better actual broadcast."

Ozzie Nelson: "We always clown through the rehearsals."

Major Bowes: "Just as well in the rehearsal."

Donna Damerel: "We rehearse for timing more than for anything else . . . never with much feeling."

Frances Langford: "I perform much better on the actual broadcast."

Patti Pickens: "In rehearsal we go over and over our songs until they become mechanical, while on the broadcast, after a rest, we feel fresh and the songs sound better."

June Meredith: "Try as I will I just can't feel at rehearsals that certain something that comes over me when the mike 'is open.' I do know that when I give a rehearsal that satisfies the director, my performance on the air never satisfies me. It seems as though the show already has been given . . . an old superstition from the theatre, I guess."

Don Mario: "Rehearsals usually are like a 'once over' in a barber's chair. The broadcast itself is the real shave. The realization that 'you are on' makes you more careful and observant of the little things that are forgiven at rehearsals."

Ted Husing: "I hit such consistency anywhere; it's amazing. Or isn't it?"

Harry von Zell: "I think it is better not to put everything into a rehearsal. It is best to reach up on the air show."

Freddie Rich: "Immaterial."

Al Pearce: "My gang doesn't go in much for rehearsals—we don't know what a dress rehearsal is."

John Barclay: "Always better in the broadcast. In rehearsal your mind is figuring out a dozen things to improve the work—your thoughts are scattered."

Myrtle Vail: "I seldom *act* during rehearsals."

Lucy Monroe: "I am usually better on the air—that extra something you have to give you know."

Dorothy Lamour: "No, because I save all my feeling for the actual broadcast."

Olga Albani: "It really doesn't make much difference: I love to rehearse and when actually broadcasting, am perfectly oblivious of everything but my work."

Ted Malone: "*Between the Bookends* never has undergone the agonies of a rehearsal. It would destroy its atmosphere of spontaneity."

Fritzi Scheff: "I prefer the actual broadcast—I thrill at the silence before going on the air."

Jerry Belcher: "We have no rehearsals. I seriously doubt my ability to do a show that requires intense rehearsal periods. The atmosphere of the show itself simply lifts me out of myself, and I can do my best under the pressure of the moment."

Anne Jamison: "In the main, I would say that I feel much the same whether singing informally or before a vast audience . . . just so long as I sing."

Betty Lou Gerson: "Instinctively one picks up and gives a *live* performance when on the air. There is a tense nervousness which goes to energize one's work while actually broadcasting."

Is the Fear of Making Some Sort of Error During Your Broadcast Constantly With You or Do You Always Manage to Exude Confidence?

Glen Gray: "No. The only time we feel that way is on the first program of the season. We're all relaxed now, though. After six years together, we should feel at home on a bandstand."

Dale Carnegie: "Making an error occasionally makes the broadcast more human in my estimation. Doesn't bother me."

Julia Sanderson: "I am always frightened to death for fear of making mistakes."

Bing Crosby: "Never think of it . . . just do the best I can and hope."

Parkyakarkus: "I have never been troubled with the fear of making an error —since I know my part thoroughly before going on the air."

Nick Dawson: "I don't know what I exude and I sometimes make mistakes, but never worry about them before or after. I guess, perhaps, I'm too stupid to be nervous."

Ray Perkins: "Never worry about errors. When I make them I manage to cover up."

Bob Crosby: "The fear is there, though not dominant and is sometimes lost in the excitement."

Abe Lyman: "I have no fear of errors because half the people won't notice one."

David Ross: "If I exude confidence on the air, it is because I have struggled desperately these many years to conquer my fears. I still get flustered and nervous on occasion."

Deane Janis: "I try to be natural and not think of making mistakes; therefore I'm generally calm and collected; but there are times when I'm terribly high-strung and nervous."

Lennie Hayton: "Errors come and go. I do not forget them and I try to avoid them. But it doesn't affect my confidence in my work."

Ed McConnell: "I never have feared making an error, though I have made many. However, it never would be possible for me to make an error involving profanity, morals, and so on, due to the fact that I visualize the type of people to whom I sing."

Melt

"POWDER CATCHERS"

Miss Geraldine Spreckels
of California: "My skin is constantly exposed to wind and sun. But Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths it in a second!"

See skin smooth— in one application

SKIN smooth—or all flaky? Each flake catching your powder! Each roughness standing out . . . clinging no matter what you do!

Yet it's simple to *melt off* those "powder catchers." They're just dead cells. The top of your skin that's old, dried-out . . . Melt them away with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream)!

A prominent dermatologist says: "When a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream) is applied, old dried-out cells on surface skin melt away. This brings into view the new supple cells beneath. The skin is immediately smoother—texture finer, coloring improved."

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Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

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Helen Marshall: "There is always a little 'stage fright' before I begin, but the minute I start it vanishes."

Conrad Thibault: "Never let fear come in—although sometimes last minute changes in the program allow the rascal to sneak up on me."

Helen Jepson: "The fear is always with me. It is strange that radio always is nerve wracking for me—a whole opera is easier than one broadcast."

Jimmy Durante: "I always hope for the best and try not to worry about errors."

Jose Manzanares: "When appearing in public I feel always confident. But there is fear of making an error when broadcasting."

Paul Pearson: "An inward feeling sometimes—but never outward—as it tends to make the rest of the performers uneasy."

Igor Gorin: "I always have confidence."

Andre Kostelanetz: "No fears."

Virginia Verrill: "I memorize my numbers, use no music, and hence have no reason to fear."

Josephine Gibson: "I always am fearful of error—that is why broadcasting is difficult . . . a slight error seems so terrible to oneself."

Bernice Claire: "I try to be very careful, of course—but I don't *fear* making an error, as I am generally too busy watching notes, words—and Abe Lyman—to think of fear!"

James Melton: "I have confidence in myself."

Kate Smith: "No. If an error is made, you just have to make the best of it. However, I try to know my songs before I sing them."

Parks Johnson: "Never fear, because I'm doing what I love to do and enjoying it thoroughly. The nature of our Vox Pop program is such that a listener never is certain whether an error, when made, is not deliberate . . . it's grand to have that protection."

Francis X. Bushman: "If the script is badly written, words in juxtaposition difficult to articulate, then, yes, I have the fear of stumbling. I never think of it when playing a dramatic part, but frequently on my daily *Movie Personalities* program I have felt the fear. However, rarely does anything happen to justify it."

Dick Powell: "No fear at all."

Frank Crumit: "No trouper ever is so sure of himself that the fear of making an error isn't always present."

Jane Froman: "I do not think I exude confidence; however, I am at no time in fear of making any sort of error."

Milton J. Cross: "Normally 'exude confidence,' but there always is a lurking fear of the 'tongue twister'."

Betty Lou Gerson: "In the first few months of broadcasting I was conscious of a fear of fluffing a line. I never am now—though, when I occasionally make an error, it has a tendency to make me a little nervous."

Margaret Speaks: "I try to 'exude confidence'—I hope I succeed."

Anne Jamison: "To face a mike with fear would indeed be fatal for me. So I forget it."

Jerry Belcher: "We are very careful to avoid error . . . an error would be a very easy matter on the Vox Pop program . . . this is a matter of experience and that Parks and I have worked out together. Personally, I have no fear of anything that may arise in the course of our show."

Fritzi Scheff: "I do not fear while I broadcast, but I shiver a little in anticipation, just before going on."

Olga Albani: "Only when I know that I am not up to par, have I any fear during a broadcast. And during recent years I have learned to feel confident, even when not in extra prime condition—having learned that there are many things besides a brilliant voice that make for a good broadcast."

Lucy Monroe: "Am always nervous, but don't think I show it—at least they say not!"

Myrtle Vail: "I always try to laugh off a blunder, but never to rectify one."

John Barclay: "The fear of making an error is a form of self-consciousness, a lack of concentration on the part or song you are trying to perform. How can you think how you are feeling yourself, if you are trying to be someone else. There's no time."

Ted Hammerstein: "After years of practice and attempt I have, I think, finally got to the point where I can broadcast without any particular fear or loss of confidence."

Al Pearce: "Both."

Andy Sannella: "Well, I sort of get set, as a runner at a track meet does just before the gun goes off . . . but after that I'm perfectly at ease."

Freddie Rich: "This is an embarrassing question."

Harry von Zell: "I never am perfectly at ease before the mike. I don't think it's fear of a mistake, but rather a natural tension resulting from the realization of responsibility."

Richard Himber: "It's always with me—but I never let it show!"

Ted Husing: "The latter."

Nicla Goodelle: "My fans tell me that I exude confidence, but I really do have a horror of making mistakes."

Don Mario: "If I am sure of what I'm doing I have no fear. It is only when I haven't been properly rehearsed that I'm uncertain and a bit of fear creeps into my work."

Patti Pickens: "We usually know our songs so well that I never worry about making an error. Whether I 'exude confidence' or not, I certainly feel it."

Frances Langford: "I have strict confidence in myself until the broadcast is over and then I get nervous about what I might have done wrong."

Ozzie Nelson: "Fear bothered me the first couple of years but now broadcasting's a lot of fun and I never think of mistakes unless I am not properly prepared."

Eddie Cantor: "I decided that if I couldn't read large type correctly from a sheet of paper, I ought to go back to being a singing waiter at Coney Island. So far (*knock wood*), I haven't had to consult a Coney Island time-table."

Odette Myrtil: "Ask those who listen in."

Harriet Hilliard: "Fear? Yes—and if you had cases of 'twisted tongue' as I do—you wouldn't be so confident yourself! I can say the most *awful* things—by mistake, of course."

Deems Taylor: "I wouldn't say that I 'exude' it, because I *keep* it."

Please Stay Out of my Life

(*Continued from page 50*)

myself. If you would like to see my sister at some other time . . ."

Or perhaps you're a casual friend or visiting celebrity. You're asked to dinner in the sumptuous peach-and-prune-colored dining-room that is Carmela's own. Rosa doesn't sit at table. Naturally you inquire about her. "Rosa had a previous engagement for this evening," you're told, "she was terribly sorry not to be able to join us." And that's that.

It goes on. The closer you scan the lives of these sister stars the more unrelated you find they live. Separate servants, separate telephones, separate dressmakers and managers and publicity representatives and even hairdressers. Never are the two seen in each other's company; they move in entirely different circles of friends. Their tastes are as opposites, their habits, their ambitions. It does seem strange!

So, inevitably, the myth has sprung up—particularly among those who are acquainted with the early years of the sisters Ponselle, the years of struggle and hunger when the two fought side by side for each other because there was no one else to help them but themselves—the myth has sprung up that since the Ponselles have become international figures, they're deadly jealous of each other, bitterly eaten with envy by every ounce of added fame or progress that comes to the other. That explains their odd behavior.

It's a perfectly logical conclusion for people to make but at the same time it's so perfectly a *wrong* conclusion that it's almost funny—from the inside. Because the Ponselle sisters, in their really *private* lives, happen to be utterly, completely, inseparably devoted to each other!

For that very reason they have agreed between themselves to stay out entirely of each other's professional and semi-professional existences. Each is forced to do so to insure the survival of the other.

Carmela put the spotlight on the whole situation for me. The way they work it is as clever a piece of feminine strategy as any two sisters could cook up between them. But then she and Rosa have had to be strategic so many times in their lives, just to secure their next meal or a warm

Stella, of *Stella and the Fellas*, heard with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians.

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Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough digestion-strengthening Vitamin B and blood-enriching iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of body-building Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new triple-acting Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty, new health comes—you're a new person.

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No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new 3-way Ironized Yeast tablets should build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

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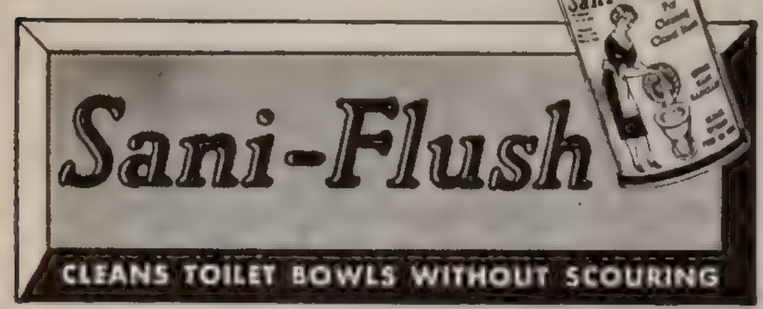

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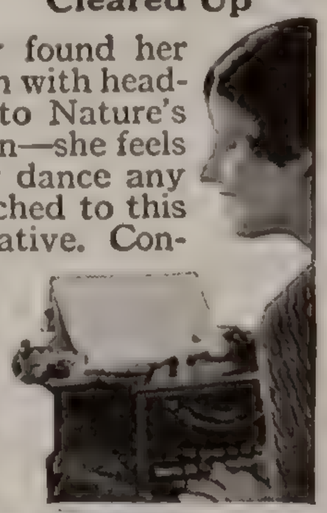

THE end of every day found her tired out, nervous, often with headaches. But now, thanks to Nature's Remedy, work is fun again—she feels like going to a movie or dance any night. Millions have switched to this natural all-vegetable laxative. Contains no mineral or phenol derivatives. Instead a balanced combination of laxative elements, provided by nature, that work naturally, pleasantly. Try an NR tonight. When you see how much better you feel you'll know why a vegetable corrective is best. Only 25c at all druggists.

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winter coat, that cleverness comes as natural to them as their clear high *C's*.

To get the story we'll have to go back. It's Carmela's story, this. She's the singing star of the Friday night *Broadway Varieties* program—slender, dark, a fashion-plate prima donna from the tip of her saucy little bonnet to the toes of her bizarre French shoes.

Twenty-five years ago, on a warm spring midnight, she silently slipped into her best white cotton shirtwaist and serge skirt, braided her thick black hair up under a stiff-brimmed straw, tiptoed down the back stairs to leave an envelope under the kitchen lamp, then walked four miles through the woods to the railroad station. She was doing what country girls with dreams have done ever since a street called Broadway became the hub of show business. She was running away to New York to go on the stage.

Papa and Mama Ponzillo, much as they loved music, had strongly objected to all her talk of a career. The respectable hard-farming Italians around Meriden, Connecticut, looked with some scorn on professional girl singers. Carmela hadn't wanted to grieve her folks by slipping away while they slept—they were such a happy family even if they were desperately poor, Papa, Mama, little Rosa and Tony—but she couldn't make them understand how desperately she simply *had* to go. A taste of amateur theatricals in Meriden, singing solos and duets with Rosa for banquets and church entertainments, had given her a yearning her sixteen-year-old heart could hardly contain. And even Papa himself always said you didn't live this life but once. If you wanted something terribly badly, you found a way to get it.

So Carmela sat up all night in the cindery day-coach and wept. She didn't know a soul in New York but she was going there anyway.

First off she landed a job on Broadway, caged in the cashier's booth of the old Lorber Restaurant just across the street from the Metropolitan Opera House, making change and selling tobacco for the nifty salary of fourteen dollars a week. With her very first pay envelope she financed what seemed to her the most glamorous, eventful evening she ever had spent. She bought a gallery seat to hear the great Caruso sing. Unable to sleep afterwards from the thrill of it, she sat up for hours writing her first long letter to the folks back home. *"Believe me—some day I'll sing at the Metropolitan too."* Then, *"P. S. Papa, it wouldn't be so lonely for me if you'd let Rosa come."*

Rosa didn't come for a year. The stage-bug hadn't bitten her quite ferociously enough to give her the impetus of a runaway from home. But in the meantime Carmela was forging ahead with the restaurant work on weekdays and a choir job for Sundays. After a while she wangled a position for her little sister at the same church and Rosa joined her in New York. In mortar boards and vestments the Ponselles embarked together on their musical careers.

"Sometimes I look back now," Carmela told me, "and I can hardly believe some of the things I lived through. Hunger. Hunger's a horrible thing. Weeks and weeks without work. And failure, and being snubbed, and loneliness. And some of the jobs we had . . .!!"

Two-bit vaudeville first. A *tour* in two-bit vaudeville, no less. One-night stands. Dirty dressing-rooms. Second-hand costumes. "Actors" boarding houses. Can you imagine the Carmela Ponselle of today wearing a tawdry spangled gown, dancing out behind the footlights of every jerkwater train-stop between Manhattan and the Mississippi, performing often to the tobacco-juiced jeers of yokels who didn't like their music "highbrow?" She did—years of it. She sang. Rosa played. That was their "act".

The Yale boys decided they were good. The Yale boys used to crowd Malone's café in New Haven night after night and applaud the cabaret that featured the Ponselles. At the close of a long engagement they were signed for another tour but this time it was big-time. They returned to New York via the famous stage of the Palace Theatre. And the stage of the Palace in those days meant one thing to every struggling vaudevillian in the United States. When you got there you'd got to the top!

The top? Not for Carmela. Vaudeville never had been anything more to her than a means to an end—vaudeville was money and contacts and opportunities. She studied voice under the best teachers she could afford, she studied French and German, she studied piano. And finally she left the five-a-days to triumphantly tour this country and abroad in concert.

Fifteen years later—almost to the day—from her initiation into the cashier's cage at Lorber's she débuted sensationally in "Aida" at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Carmela Ponselle had got to the top.

Since then her career has taken her on to the most celebrated stages in the world, has lured her once weekly to a microphone that sends her full glorious voice to every corner of a continent. This would be a different story if that were that alone—*but the same thing has happened to Rosa, too!* The fulfillment of their ambitions, as you know, has been almost identical.

And instead of its being a happy ending for them both—well it's really sort of terrible.

There they are—Carmela and Rosa Ponselle. Both are international figures in the same fields, opera, concert, radio. They have the same background, they have the same last name, their voices are by no means dissimilar, they even look alike.

"It's almost," as Carmela told me, "it's almost as bad as being twins!"

Because it just won't work.

It won't work in a world that wants its celebrities to be one-of-a-kind models. No duplicates, thank you. You know yourself how true that is. The actress who looks too much like Joan Crawford, the singer who sings exactly like Kate Smith, the orchestra that copies Guy Lombardo's—they're licked before they start. They're constantly *compared* and it keeps them from making the grade. They're imitators. They're second editions. They "aren't as good as." The public demands fresh individuality of its heroes and heroines.

The Ponselle sisters realized that years ago. They realized what they were going to be up against just by the very fact that they were sisters. For both of them to survive in identical careers it would be absolutely essential that they be distinct sep-

arate personalities no matter what the cost. Else one would inevitably succeed at the expense of the other—and they were determined not to let that happen. They'd been through too much together, they knew what perfect happiness each had found in singing, they loved each other too much.

It hadn't mattered in the old days when they were unknowns. But as soon as they landed in the spotlight of fame . . . it began. From the big scale of the public to the small scale of their friends people started to compare, to liken, to make choices between them. It couldn't go on. It meant the sure tragedy of one, perhaps both of them.

So they made a pact and determined to stick to it: each, to the best of her ability, would stay out of the other's professional life.

But that's just half of the secret behind the Ponselles' strange way of living.

Carmela Ponselle is difinitely *Carmela* Ponselle, and so far as she is outwardly concerned Rosa is simply another prima donna who happens to share her penthouse. Carmela entertains independent of any obligation to her sister, works, lives and plays entirely as a separate unit. She won't allow a friend to entertain for her and her sister at the same time, she won't accept an invitation that includes both of them. Down to the smallest detail she does everything to keep herself *herself* and to keep from infringing on any of Rosa's territory. Rosa upholds her end of the bargain as strenuously, too.

"Well then—why do they even live together?" people ask.

That's the other half of the secret. Carmela and Rosa Ponselle are so completely devoted they'll never live any other way as long as they can successfully manage it. They're best friends, worst critics and inseparable pals. They don't enjoy a bit having to go to the extremes they do but it just seems to be necessary.

All of their real companionship—and they have lots of fun together—they have to have on the sly. At home alone or among their family and very intimate mutual friends. When there are no house guests they always breakfast together on their terrace overlooking the Hudson, a lovely huge terrace brimming with begonias and nasturtiums of Carmela's culture, gay with the pulsing slap of a fountain at each end. Every morning when the weather's wintry they take their walk together up the Drive—bundled in a mink coat nobody can tell whether you're a Ponselle or the lady next door. Sometimes brother Tony comes to visit and the three of them steam up a pot of ravioli, sit around the kitchen table together and talk till dawn. When one broadcasts the other is invariably tuned in; when one sings at the Metropolitan the other is invariably in the audience. Then before bed there's plenty of frank sisterly criticism exchanged.

There's another very mutual interest that they have at home too, and it deserves mention because it gives a valuable sidelight on the characters of the two. That interest is a dear little old lady named Miss Annie Ryan, who has lived with them for fifteen years. It was she, the Meriden organist, who took the little Ponzillo girls under her wing when they were too poor to pay for singing lessons, taught them their *do-re-mis* gratis, encouraged them in seeking careers and loaned them the use of her piano. They have never forgotten. They keep her with them in luxury; each has established an annuity for her so that she can never want for anything.

Carmela is as delightfully down-to-earth a prima donna as could ever be listed among the singing great. She can take an old felt crown and a remnant of Persian lamb and turn out in one morning a hat you'd vow had graced a Paris opening. She designs every single one of her evening gowns, cuts them, has a dressmaker sew them up while she stands by and gives directions ("I can make designs in my head but to save my soul I can't get them down on paper") and consequently she's considered one of the most uniquely best-dressed women in radio.

Her interests outside her work are so multitudinous they amaze you. Three times a week she lectures to working girls in New York settlement houses on health, beauty and etiquette. ("I owe a debt to the middle class. It is they who have given me everything I have.") Summers she farms, builds and does every scrap of housework at her shack near picturesque Old Orchard Beach in Maine. She's an insatiable movie and playgoer and is an intimate friendly critic to many of the outstanding names in the theatre. She answers all her own fan mail, plans her own menus, is finishing up an autobiography of her life and exercises two hours a day to boot.

In this most driving and competitive world that's no small extra-curricular program for a prima donna.

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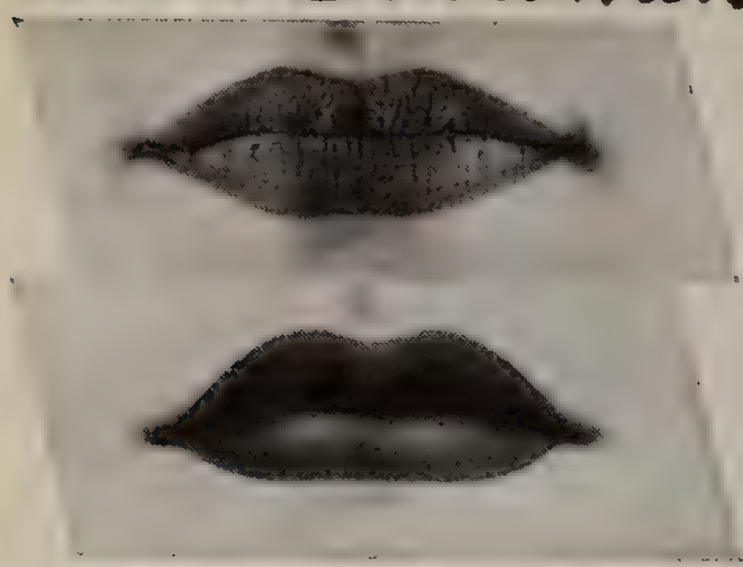

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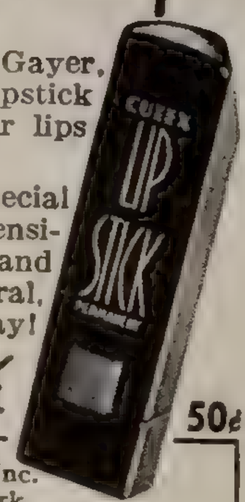

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No Wonder He's Tops!

(*Continued from page 47*)

in apple-pie order. We see Rosemary and Priscilla Lane practising a song in a private studio, rout out soloists rehearsing alone in padded cells, take a peep into a large studio where Stella and The Fellas try out a bit of harmony, and presently we wind up in Studio No. 2, near the entrance of which are the wardrobes for the band uniforms and instrument closets. We find the Pennsylvanians going over and over a piece under the direction of the assistant-conductor.

"Nothing really counts until Fred takes them on," whispers Ronnie.

Fred simply stands there a few minutes as though he were the stranger, just looking around. At length he takes his place before the conductor's stand. "Terrible!" he remarks, sorting over and turning to a piece of music. Then he tells the boys in no uncertain terms that they have it coming to them. *Have they gone sour? Do they think they are so good they can't be any better than* that! *What's the idea of this amateur performance anyway?*

Then Fred Waring goes ahead with the job in a way that can only be compared with painting a picture. Before, it had been just a pleasant landscape, so to speak. Fred creates his own interpretation. Like all his compositions, it is vocal in parts. With the voices over to the right he makes a soft blur of color and with the clarinets draws a wispy haze of lines round it; with the saxophones he shades in a foreground for the whole ensemble to rise and softly brush in their varying tints of a to-be-remembered sunset effect fading out with something sweet and sad followed by a lilting comic streak from the trombone muted, giving a final chromatic touch with the voices of the girl trio in chrome shades of treble. A slight pause, then with both hands upraised he brings the whole orchestra to their feet, dotting in sky notes by pointing his fingers at solo singing members, like twinkling stars, bringing them falling downward in a pyrotechnical shower of a finale, by the mere slow descent of his outspread hands, each finger quivering as though in ecstasy.

The picture was finished. Fred framed it with a golden smile that was reflected like a ray of sunlight over the faces of his musical family, where a cloud the size of a boss-conductor's hand had hung before. They were all mopping their brows and buzzing happily.

Nearly an hour later we were seated in Fred's private office, very ornate with modernistic furniture.

"Oh, the furniture?" he remarked. "Not exactly my idea—but I let them go ahead with it."

Then as though talking half to the pile of photographs to be autographed and fingering over the mountain of fan letters, he observed, "After all, the best music is —just music, cold composition on paper. Different people do altogether different things with the same piece. I have my own ideas about expression. I suppose that's really the whole thing."

He paused a moment thoughtfully.

"Our method of rendering a piece of music is wholly interpretative. Perhaps one might compare the way in which I try to blend our voices, with pastel shades as opposed to primary colors. Pastels have soft tones that lend themselves more readily to blending groups, while primary colors are harsher and have sharp edges that cut a picture into individual parts. My way is purely interpretative, as I said—the way I *feel*.

"Accomplished singers? I wouldn't take one on a bet. I'd much rather they didn't know too much about singing, otherwise this blend I talk about would be impossible, because they have their own ideas of the composition before they start and want to do it alone. We have our own technique.

"I work harder on the vocal than on the instrumental. Or, perhaps I should say, I consider every voice as an instrument as well. I can rely on instruments always producing the same note; voices are more treacherous. Being a glee club as well as an orchestra, throws a certain responsibility on my shoulders. Our work has always got to be good for many laughs."

(Visitors behind the Waring scenes soon become conscious of a phrase: *"Has it got a laugh in it?"*)

"You will notice that most of our boys are young. We try to get them young—before their ideas are too grown-up. We can watch them grow in personality, trait and character and we encourage them. In that way we have built up a family group. Sometimes—like today—I beat hell out of the boys when they need it. They expect it, and they know I don't mean a word of it.

"Ours was one of the first bands to broadcast, away back in 1921. I learned that audiences on the air—I mean the millions, not the thousands—prefer music they don't have to study. Music easy to listen to—like Wayne King's for instance. When it comes to vocal numbers they like ensembles and silly numbers.

"For the past three years, we have been broadcasting before big audiences in person. There used to be criticism about that. As though the performers played only to and for the visible audience and neglected the air. Personally, I think visible audiences have done a great deal for radio. They are stimulating and inspirational and make shows seem more like the real thing.

"We work hard, but we always have fun while giving a show, and we try to let our audiences in on our fun. For this purpose, a laugh is a very valuable thing. Snickers don't mean enough, we are out for hearty belly laughs. There is all the difference between being mildly amusing and downright funny. We are expected to be funny and most of our fun is impromptu and we just can't help laughing ourselves sometimes. We pass it on the air by means of comedy sound effects and intonation that don't have to be seen to be appreciated.

"Me? Well, that story's soon told. Age, 34. Married. One girl child, 14 months old. I don't really dance or sing. Never even got through college. I couldn't seem

to get anywhere in those days. Then I got wise to myself, that I could only accomplish things when somebody dared me to do it or told me I couldn't do it. When they had two strikes on me! They put me out of the college glee club. They said I wouldn't make good in radio.

"Well, anyway, that sort of first-failure has run all through my experience. It has given me a lot of bitterness, but there has been compensation.

"We started out as the Waring-McClintock Snap Orchestra. Some of those original boys are still with us, after fifteen years. They were all Pennsylvanians once, but now half the States in the Union are represented and five foreign countries."

Another pow-wow on *Fred's Luncheon* followed, about which we had been hearing all morning. We were invited to attend. There was an air, of promise, of great importance, surrounding Fred's Luncheon. We expected great things, as, with Ronnie Ames, Fred Waring we set out in the direction of the Hotel Astor, fancying luncheon would be in one of the lovely private dining-rooms of that caravansary.

As we sauntered along, we kept thinking that Fred Waring did not belong to the usual Broadway sector of flashily-dressed smart alecks of *vawdveel,* on the air, or on the hoof, who strutted up and down the Rialto and Tin Pan Alley with exaggerated ideas of their earning powers and own importance. Fred was still a modest Pennsylvanian who didn't seem to give a darn about all that blah, walking along unostentatiously with his unstylish blue ulster covered with white hairs, as though he had been playing with the hound dog before leaving home. His pearl gray hat with black band at a safe and sane angle, a last year's style muffler, a solid pattern blue suit that was noiseless, common sense shoes such as the Justices of the Supreme Court probably wear, soft white self-collared oxford shirt and a dark tie with noiseless stripes in it.

And then suddenly, we ducked into *Horn & Hardart's Automat Restaurant!*

What was the big idea? Well, it seems, that it was Fred's brilliant idea, conceived about a year ago. Music publishers from Tin Pan Alley just around the corner used to bother him to death peddling their wares every day of the week. Why not form a *Club* and have them all meet him there, say, every Wednesday? It had the coveted laugh in it. From the first, it was

Kate Smith greets James Farrell, baritone, after the broadcast of his program, heard over WABC, on his first anniversary on the air.

What makes a girl "Click"?

JOAN is pretty. She is smart. And she is asked everywhere.

Barbara looks at Joan with secret envy. For Barbara, too, is pretty. And she is smart. But evening after evening, she is left at home alone.

Why? What makes one girl "click" socially and another fail, when both are equally good-looking?

The truth is, Barbara could be just as popular as Joan if it were not that she is careless—careless about something no girl can afford to overlook.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how pretty she may be.

There's really no excuse for it these days when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Use it any time—*after* dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Use it daily, and no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Just put a few drops of Freezone on that aching corn tonight and you'll make the wonderful discovery many thousands have made. Pain stops like a flash. And soon the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. You'll agree that it's the quickest, easiest way to stop pain and get rid of hard and soft corns, even corns between the toes. Any druggist will sell you a bottle of wonderful Freezone for a few cents. Try it.

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No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Will not wash or rub off on clothing . . . Hair stays soft, lustrous —takes wave or curl. This way SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.

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a laughing success. The last man to arrive, was handed the checks of all the members to pay. That turned it into a marathon, Fred said, everybody trying to get there before the bell.

We arrived early and watched the forty-odd members come rushing in. Fred himself collected the checks and presented them to the winner. And was there a big laugh! The manager reserved all the tables in the front of the restaurant. It turned out to be a regular *Believe-it-or-not Ripley Feature.* Nearly fifty of Tin Pan Alley's most famous song publishers and writers, radio artists, hoofers, singers and guest artists. A great audience was attracted, looking on as they dallied over their hot dishes, home-made apple pie and coffee. The impromptu show was as rare as the Flea Circus down in 42nd Street, and as amusing as *Jumbo* that was jamming the Hippodrome. Everybody laughed and chaffed and whooped it up. For example—of Tin Pan Alley—a very pretty young girl entered, escorted by a typical White Way denizen.

"Hello, Sugar!" they called out on every side.

She came up to Fred who greeted her with acclaim. So that there could be no mistake, she wore a brooch of gold wire twisted into the word, *Sugar.*

"Sugar?" we asked incredulously.

"Sure," laughed Ronnie. "That's Sugar Kane—one of the most popular little singers in radio."

The song marketing began. One publisher brought over a freshly-written manuscript entitled, *There's Many a Turn in the River of Love.*

"Are you going to give me the same break you gave Rudy, and make a phonograph record of it?" asks Fred.

The publisher grinned and produced the record from beneath his coat. Others came over and whispered the sweet words of mellifluous songs in his ear. Still others hummed them, beating time with an Automat fork. Fred just sat and listened, smiling and chaffing as he sipped his coffee and ate his mixed fruit dessert. This went on for an hour. Then they flocked around him like crows in a cornfield, all the way down Broadway, back to his offices, where he plunged into the all-day rehearsal.

That night, we accompanied Fred to his Ford broadcast. The Columbia Broadcasting Company allots 1,200 tickets, carefully selected out of 12,000 applicants. The house was the Hudson Theatre, where many of Broadway's greatest successes had been attended by some of New York's most brilliant audiences. Times have changed—with the radio as one of the greatest entertainment factors.

9.20—Backstage behind the curtain, the Pennsylvanians percolate in, one by one, and take their places in the semi-circular platforms on the stage. There is no confusion; no funny-business. Each one anxiously looks over his music that has just been distributed. Some begin to tune up.

9.23—Deep concern seems to grow on them. They pull down their natty uniform mess jackets and brush imaginary specks off their gray trousers and arrange their striped ties.

9.26—Fred Waring casually appears in the wings. There is a sigh of relief. He walks around without appearing to notice anything. He alone seems unconcerned.

9.27—The stage manager gives us an ominous signal and we hurry out the stage door and take our seats in the auditorium. Every seat in the house, up to the top gallery, is filled. The huge audience has sunk into silence, its eyes on one of the many clocks in prominent places, with huge red hands, clear across the faces, ticking off the seconds. The visible crew in the control room—that was formerly the stage box—are moving nervously and soundlessly about behind glass in a garish light, like finicky fish swimming around in a huge fish bowl.

9.28½—The curtain rises. The Pennsylvanians are all set. Without ado, a smallish, youngish, goodlooking fellow casually walks on, pauses half way as though he had changed his mind, and says nonchalantly, "H'lo." It was good for a "laugh," because everybody was taken by surprise. He is wearing the same staid clothes of the Automat. The only change is, he is chewing gum. That also gets a laugh that becomes a howl of merriment when he sticks the wad of gum under the music stand at the last moment. "Regular guy! . . . Ain't he funny! . . . I like him!" whispers the audience, chuckling.

9.29—"Any of you folks who want to cough or choke, better do it now," begins Fred, casually. "It isn't allowed when we are on the air—and the doors are locked. Now, come on! Everybody! Let's give one good cough!" And everybody coughs and roars with laughter.

9.29½—"Too late!" remarks Fred, his eye on the clock.

9.29¾—The boss of the control room raises his hand and four fingers. Fred glances at the clock and then at him. The studio announcer has taken his place. The control room man *drops the hat.* A little sign in red says, *We are on the air.* Fred wheels around, raises his open hands like a salvation singer and slowly lowers them. Music softly exudes as though from the ends of his fingers. The announcer begins his spiel. . . .

But we listeners-in know the rest.

And this was all repeated to another S. R. O. audience at 12, for the West Coast Broadcast.

"Oh, that was an easy day," boasts Ronnie. "I'll give you a sample of a busy day—tomorrow. Well, we set out on the *road,* leaving Penn Station by special car at 10 A. M., with engineers, technicians, Waring and staff and two secretaries. Arrive at Philadelphia at noon. 12.30 to 1.30, luncheon. 2 sharp, begin rehearsal and keep it up intensely, with engineers getting sound *balance* until 5. 5, we hurry to hotel to wash and brush up. 6:30, return to the Arcadia Restaurant where 4000 Ford Dealers and agents are throwing a special dinner for Fred. 7:15 Fred hustles to a second dinner at the Bellevue-Stratford, where the famous Poor Richard Advertising Club is holding its annual dinner and will present honor medals for outstanding publicity services during the past year. The recipients will be Alfred P. Sloan, President of General Motors, and Fred Waring. 8.30 Fred is due back at the Arcadia, where until 9.26½ he will *warm up* the orchestra. 9.30 sharp he will go on the air. 10.30, he will return to the Poor Richard Club where the orchestra will interpolate during the Annual Dinner. This will be over by 12, perhaps. 1.30 to 3 A. M. we will get together for the usual orchestra pow-wow over the day's work."

Fred Waring calls it a day!

Fighting it Out on the Air

(Continued from page 43)

Household Hints program. You see, women used to come to me, or write in, asking about a new recipe for a cake, for instance. Perhaps they tried to bake the cake while hubby was out gambling one night. So they would ask what they should do about the cake and what they should do about hubby. It began that way.

"Mr. Brown, on his music programs, often would give a few minutes' talk on the air on various subjects between numbers. Men, as well as their wives, discuss things, and Mr. Brown soon found himself as swamped with masculine letters as I was with feminine ones. So we decided to put *Husbands and Wives* on the air and let people be their own judges."

"What do you mean by letting people be their own judges?" I wanted to know.

"Just that," Mr. Brown explained. "You see, we never give advice. We never express an opinion or take sides in any of the problems that come before us. We simply put the questions on the air and after they've been presented to the radio listeners we often hold a meeting in the studio to permit the attending audience to make suggestions. We believe that the best way to help people is to let them help themselves—"

At that moment we were interrupted by a very breathless, frightened young lady. She spoke excitedly:

"Mrs. Miles, I can't go on the air under my real name! Oh, I don't dare! My husband found out I was to be on your program tonight and he said that if I said *anything* at all detrimental to him—well, his door would be locked to me forever! And, Mrs. Miles, that's not all, that was just his *mildest* threat!"

Mrs. Miles' voice was soothing. "Never mind, my dear. Perhaps it would be better for you to forget the whole thing. We'll get somebody else to speak in your place. You mustn't worry about it."

"Oh, no, I don't want to do that!" the frantic wife continued, "I just want to assume another name for the program. You see, I want to tell other wives about my experience. And besides I—I guess I want to get it off my chest, too. I've always done everything exactly the way my husband wanted it done, ever since we were married—but I haven't noticed that it's got me anything. Not anything! He still spends money on other women and neglects his children and home—and me."

"I understand," Mrs. Miles said quite simply. Somehow you knew that she did understand. Allie Lowe Miles has genuine graciousness in her makeup. Perhaps it's part of her Alabama background, her unmistakable Southern womanliness and gentility. In a few moments she deftly had calmed down the excited young wife. Then I had a chance to ask her if her pet program idea ever had caused a separation or divorce.

"No," she laughed kindly, "but we have had some narrow escapes. A husband and wife may get mad for the moment, but

Sad and blue with "time on her hands" and nothing to do. Now she's in his arms and sees her dreams come true.

Perhaps you, too, find life passing you by. Why not discover for yourself the allure you can achieve through the fragrance of Blue Waltz Perfume, the satiny texture of Blue Waltz Face Powder, the tempting colors of Blue Waltz Lipstick? The fragrance of Blue Waltz invites caresses, thrills . . . and lingers on in his heart.

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• *HE*—For heaven's sake—all I do is hand out the dough!

• *SHE*—You wouldn't have to if we planned exactly what we needed, and you gave me enough on payday to cover everything.

• *HE*—Yeah? We tried *that* scheme once—

• *SHE*—But I've found one that really will work, dear—if you'll help me.

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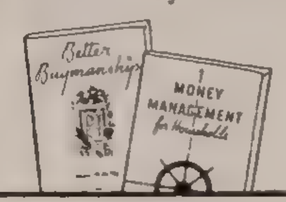

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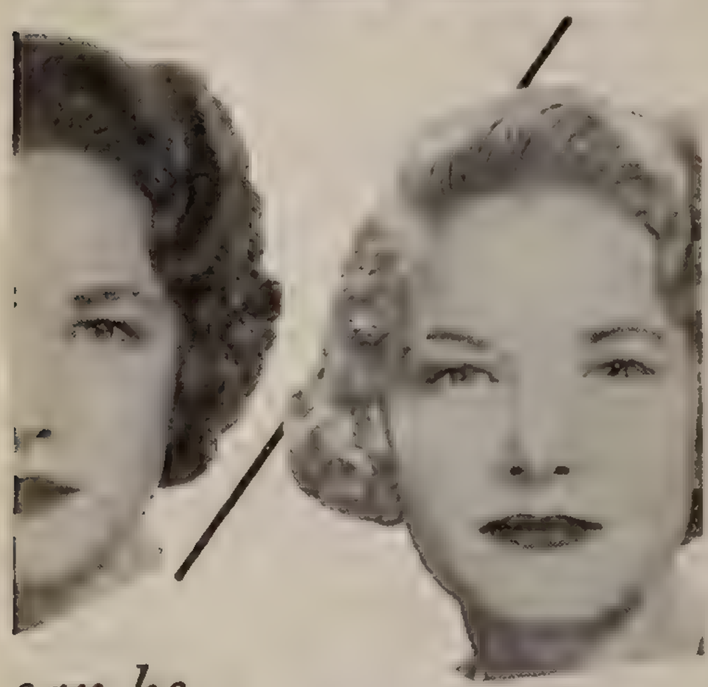

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BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE

invariably they wind up thinking it was fun, even if the joke may have been on them."

"On the other hand," Mr. Brown added, "the broadcasts have helped a great many people. If you can just talk about your troubles to somebody, it often clears up the situation. We've had thousands of letters of thanks from our audiences."

The studio clock soon rolled around to air time and the distressed wife, who by then had thought up an alias for the program, was the first to speak.

"When my husband and I were married . . ." her thin voice was being carried to innumerable homes over *Mutual* and perhaps into her own apartment where her husband, so short a time before, had threatened her—— "he was in show business. He still is. I knew his attitude and aptitude for show girls but at first I didn't think anything about it. Maybe it was because I didn't want to and maybe I was just young and in love. Anyway, as time went by, I was forced to realize that the only thing he shared with me was his bed. Our children arrived in the world unwanted by him, and I was—I still am—trapped.

"So many times I've thought of leaving, but what can I do with three small babies to support? I've finally resolved to stick it out until the children are old enough to take care of themselves. Then I'm going to start a life of my own, a new life. I don't know what I'll be able to do and it will mean starting over at a late age, but I can't help but feel that, as long as I give my children care and love now, I'll be able to find something for my own happiness later on. That's all—" her voice faltered, "that's all any woman can do in my situation, I guess."

She was followed by a gentleman who claimed that he had deduced a fine philosophy from his wife's artistic affinity for colored bed linen. He objected strenuously to being forced to sleep between pastel sheets and he wrote in to *Husbands and Wives* to forewarn the rest of his sex. Mr. Brown invited him to go on the air and give his ideas on the proper tactics to be used toward color-conscious wives.

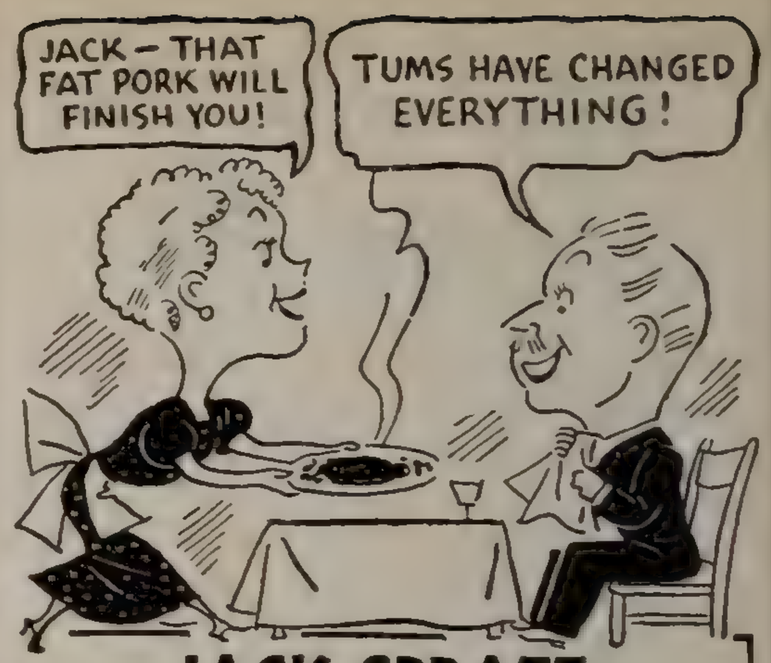
"I remember going into the bedroom that night," he began, "and spying the colored sheets—the first ones, I mean. They were a deep purple but she called them *orchid.* When I looked at them I said: 'For the love of Mike, honey, do you expect a *man* to sleep between *those* things?' She was sort of hurt; she insisted they were the very latest mode—she's nuts about styles anyway.

"That was just the beginning. The idea of colored linen has practically got to be a fad around our house now."

Mr. Brown hopefully interrupted him, "But don't you think they're very good looking?"

"Well, I guess so," the gentleman finally admitted," but all I want in a bath towel is just something to dry myself on. Can you imagine what her newest craze is? —fingertip towels! Have you ever seen those things? They're about as big as a handkerchief—not even a man's handkerchief—a woman's handkerchief! They used to call them guest towels. And they caused the first fight we ever had.

"That night I went into the bathroom to wash my hands and found one of those little gadgets on the rack. I took it out



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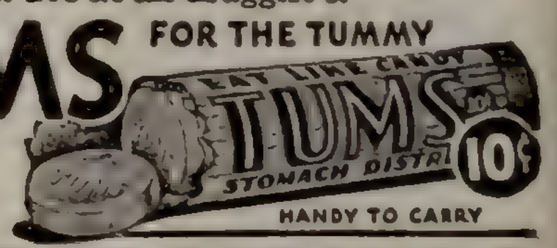

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into the kitchen where my wife was and I said: 'Darling what in—well—what is this?' and she said: 'Don't be absurd, that's a guest towel. Some people are coming in for dinner.' And I looked at the towel and said: 'Who? Singer's midgets?'

"Then the fight started. It was a riot while it lasted but we got over it. I got to thinking . . . After all, whether sheets are white or black or striped is a pretty small matter and if a fellow's going to get mad over small things he won't have a happy married life or much happiness of any kind. Besides, a wife's got rights too, so I believe!"

Many of the questions that come up on the *Husbands and Wives* program could be answered by using a little of the philosophy handed out by that smart husband. You must understand your wife's or your husband's temperament and by putting them both together find your own answers. At least that's the way Mrs. Miles and Mr. Brown feel about so many of the things that come before them.

"It's the young couples that visit us most often," Mrs. Miles had explained to me a short time previously. "With years of marriage behind them, older people seem to mellow and their tales or questions usually are along humorous lines. But young brides and grooms think the end of the world has come when they argue over some trivial matter—they're the ones Mr. Brown gets to work on.

"He puts them on the air, makes them talk about their difficulties. Somehow it works like magic; the trouble is cleared up and the funny part of it is that they often don't realize that Mr. Brown hasn't done a thing except make them talk their worries off their chests. It never fails."

Most interesting among the features on the program the night I attended were two talks given as the result of a letter sent in by a young unmarried girl. She'd written to ask *Husbands and Wives* what they really considered the ideal mate should be; so a wife and husband (not wed to each other) were selected to answer her.

The wife, middle-aged, slim and pretty began: "I think the average husband expects the girl he marries to be an alluring combination of Garbo, Mae West, Frances Perkins and Amelia Earhart."

Mrs. Miles' curiosity got the better of her at that point. "Amelia Earhart, who has broken so many flying records? Why?" she asked.

"Because a man thinks the ideal wife should do so much work during the day that the only way she could accomplish it would be to fly! He expects her to be immune to age, to keep the figure of a girl athlete by bending over a stove, a laundry tub or an ironing board. He expects her to bear him children without showing the marks of maternity. If a wife is young, her husband expects her to dress like a Schiaparelli mannequin by making over last year's dresses with some added touches of five-and-ten-cent store accessories. She should have inexhaustible forgiveness, complete understanding and absolute discipline over her children. She should be a tireless worker with the soothing demeanor of an excellent trained nurse and the appeal of a Cleopatra.

"And if I kept this up for the next two hours—that still wouldn't be half of it!"

Flushed she sat down. There was a moment of silence, then one giggle, then a roar of fun from both sides. The wife herself finally laughed heartily, too. That's one of the nice things about the *Husbands and Wives* program—everybody feels completely at ease and there aren't any hard feelings.

The husband who spoke following her was briefer but none the less emphatic.

"The average wife thinks her husband should be very successful in his own business but he also should be an expert child psychologist, a first-class plumber, electrician, interior decorator, house-cleaner, carpenter, and upon occasions a dishwasher and short order cook—and above all, a man of great physical and mental endurance, with a rugged constitution and unbounded patience. And one thing more—he never should forget anything but his wife's mistakes!"

After both sides had analyzed the two speeches they arrived at a smart conclusion: Without such viewpoints, where on earth would be romance? Wouldn't it be uncomfortable, really, to have to live with a super-human god or goddess? And any person who doesn't expect or believe that his or her mate is or can be far above what he or she is, certainly isn't even approaching being ideally in love.

That was the part I hoped the young girl who had written in had been sure to get.

Plenty of good, original ideas are aired by their authors on *Husbands and Wives.* There was the pretty little Canadian girl whose husband refused to shave on Sunday mornings. One dose of her potent home-made remedy cured him — she sat opposite him at breakfast one day with her face completely unwashed and devoid of makeup, her long hair uncombed and her pyjamas tousled. It made him so uncomfortable that he left his toast and coffee and shaved and dressed — and has kept on doing so ever since. Another wife made her traveling salesman husband happy by running their home like a Pullman car—meals at odd hours, everything was done for him and he had uncriticised liberty. Of course it was a full-time job for the wife, but by doing it she kept her man in love with her. Consequently, her advice was: *"See to it that your husband has a good time at home and he'll never want to leave you."*

Once the Miles-Brown team put a real wedding on the air. It was a Presbyterian ceremony. The studio was beautifully decorated with spring flowers, soft with candlelight. After the broadcast there were refreshments.

They've concocted lots of other things to interest their listeners, too. A Mohammedan priest, a Zulu priest, Father Coughlin, several denominational ministers and Rabbi Feinberg have spoken on the program. The strange thing about the comments of all these eminent men has been that each of them preaches the same principles in regard to matrimony. Love, kindliness and understanding, and love of children and home form the basis of happy marriage all over the world.

The deserted mother, the forlorn bride, the brutal husband—you hear all their stories on *Husbands and Wives.* Sometimes their problems can be made into funny situations. For instance:

The husband who had a grave grudge against his bride. I watched him as he

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stepped to the microphone, an attractive man in his early thirties. Tall, smiling, he was the kind of man every woman would like to have for her own.

"I always was devoted to my wife," he began, "until she started eating crackers in bed. I'll bet there isn't a husband alive who likes to sleep on cracker crumbs! But I broke her of that habit all right."

"You cured your wife of this bad habit?" Mr. Brown asked.

"Yes, sir, I did. One night I hooked up the vacuum cleaner and put it in bed between us. When she started munching crackers I said I was darn good and tired of trying to brush those crumbs out of the bed and I turned on the cleaner. It worked fine until — well, her nightgown got caught in it and it tore it completely off her."

Mr. Brown: "Well—were you embarrassed!"

The husband smiled.

"Gosh, no! She was the embarrassed one. That suited me just swell!"

THE END

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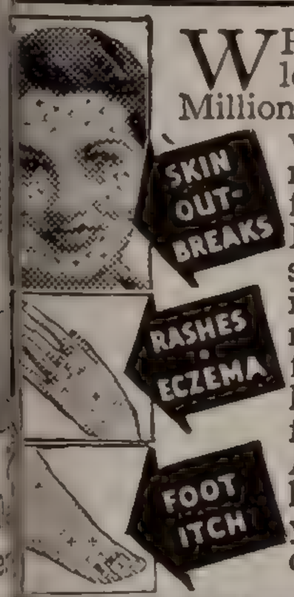

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Board of Review

(*Continued from page 13*)

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The Gaelic Goldbergs.

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Bringing back the popularity of the banjo.

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90. LIFE SAVER RENDEZVOUS (NBC) ..58.8
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91. FREDDIE RICH'S PENTHOUSE PARTY (CBS) 58.4
Swingy music, good vocalizing and guest stars from everywhere.

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How to dine and wine your guests.

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Song and story in lullaby fashion.

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95. JIMMY FIDLER AND HIS HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP (NBC) 57.4
Turning Hollywood inside out.

96. PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS (NBC)...56.8
If you like your drama serialized.

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Vivian della Chiesa is featured.

98. DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC).....55.7
Lively yarns of the west of yesterday and today.

99. TODAY'S CHILDREN (NBC) 55.6
Dramatic problems of our generation.

100. MYRT AND MARGE (CBS).....55.4
Fun, music and melodrama.

101. TEA AT THE RITZ (CBS) 54.8
Society on the air.

102. EVENING IN PARIS (NBC).....54.6
Morton Downey has been added to the cast.

103. VANISHED VOICES (CBS) 54.6
Stirring scenes from the past re-created for your enjoyment.

104. HARV AND ESTHER (CBS) 54.4
Pleasantly gay.

105. SMILING ED (CBS) 53.8
From popular melodies to hymns, it's perfect Sunday fare.

106. BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY (CBS) 53.4
Grown-ups are equally enthusiastic about it.

107. CAPTAIN TIM'S ADVENTURE STORIES (NBC) 53.1
Spy and adventure yarns suggested by postage stamps.

108. MUSICAL TOAST WITH JERRY COOPER, SALLY SINGER AND RAY BLOCK'S ORCHESTRA (CBS) 53.0
Being cut to fifteen minutes hasn't helped.

109. FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY (NBC) ...52.5
Grand comedy.

110. MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH (CBS) 51.6
You've met her before in books, and on the air she's hardly changed at all.

111. EDGAR GUEST IN WELCOME VALLEY (NBC) 50.7
America's most popular poet.

112. BETTY AND BOB (NBC) 50.6
Diverting.

113. PICK AND PAT (CBS) 49.8
It seems there were two colored fellers and—

(*Continued on page 99*)

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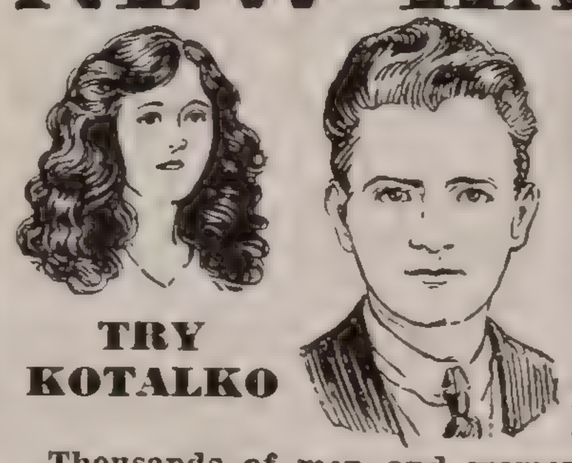


TRY KOTALKO

Are your hair roots too dormant to resist heavy loss of surface hair and to delay approaching BALDNESS?

If so, why allow them to remain that way?

Thousands of men and women are using KOTALKO to stimulate the scalp so that the released sustenance within may help the roots counteract excessive falling of hair, decrease dandruff, and support a growth of **new hair.**

KOTALKO is sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon.

Kotalko Co., A-75, Station O, New York

Please send me Proof Box of KOTALKO.

Name.....

Full Address.....

.....

Feet are easily infected. So don't use any treatment unless you *know* it is *medically safe.* Above all don't cut your corns or callouses or use caustic liquids or harsh plasters. Be safe and sure—remove them with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and the separate *Medicated Disks,* included in every box. Pain stops at once and in a short time the hard, dead skin softens and loosens and lifts right out! If your pain is not from corns or callouses, but only soreness or irritation from shoe friction or pressure, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads *alone* will give you instant relief. They cushion, protect, soothe and heal tender spots and prevent sore toes and blisters. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes. Sold everywhere. Cost but a trifle.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

ITCH

. . . STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE . . .

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief Of Pain

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. If they don't pass 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing.

If you have trouble with frequent bladder passages with scanty amount which often smart and burn, the 15 miles of kidney tubes may need flushing out. This danger signal may be the beginning of nagging backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes and dizziness.

Don't wait for serious trouble. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

Enter Helen Jepson

(*Continued from page 25*)

Helen Jepson, with her husband, George Possell.

husband's, prompted by George Possell, invited Helen to sing with the Little Symphony, of which he was the manager. And again she was ready for the opportunity, which was all that she needed. Immediately after that she was invited to be guest artist on Rudy Vallee's program—and after that, radio programs, that before had had no place for her, eagerly sought the magic of her voice. Paul Whiteman gave her a contract—and from that it was only a swift, incredible step to the Metropolitan.

But we were talking about prima donnas. Let's see what Helen Jepson is like in her home.

I went up to see her one afternoon. The apartment building where she lives is a vast castle-like pile of gray stone, covering an entire city block and enclosing a lovely garden courtyard. But within the Possell apartment is no mood of grandeur, rather the friendly simplicity of a family home. Its spacious rooms are furnished with the charm and dignity of rare taste, its chairs and tables and sofas for use and not display. And upon the velour upholstery Dickie, the white Persian cat, sharpens his claws without rebuke.

Helen wasn't there when I arrived, so Mr. Possell, who was at home nursing a grippe germ, chatted with me.

"She is so popular, it's hard for her to get away from people," he said. "If we accepted all the invitations that come, there would be no time for anything else. We try not to accept too many—but of course there are some we can't refuse—a reception, or a tea, or a cocktail party. . . . Helen doesn't drink—but she gets tired, just talking, if I don't watc out. . . ."

"Can you get away from that for rea relaxation, for sports and outdoor life?' I asked.

"Oh, yes," he spoke eagerly. "We lov all that sort of thing. In the winter w love skiing and coasting. We love t skate, but I am afraid of it for her—there's always a danger. . . . In th spring we go fishing. Helen is an expe at it. Get her to tell you about some c the huge fish she has landed. . . . And w love to ride, and swim, and go picknickin . . . And walking. Helen walks eve day, after her two hours of studying ar practise with her accompanist. And w often walk in the afternoon."

He broke off as the outer door open and a lovely voice called a soft: "Hello

"Hello, Beauty!" And he sped to t door to greet her.

And then—enter Helen Jepson, the mo ern prima donna. Here was no studi stage entrance, just an unassuming you woman, frankly glad to be home after busy afternoon, with a friendly welco even for an interviewer. But even so, unusually striking young woman. Lov in a smart brown suit that echoed t glowing brown of her eyes. Helen J son's taste in dress is exquisite. She to off her small smart hat and her p blonde hair made a lovely halo about face.

Three-year-old Sallie Possell flew to greet her mother, babbling of her v to the barber's, displaying a balloon had given her.

"She looks like her mother," I said

$60,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

ENTER SELECTION *SWEEPSTAKES* TO LEGALIZE LOTTERIES!

3 MINUTES TIME MAY BRING YOU $20,000.00 IT'S EASY—NOTHING TO WRITE!

Think what *you* could do with so much cash! Buy a home . . . travel wherever you wish . . . have an assured income for the rest of your life . . . start in business for yourself . . . enjoy life with all the fine clothes and good times you want! Here is your big opportunity. Someone will win $20,000.00 in this Selection Sweepstakes . . . someone will win $10,000.00 . . . someone will get $5,000.00 . . . and there'll be over 280 other big cash prizes. All this money is going to somebody — *and it might as well be you!*

Mrs. Oliver Harriman (on right), President of the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, is shown congratulating Mrs. Marie Harris, Yonkers, N. Y., winner of the $10,000 prize in the 1935 Sweepstakes Contest conducted by this organization. Second prize winner was Miss Maude King, Chicago, Ill. There were 66 other big cash prize winners. Complete list of names and addresses of winners mailed on request.

WHO'S BEHIND THIS?

This great Selection Sweepstakes is sponsored by the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries of which the nationally-known society leader and humanitarian, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, is President — a National Organization for a National Cause. It is being conducted in order to secure additional members to aid in legalizing lotteries; to familiarize the American public with the aims of the movement; and to obtain the judgment of its members on the best uses for lotteries if legalized in this country.

The National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries has the support of many of the most influential men and women — names you respect and honor — an absolute guarantee of the integrity of this "sweepstakes". If it's good for them, it's certainly good for you. Remember, when you join them you not only give yourself a chance to win BIG MONEY but you also help a great, important national movement.

WHAT LOTTERIES HAVE DONE!

France adopted a lottery to reduce its national debt; Italy to build railroads; Denmark to advance art and music; Holland to advance the sciences; Ireland to finance the building of hospitals; Spain for charitable institutions; Germany to finance public improvements, etc. England used to support its navy by public lotteries; early American colonies permitted lotteries to build schools, churches, and public works and improvements, such as canals, bridges, roads, etc. The Revolutionary War was in part financed with the proceeds of lotteries. Early buildings of Yale, Columbia and Harvard were built with the proceeds of lotteries.

HOW YOU ENTER!

It costs you only a dollar to become a member — *and your dollar contribution entitles you to enter this entirely legal "sweepstakes" contest.*

Here is all you have to do to be officially entered:

1. On the entry blank are listed 16 ways in which the money raised by legalized lotteries might be used. Everybody has an opinion as to which are the best ways. Simply indicate your opinion by writing the numbers 1 to 16 in the squares—No. 1 after what you think the best way, No. 2 after the second best, and so on until you have a number in each square. We suggest before you do this, however, that you read again the paragraph above which tells how legalized lotteries have been used before for the public welfare.
2. *Print* your name and address plainly on the coupon.
3. Mail the entry blank and coupon together with $1 membership fee.

The entries which, in the opinion of the judges, list in the best order of importance the ways of using money raised by lotteries will be awarded the big cash prizes.

Within 10 days you will be sent your own membership certificate and acknowledgment of your entry.

ABSOLUTELY LEGAL!

Don't confuse this Selection Sweepstakes with any other kind of contest. It is sponsored by a national *non-profit-making* organization—an honest contest and "sweepstakes" honestly conducted. This is a contest of judgment and skill, not of chance. You don't have to write any letter or essay. You certainly can form an opinion as to how the money raised by legal lotteries should be used. Your judgment is just as good as anyone else's . . . you have just as great a chance to win as anyone. *But you can't win if you don't enter.*

DON'T DELAY!

Fill out the entry blank and coupon and mail them now with your dollar membership fee. Don't put it off until tomorrow — you may forget.

Think what you could do with $20,000—more than most people save in a lifetime. Someone will get it for just a few strokes of a pen. Remember that there are over 285 cash prizes...over 285 chances for you to win.

Do it now — don't wait until tomorrow. Remember, only those who send in the coupon and are members of the Conference are eligible to enter this contest.

LOOK! 285 BIG CASH PRIZES

1ST PRIZE	-	$20,000
2ND PRIZE	-	$10,000
3RD PRIZE	-	$5,000
4TH PRIZE	-	$2,500
5TH PRIZE	-	$1,000
10 PRIZES	-	$500 each
20 PRIZES	-	$200 each
250 PRIZES	-	$50 each

In Case of Ties Duplicate Prizes Will Be Awarded • Copyright 1936, National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc.

CONTEST CLOSES MAY 30TH, 1936

PRIZES AWARDED BEFORE JUNE 15TH

THIS COUPON MAY BE WORTH $20,000 TO YOU!

THIS IS THE OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

YOU CAN USE THIS AS YOUR ENTRY BLANK PUT A NUMBER IN EACH SQUARE

Below are listed the various ways in which the proceeds from legalized lotteries might be distributed. Read them carefully. Then number them in what you consider the order of their importance and merit. Write the number 1 in the square after what you consider the best way; number 2 after the second best; and so on, until you have a number in each square. Use ink or pencil.

Money for hospitals	☐	Pay for public works	☐
Funds for social service charities	☐	Give money to religious institutions	☐
Provision for unemployment relief	☐	Provide for better schools	☐
Pay soldiers' bonus	☐	Promote art and music	☐
Reduce state deficits	☐	Finance medical research	☐
Reduce Federal deficits	☐	Support widows and orphans	☐
Reduce municipal deficits	☐	To reduce taxes	☐
Provide for old age pensions	☐	Support army and navy	☐

If you desire you can add any other suggested uses and place them in their order of merit, but this is not a requirement of the contest. In such cases you may submit your entire entry on plain paper, if you prefer.

MAIL COUPON AND ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN, *Pres.* MM
National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, Inc.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York City

I herewith enclose one dollar (check, cash or money order) as my membership fee. Also enclosed is my entry in the Selection Sweepstakes Contest. You are to send me my membership certificate and acknowledgment of my Sweepstakes Contest Entry within 10 days.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Jolly Baby!

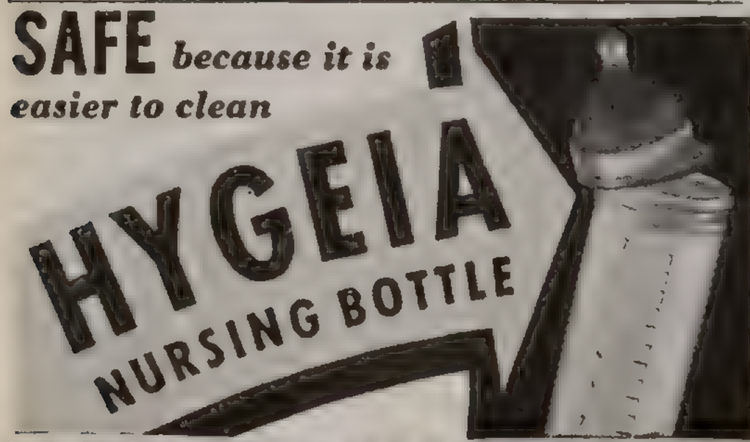
BECAUSE OF HIS OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER!

MOTHER, after the morning bath ... after every diaper change ... your baby will revel in the unique comfort that Z.B.T. Baby Powder gives him. His tender skin will be grateful to the *olive oil* content, which makes Z.B.T. cling longer, and *resist moisture better*. Its superior "slip" prevents chafing in the creases. Free from zinc in any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping *and your baby*. Large 25c and 50c sizes.

Z.B.T.

OLIVE OIL BABY POWDER

SAFE *because it is easier to clean*



KILL THE HAIR ROOT

The Mahler method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success.
Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet.
"How to Destroy Superfluous Hair Forever"
D. J. Mahler Co., Dept. 366E, Providence, R. I.

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If you like to draw, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our Art Ability Test. Get a frank opinion FREE, as to whether your talent is worth developing.

Magazines, newspapers, publishers, advertisers, spend millions yearly for illustrations. Design and color influence the sale of most things we buy. Industry needs artists. Machines cannot displace them. The Federal Schools has trained many young men and women now earning from $1,000 to $5,000 yearly as designers or illustrators. Train your talent at home in spare time. It may be your surest road to success. Send today for free Art Test and Book describing opportunities in Art. State age and occupation.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
5996 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

"We think she looks like both of us," Mr. Possell said with paternal pride.

"Do you sing, too, Sallie?" I asked her.

The baby gurgled and tossed her balloon. "Yes," she said then.

"Tell us what you sing with Mamma," Mr. Possell prompted.

Sallie laughed. "I sing *Thais,* and *La Boheme,*" she said. And, running after her balloon, she sang—not for exhibition but just as a bird might carol for sheer joy.

"Sallie," said Helen Jepson, "do you want to take my new scarf out to Grandma? And here's my new hat!" And she put it on the child's head.

And proudly Sallie skipped out of the room, followed by her father.

Madame, of old, I thought, would have summoned a servant to remove the child—if, indeed, she would have permitted a child to be seen! But here was a mother who frankly adored her baby and knew how to handle her.

"She's taking dancing lessons," Helen said. "And next year she will begin piano lessons. She loves music. . . ."

Mr. Possell's mother and his two sisters live with them, Helen explained. "One of the sisters takes care of Sallie, and the other helps me with my mail, really does the work of a secretary for me. It's a tremendous help."

There is the background of the prima donna of today—not temperament, not tyrannies, but a happy family life built on mutual understanding and affection, mutual help.

We spoke presently of clothes. "Dress is important," said Helen Jepson. "One must try to look well. To me the quality of clothes is of greater value than their quantity. Color and line must be inspired by the best taste one can muster. . . . I have my own ideas about my clothes, but I like to go to a professional designer and talk them over with an open mind. One gets the best results that way.

"Jewelry," she mused, "should be worn sparingly."

And I noticed her slim graceful hands, with only the small circlet of her wedding ring upon one finger. And I reflected that her taste in these matters was characteristic of her taste in all aspects of her life.

It is a busy life.

Beside her opera engagements and her radio broadcasts she is singing in concerts in various parts of the country. This spring Toronto will hear her, and Flint, Michigan, Maryville, Tennessee, Chicago and Canada. And in the near future there is a movie engagement looming up. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Mr. Possell said, has offered her a contract. A year ago she went out to Hollywood, but the company with which she then was under contract was unable to get the story they wanted for her, so she came back to New York. But before many more months we shall be seeing and hearing Helen Jepson in a picture.

But however busy the days may be, however filled with triumphs and the heady joys of operatic success, none shall lack the time for companionship with her husband and her little girl.

As I left, Helen called Sallie to say goodbye.

"I didn't know you were coming to see Mamma," Sallie said, holding out her little hand.

The big white Persian rubbed against her legs. "How do you like Dickie?" said Sallie.

"He's a very fine cat," I said. "Do you think he'll like your new balloon?"

Sallie giggled and raced Dickie on to a couch.

Helen Jepson stood looking down at them, and in her dark eyes pride and glory mingled.

"She's a darling!" I said softly.

And the light in the brown eyes blazed in sudden splendor.

Today's prima donna, I thought, as I said goodbye, has a sound sense of values as well as a golden voice. She doesn't mistake the ephemeral for the real.

Sallie Possell sings with her famous mother, Helen Jepson.

"3 MINUTES AT NIGHT KEEPS ME RIGHT"

I used to take jolting "all-at-once" cathartics—because I thought I had to. But now I've found the three-minute way. And what a difference it makes. At the first sign of trouble, I chew FEEN-A-MINT, the chewing-gum laxative, for three minutes; and the next morning I feel like a new person. And, best of all, with FEEN-A-MINT there are no griping pains—no nausea—no unpleasant after-effects. It's easy, pleasant, and thoroughly satisfactory. Children love its delicious chewing-gum flavor. 15c and 25c a box.

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

HOLLYWOOD★PERFUME

New..Charming

• The vogue with smart women. This new style perfume is a French floral wax, concentrated, lasts much longer, will not spill, break, evaporate. In tiny, beautifully engraved compact for the purse. Three delightful odors, Charazade, Gardenia, Wistaria. On sale at all better stores or mail this ad with 25c for full size package. Specify odor. Money back guarantee.

HOLLYWOOD PERFUMES
AKRON, OHIO

25¢

PIMPLY, ROUGH SKIN
due to external irritation

Cleanse clogged pores—aid healing of the sore spots the easy Resinol way. Sample of Ointment and Soap free. Write Resinol, Dept. 3G, Balto., Md.

Resinol

KNO GRAY REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ENDS GRAY HAIR

you're dissatisfied with your hair inquire for nique French method **KNOGRAY. Any shade om one bottle.** Not a restorer. Colors roots rfectly, permits perm. wave. Won't rub off. **ntirely different** from anything you've known. Booklet. **ADAME TURMEL, Dept. 8A, 256 W. 31 St., New York**

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SNO-KIST
for all white shoes

A lasting white that penetrates without rubbing—softens leather. Makes a high polish or dull finish. Does NOT rub off. Large 3 oz. bottle or tube....10c. At 5 and 10 cent stores.
SNO-KIST . . . PROVIDENCE, R. I.

SNO-KIST
SHOE WHITENER

Board of Review

(*Continued from page 95*)

Mrs. Gertrude Berg, famous creator of the radio serial, *The Goldbergs* revives her popular dramatization of Jewish family life over the Columbia network. Mrs. Berg not only writes and produces *The Goldbergs* but also plays one of the principal rôles, that of Molly Goldberg.

114. SINGING SAM (CBS) 49.7
Popular song specialist.

115. LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS) 49.7
If you like a man who takes his time—

116. FIVE STAR JONES (CBS) 48.7
Newspaper whirl.

117. MARY MARLIN (CBS) 48.4
Romance.

118. JUST PLAIN BILL (CBS).....47.8
Typical small town character.

119. VIC AND SADE (NBC) 47.6
—and their son, Rush, make a very amusing trio.

120. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS) ...46.6
Friendly advice for both young and old.

121. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION (NBC) ...46.4
Will remind you old time listeners of the crystal set era.

122. JACK ARMSTRONG, ALL AMERICAN BOY (CBS) 46.4
It may be a hard struggle, but American youth always wins out.

123. ADVENTURES OF TERRY AND TED (CBS) 45.9
Could be more adventurous, it seems.

124. BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM (CBS) 44.8
Ranch yarns with a juvenile flavor.

125. POPEYE THE SAILOR (NBC).....44.0
Somehow it misses the zip of the comic strip version.

126. TOM MIX AND HIS RALSTON STRAIGHT SHOOTERS (NBC).....42.0
Cowboys and Indians.

127. MA PERKINS (NBC) 41.9
Radio's motherly character and her neighborhood problems.

128. ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC) 41.4
The world famous waif still pleases the kiddies.

Superset stays SET!

SLEEP tossed heads quickly ruin the effects of ordinary waving lotions. But Superset sets hair as it should be set and keeps it that way. With Superset, your hair is always manageable—sleek, burnished and well groomed. Superset dries quickly and leaves absolutely no flaky deposit. Use Superset and be proud of your lasting, natural, lustrous waves. 10c at all 5 and 10 cent stores. In two formulas—regular and No. 2 (Faster Drying).

Nestle SUPERSET WAVING LOTION
The NESTLE-LeMUR COMPANY N.Y.

NEW EASY WAY 10¢ JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR
(LAMPS AND RADIO)

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords. 10c.
At Kresge's

DON'T JUST SAW THE HEAD OFF A CORN
—remove it root and all!

A CORN'S like a tack in your toe. Don't just pare the head off—get it *all* out! Then you know it's gone and won't grow back *worse than ever.*

You can remove it with Blue-Jay! This amazing *double-action* plaster ends pain instantly. Then quickly the corn dries, shrinks, gently lifts out—*is gone!*

Tiny, compact, easy to use—Blue-Jay ends worst corn for only 4¢. No more risky paring and cutting. Made with Wet-Pruf adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. Get a box today—25¢ at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY
Bauer & Black Scientific
CORN PLASTER

RADIO LAUGHS...

(SELECTED SNICKERS FROM POPULAR PROGRAMS)

JOLSON: Victor, there's one thing I got to tell you . . . you're the one guy in all the world Greta Garbo could be with . . . and still be alone.

VICTOR: Why—am I that terrible?

JOLSON: Victor, if I didn't know you and somebody described you to me . . . I wouldn't believe it.

(*AL JOLSON* and *VICTOR YOUNG, on Shell Chateau.*)

BAKER: I think I'll drop Lincoln a line.

BOTTLE: Don't be silly . . . how could you?

BAKER: I've got his Gettysburg address.

(PHIL BAKER and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

GRACIE: My sister's husband used to have a habit of walking around the house in a sheet . . . and he used to frighten her . . . on account of she's afraid of ghosts.

GEORGE: Walking around the house in a sheet?

GRACIE: Yeah . . . he used to have the sheet all wrapped around him.

GEORGE: Is he spiritualistic?

GRACIE: No . . . just modest.

(BURNS AND ALLEN, Campbell Program.)

BENNY: What's the thermometer today?

WILSON: Forty Jell-o zero.

BENNY: What's A T & T?

WILSON: One seventy-one.

BENNY: Buy me twenty shares of thermometer and keep the window shut . . . so it'll go up.

(JACK BENNY, Jello Program.)

BAKER: I ought to be a great fighter, now that my nose is broken.

BOTTLE: Why?

BAKER: Now I can stop Schmeling.

(*PHIL BAKER, BOTTLE on Gulf Program.*)

GEORGE: Gracie . . . you remind me of that book, Anthony Adverse.

GRACIE: On account of I'm subtle and interesting?

GEORGE: On account of you're thick, too!

GRACIE: You know, one dark night a murder was committed and in one hour my sweetheart went out and got his man.

GEORGE: He got the murderer?

GRACIE: No . . . he got the man who was killed.

(BURNS and ALLEN, Campbell Program.)

EDDIE: All right, I'll come . . . where is the party?

PARKYAKARKUS: The Waldorf Astoria.

EDDIE: The Waldorf? Say . . . that's a swell place!

PARK: Sure . . . we all meet there. Then we got only eight blocks to walk to the party.

(EDDIE CANTOR and PARKYAKARKUS, Pebeco Program.)

BOTTLE: Oh . . . it's beginning to rain.

BAKER: Sh-h-h . . . it never rains in Miami.

BOTTLE: Oh . . . then isn't there a little dew on your suit?

BEETLE: Yeah . . . about twenty dollars!

BAKER: I thought I met you in Miami . . . didn't you go around with Cuban heels?

GIRL: Yeah . . . but I don't remember you!

(*PHIL BAKER, BEETLE and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.*)

JACK: Miss Barefacts, are you married?

BEULAH: No.

JACK: Then how do you know so much about all these things?

BEULAH: I was a telephone operator at the Elks.

(JACK BENNY, Jello Program.)

GRACIE: My daddy . . . he was so drunk once he fell through the ice.

GEORGE: Was he drowned? . . . I hope.

GRACIE: No . . . but he was badly diluted.

(BURNS and ALLEN, Campbell Program.)

BEETLE: I hear you won a lot of money.

BAKER: Yes . . . at the dog track. I won three races.

BEETLE: Boy—I'll bet you were tired after all that running.

BOTTLE: Yes . . . when I went fishing I used an onion for bait.

BAKER: An onion! What were you trying to catch?

BOTTLE: Pickled herring.

(PHIL BAKER, BEETLE and BOTTLE, Gulf Program.)

PORTLAND: Papa says his face is his fortune.

ALLEN: Is that why he's on relief?

(*FRED ALLEN, PORTLAND HOFFA, Town Hall Tonight.*)

JOE E. BROWN: I'm afraid we both got stung betting on that horse . . . you know, I bought him for a song.

BING: It must have been "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round."

(KRAFT MUSIC HALL.)

PICK: Hey, Pat . . . what you doin' with all them colored ribbons tied to your fingers?

PAT: Man, I'm so absent-minded I has to tie a ribbon on my pyjamas to remind me to go to sleep.

PICK: Tell me, Pat . . . what is gherkins?

PAT: Gherkins? Did you ever see a wart hog?

PICK: No—never.

PAT: Well, that's not a gherkin.

PICK: Then what *is* a gherkin?

PAT: A gherkin is a pickle . . . that got into society.

(PICK AND PAT, One Night Stands.)

STAFFORD: What's the difference between you and a mouse?

ELSIE: What is?

Well—a mouse harms the cheese . . . you charm the he's.

(N. B. C. DESIGN FOR LISTENING.)

1ST. PLOTTER: All right fellows; I'll meet you later in the billiard hall.

2ND. PLOTTER: Why the billiard hall?

1ST. PLOTTER: I gotta give you your cues.

(*CUCKOO CLOCK PROGRAM.*)

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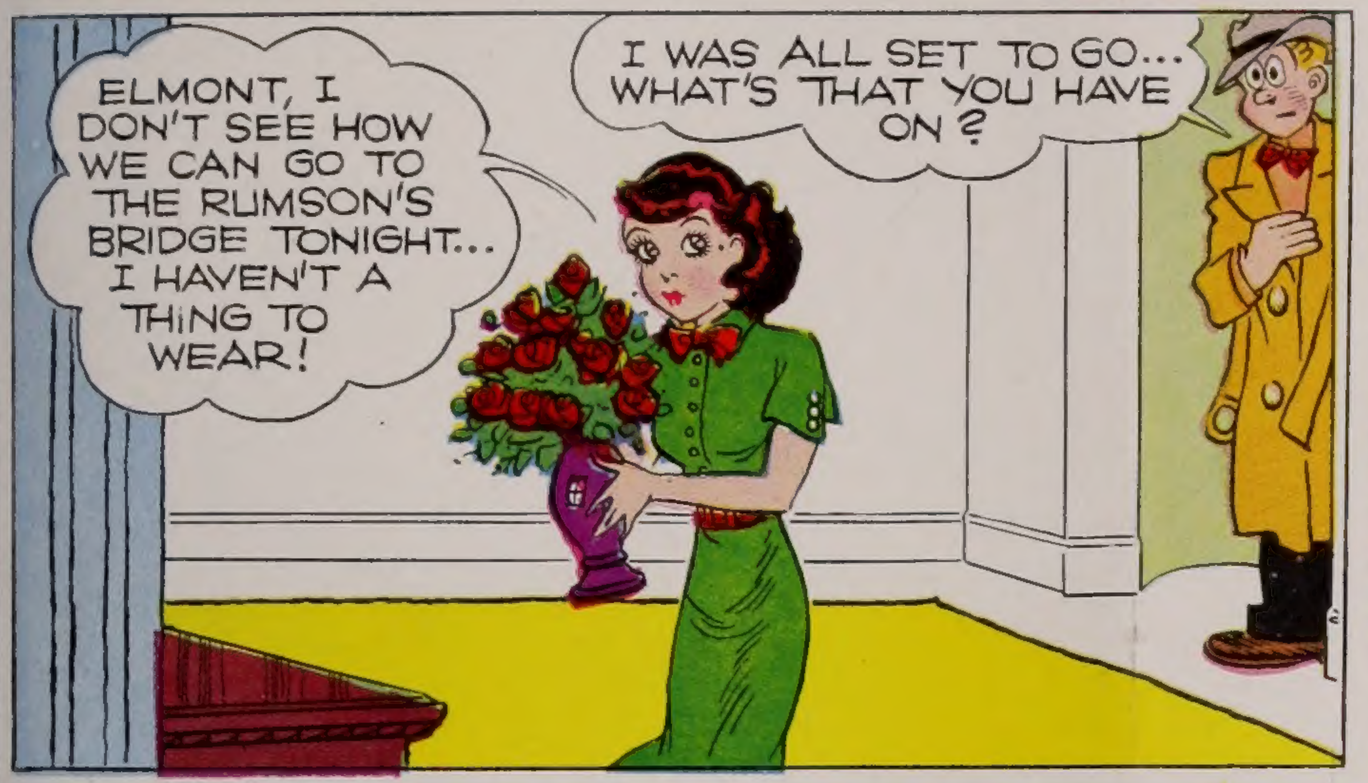
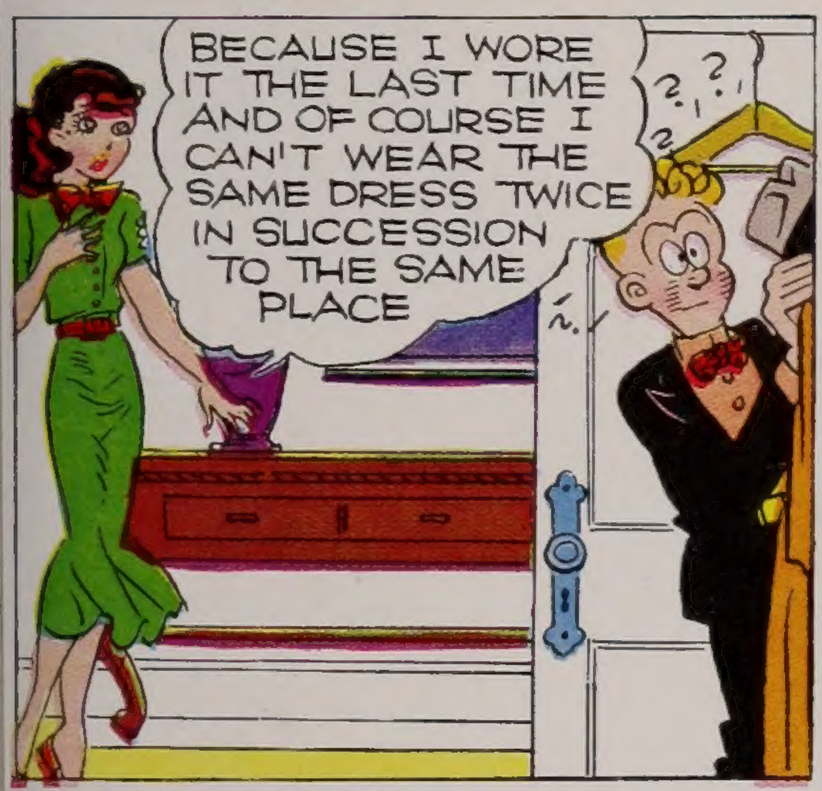
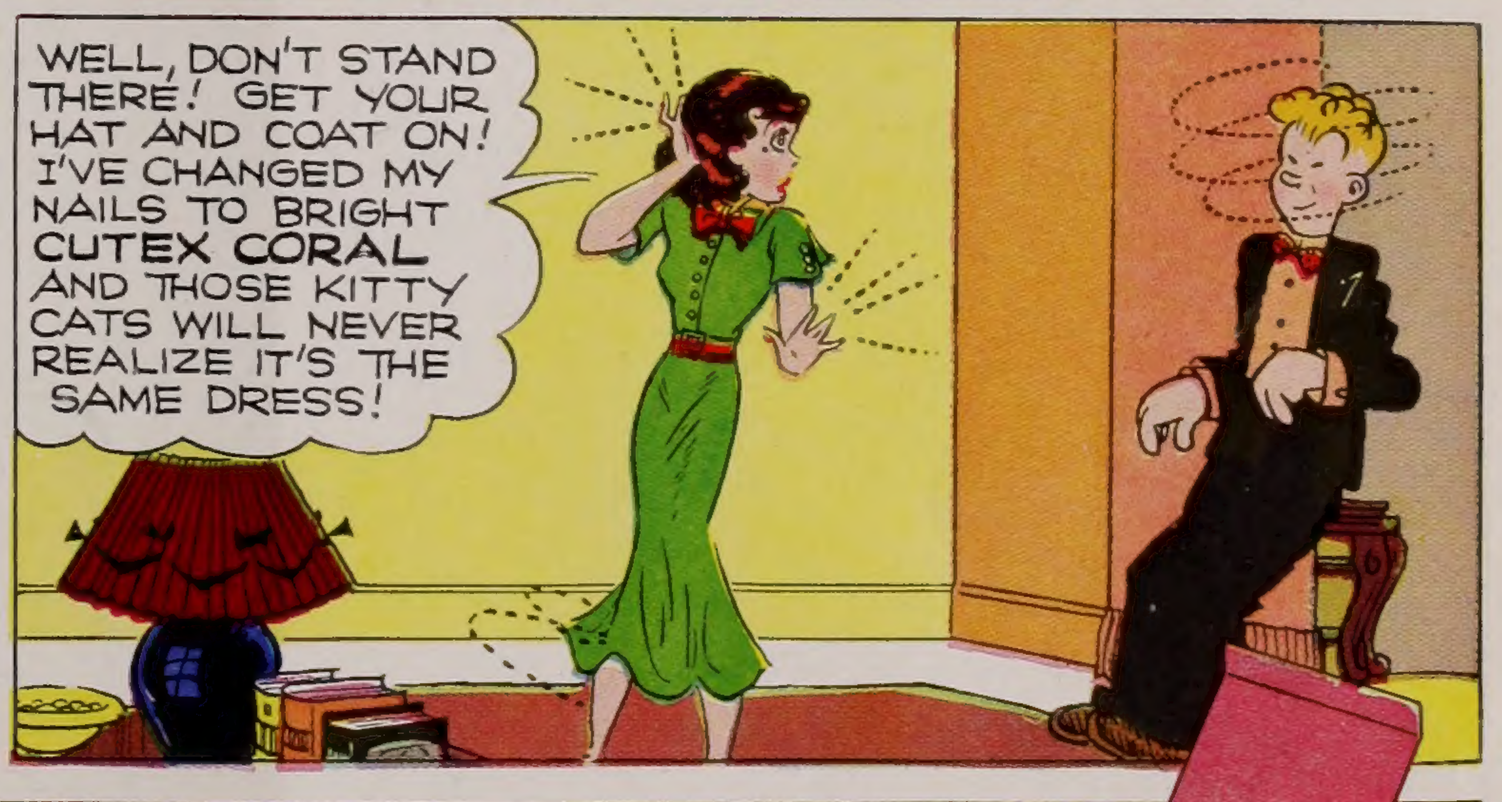
CUTIE SHE KEEPS HIM GUESSING







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(Also sample of Cutex Lipstick will be included)

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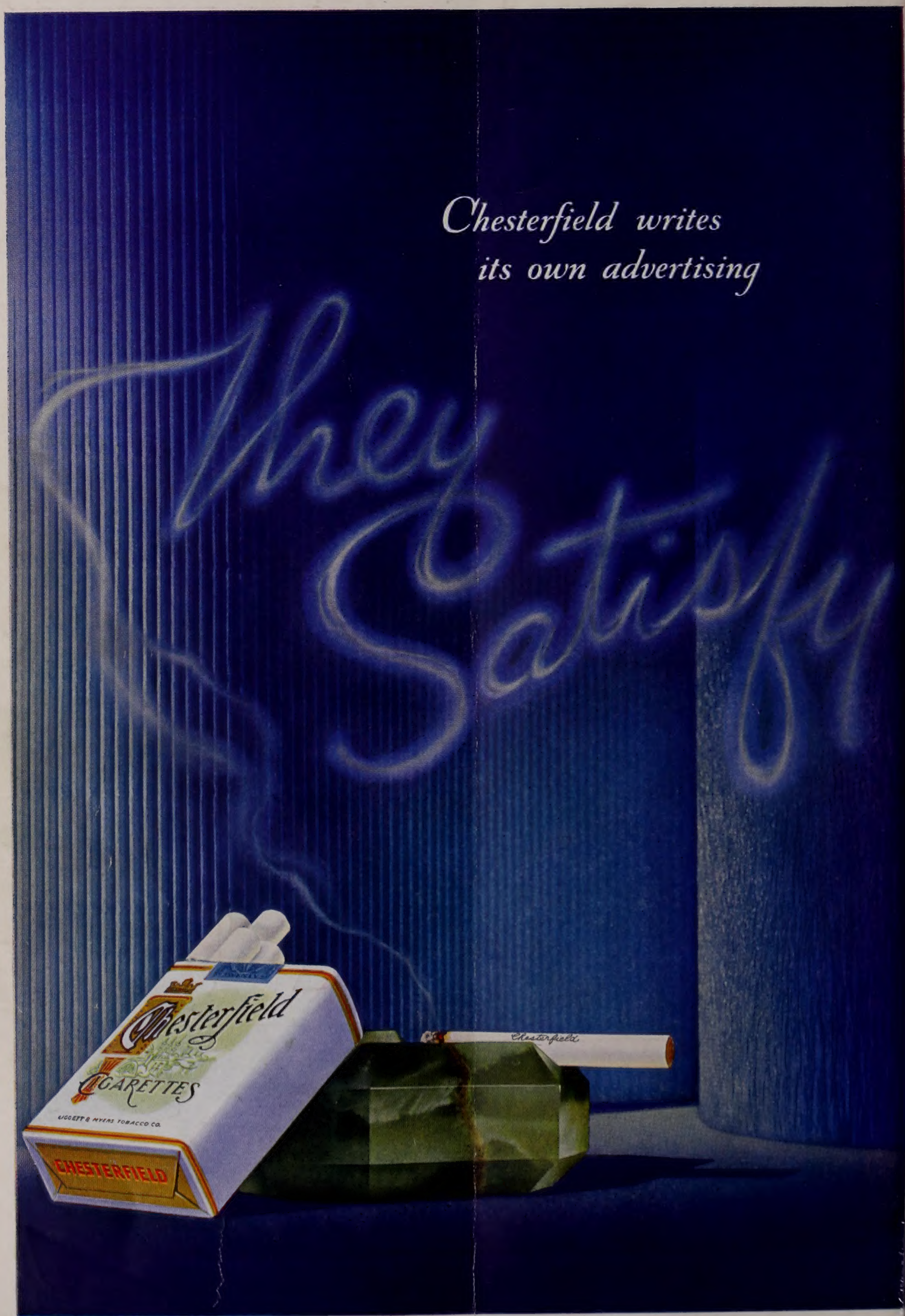

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